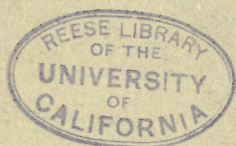


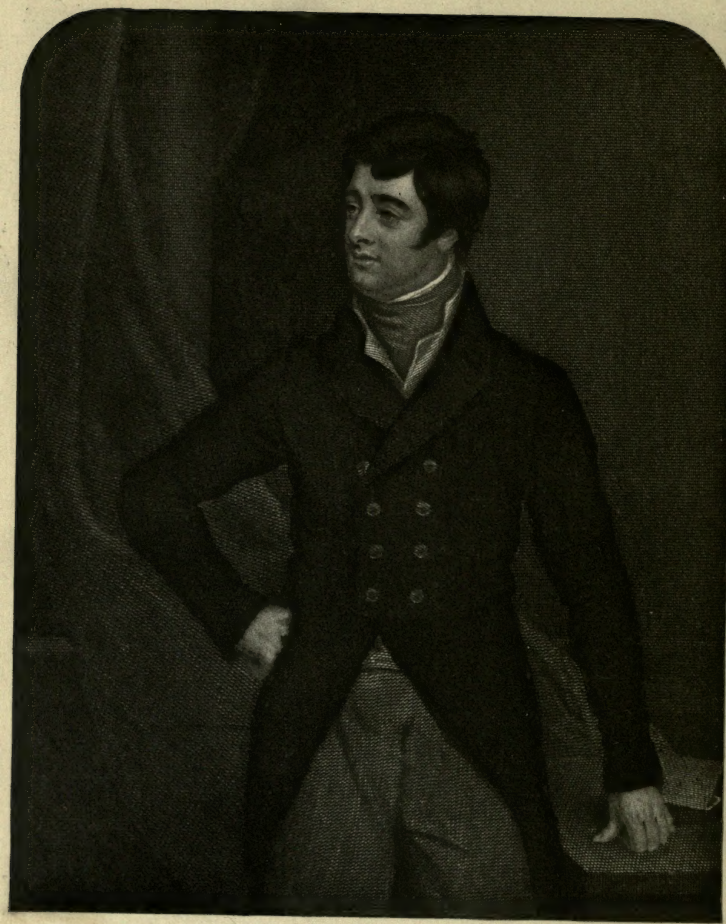
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THE MEMOIRS OF
LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD





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S. Fitzgerald

The Memoirs of
Lord Edward Fitzgerald
by Thomas Moore, with a Preface and
many supplementary particulars by
Martin MacDermott

London: Downey and Co.
Limd., 12 York Street,
Covent Garden: 1897

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P R E F A C E

THE *Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, by Thomas Moore, which are now again offered to the public, were first published sixty-six years ago. They tell the story of one who, in the nobility of his birth, the moving incidents of his early manhood, the great historic scenes in which, almost without the exercise of his will, he found himself engaged—in his marriage, and more especially in his death—supplies the biographer with a narrative which, while true in every particular, exhibits all the features usually assigned to romance. Indeed, it is because of its truth that the tale is so wonderfully romantic. Deduct one particle of that priceless element from the context—add but one fragment of falsehood—and it becomes like any other of those myriad inventions with which our literature is perhaps too abundantly supplied. For let the reader consider for a moment the facts. Lord Edward Fitzgerald belonged, both by his father and his mother, to great ducal families. Adopting the military profession, he is present, while yet a youth of seventeen, and

receives his first wound and first distinction, in the last engagement ever fought by England in the great war against American independence. Then, after an interval spent with his family in the gay circles of Dublin and London, he again crosses the Atlantic to join the British army in Canada; sojourns among the early Irish settlers by the rivers and great lakes; journeys almost alone through untracked forests—making his way on one occasion for one hundred and seventy-five miles guided by the compass alone, from Frederickstown to Quebec, across primeval woods which only the moose-deer and the Indian had ever penetrated. Fascinated by the wild Indian life, he spends weeks in the wigwams of the red men as a brother, and is elected a chief of one of the six nations. After eighteen months spent in the prosecution of these adventures and his military duties, he leaves Canada by way of the great lakes and the Ohio, and—sometimes in the canoes of the Indians, sometimes in the rude river-craft of that early day—follows the whole course of the Mississippi down to its mouth at New Orleans. Back again in Europe, he takes his place beside Grattan in the Irish House of Commons, at the same time and under similar conditions as to birth and military rank, as Arthur Wellesley, whose fate was destined to be so different. Naturally moving in the

highest political circles, while in England he is introduced to Pitt by his uncle the Duke of Richmond, then one of Pitt's ministers, and is offered the command of a projected expedition against Cadiz—which does not come off because of the young soldier's refusal to accept the implied and then usual condition of political subserviency. The cousin of Fox and friend of Sheridan, with both these statesmen he is on terms of affectionate intimacy. Crossing over to France while the revolution was at its height, he is present at the stormy scenes of the French Convention. He lives with Thomas Paine, Burke's great opponent and the expounder of the 'Rights of Man.' Carried away by the enthusiasm of the time, he renounces his title, and the English Government deprives him of his military rank. He marries the daughter of Philippe Egalité, whilom Duke of Orleans, just before that renegade prince falls a victim to the Revolution he had accepted. He takes his young bride with him to Ireland, and again resumes his part there in her final parliamentary struggle. And at last, when it had become clear that Pitt meant to destroy the independence of his native land, Lord Edward Fitzgerald joins the United Irishmen at the time of their most desperate fortune, and when, by armed resistance alone, they could hope to retain their freedom. That great confederacy despatches him to France

to negotiate with the renowned Republican general Hoche, for an armed expedition to Ireland—such as Pitt had thrice already organised against the shores of France. After this comes treachery, collapse, and an heroic death. With such a record, engraven on the adamantine tablets of truth itself, what need is there to resort to the factitious embellishments of fiction?

This book was written of the man whose name in Ireland is still—a century after his death—the most popular and beloved of all the men of '98; probably the most popular, and, except O'Connell, the best known, of any Irishman whatever.¹ The writer of it is himself renowned, not only as the national poet of Ireland, but as one admirably skilled in the art of the biographer. He wrote within a generation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's death, and most of his materials were supplied by some of Lord Edward's then surviving relatives. The style is clear, restrained, and simple, with here and there that touch of eloquence, which would come naturally from such a writer, on such a theme. I have often

¹ As an instance of this I may mention the following anecdote, related to me by a well-known Irish author. Taking his son, a schoolboy, recently to spend his vacation in Ireland, and arriving at Kingsbridge Station in Dublin, he hired a car, telling the man to drive round to the places best worth seeing in the city. Five minutes later, finding that the driver had stopped before a dingy old brick house in a back street, he asked him—'Well, what's this? Where are we now?'—'Sure, sir,' says the man, pointing up with his whip, 'this is Mr. Murphy's house, where *Lord Edward* was took!'

asked myself why, with all these advantages to its credit, this work of Moore's should remain, comparatively, so little known. Thinking the matter over, it has seemed that the writer, quite unnecessarily, placed some obstacles in his own way, which might easily be removed; and this is one of the things I have attempted in the present issue. Thus, the *Memoirs* were published originally in two volumes which proceeded from the first page to the last without any break whatever; so that times, places, and incidents succeed each other in it, without any warning to the reader, or separation in the text. This defect I have endeavoured to obviate by that natural division into chapters, which, while affording the mind a needful resting-place, allows the subject to be distributed into distinct and coherent parts. Otherwise, the effect becomes something like that of the breathless lady in one of Dickens's novels, who runs on 'right off the reel,' without the interposition of a comma, or a pause, to the end of her discourse. This alteration is, of course, one of form, merely; but in one or two instances I have deviated a little further from the author's arrangement, without however, as I hope, diminishing in any way the value of his matter, or interfering with the work in any essential particular. Venturing to assume that the whole

interest of the narrative centres—as Moore puts it by his title—in the ‘*Life and Death*’ of him who, in every sense of the word, may be called its hero, all the correspondence which took place among the various members of his family, *subsequent to his death*, I have placed, along with other letters not bearing upon the immediate subject of the *Memoirs*, in the Appendix; finding room for these by the omission of the numerous and very lengthy documents introduced by the author, with reference to the stupid *Bill of Attainder* (afterwards reversed): a subject which cannot now be of interest to any mortal. In this way, it is hoped, the tragedy passes to its conclusion without any disturbing element; nor is the virile defence made by our national poet, towards its conclusion, of the right of the oppressed to resist tyranny by force of arms, an unworthy close to a noble story.

Passing now to material for the compilation of which the editor is alone responsible, it must be remembered that many facts, especially those connected with the final betrayal of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the network of treachery by which he was surrounded at an earlier date, were not known when Moore wrote his life. Since the appearance of the last edition of the book in 1833 the persistent investigations pursued by the late Dr. Madden have, in his

Lives of the United Irishmen, thrown public light on many dark secrets connected with '98, which the Government intended to have remained for ever buried; while a whole series of the most startling revelations, not known to Madden, have come to us in the works of the late Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick—*Secret Service under Pitt*; *The Sham Squire*, etc. Wherever any such occur, or other point arises, tending to the elucidation of the narrative, I have indicated them by notes, either at the bottom of the page or the close of the chapter. Especially have I thought it necessary to do this with reference to the chapters in which the capture of Lord Edward, and his negotiations abroad with General Hoche and the agents of the French Directory, are described; as the discovery, made by the late Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, of the circumstances surrounding Lord Edward's betrayal, and the name of the wretch who accomplished it, were wholly unknown to Moore, or even to Madden; as were also all the facts connected with the 'friend of Lord Downshire,'—that undetected traitor who succeeded, without awakening in Lord Edward's mind the least suspicion of his foul dealing, in supplying Pitt with a record of all the most secret thoughts, words, and actions of the rebel leaders. Also, as throwing some further light on the proceedings of the Irish Government, and on the kind of agents

employed by Pitt and his abettors in their nefarious scheme for the destruction of Ireland's independence, I have thought it not irrelevant to introduce at the end of the *Memoirs* some further particulars of that great Government conspiracy. Again, the fate of Lord Edward's young widow, and the treatment she received at the hands of his family, after his death, are almost wholly ignored in Moore's narrative, probably because he wrote at a time when she was still living; perhaps, too, because he did not like to ruffle the feelings of the noble relatives of the dead patriot. In any case, neither cause now exists for any undue reticence; and I have thought that a few pages devoted to the unhappy fate of the beautiful Pamela would be not out of place in a record of that of her gallant husband. With these explanations, for which I have to crave the reader's indulgence, I leave in his hands this faithful record of the life and death of one of Ireland's most faithful sons.

MARTIN MACDERMOTT.

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THE MEMOIRS OF
LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD





THE MEMOIRS OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

CHAPTER I

The Geraldines — First Duke of Leinster — Lord Edward fifth son—Education—Enters Militia under his uncle, the Duke of Richmond—Joins the army—Sails for America with his regiment.

THERE is, perhaps, no name in the ranks of the Irish peerage that has been so frequently and prominently connected with the political destinies of Ireland as that of the illustrious race to which the subject of the following Memoir belonged; nor would it be too much to say that, in the annals of the Geraldines alone,—in the immediate consequences of the first landing of Maurice Fitzgerald in 1170,—the fierce struggles, through so many centuries, of the Desmonds and Kildares, by turns instruments and rebels to the cause of English ascendancy,—and, lastly, in the awful events connected with the death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald in 1798,—a complete history of the fatal policy of

England towards Ireland, through a lapse of more than six centuries, may be found epitomised and illustrated.

With the fate, indeed, of one of his gallant ancestors in the reign of Henry VIII., the story of Lord Edward himself affords but too many strong points of resemblance. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, the son of the ninth Earl of Kildare, a youth described as being of the most amiable disposition and manners, but inheriting all his father's hatred to English domination, broke out, at length, into open rebellion, and after scattering, for some time, dismay among the loyal inhabitants of the Pale, was defeated, made prisoner, and, on the 2nd of February 1535, beheaded at Tyburn;¹—for the second time,² but unfortunately not the last, bringing attainder on the princely blood of the Fitzgeralds, by a rash, no doubt, and miscalculating, but still noble thirst after national independence.

When Ireland, after the long sleep of exhaustion and

¹ His five uncles, too, shared his fate. 'Three of these gentlemen,' says Holinshed, 'were known to have crossed their nephew Thomas, to their power, in his rebellion, and therefore were not occasioned to misdoubt any danger. But such as in those days were enemies to their House incensed the King sore against it, persuading him that he should never conquer Ireland so long as any Geraldines breathed in the country.'

² The first Irish parliamentary attainder to be found in the Statute Book is that of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, in the reign of Henry VII., 'for treason, in company with *one O'Connor*, besieging the Castle of Dublin.'

degradation to which a code of tyranny unexampled in history had doomed her, was again beginning to exhibit some stirrings of national spirit, again was the noble name of Fitzgerald found foremost among her defenders; and the Memorial addressed by the first Duke of Leinster to George II., denouncing the political Primate, Stone, as a 'greedy churchman, investing himself with temporal power, and affecting to be a second Wolsey in the State,' marks another of those chapters of Irish history in which all the characteristic features of her misgovernment are brought together in their most compendious shape. This honest Remonstrance concludes with the following words:—

Your Majesty's interest in the hearts of your loyal subjects is likely to be affected by these arbitrary measures; as few care to represent their country in Parliament, where a junta of two or three men disconcert every measure taken for the good of the subject, or the cause of common liberty. Your Memorialist has nothing to ask of your Majesty, neither place, civil or military, neither employment nor preferment for himself or his friends; and begs leave to add that nothing but his duty to your Majesty, and his natural hatred to such detestable monopoly, could have induced your Memorialist to this presumption.

Of this public-spirited nobleman, who, in the year 1747, married Emilia Mary, daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond, the subject of these pages, Lord Edward

Fitzgerald, was the fifth son, being born on the 15th of October 1763.¹ In the year 1773, the Duke of Leinster died, and not long after, Lord Edward's mother became the wife of William Ogilvie, Esq., a gentleman of an ancient family in Scotland, the representative of the first holder of that name, of the baronies of Miltoun and Achoynanie.

Soon after their marriage, Mr. Ogilvie and the Duchess of Leinster removed, with the greater part of her Grace's family, to France; and the Duke of Richmond having lent them his house at Aubigny,² they resided for some time at that ancient seat. The care of the little Edward's education, which had, before their departure from Ireland, been entrusted to a private tutor of the name of Lynch, was now taken by Mr. Ogilvie into his own hands; and, as the youth was, from the first, intended for the military profession, to the studies connected with that pursuit his preceptor principally directed his attention. Luckily, the tastes of the young learner coincided with the destiny marked out for him; and, in all that related to the science of Military Construction,—the laying-out of camps, fortification, etc.—he was early a student and proficient.

The following extract from a letter addressed by him to his mother during her absence at Paris will show

¹ [For ancestry of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, see note at end of chapter.—ED.]

² See same note.

what pleasure he took, at that boyish age, in preparing himself for the profession he was destined to :—

I have been very busy : I am now erecting a beautiful fortification in the Orangery, and am quite delighted with it. I wish you could see it ; for I know you would think it very pretty. When it is finished, I intend to put the cannons of both our ships upon it, and to fire away. What is the pleasantest of all, I laid it out all myself. I have now tired you pretty well by my boastings ; but you know I have always rather a good opinion of whatever I do.

The future politician breaks out in this letter as well as the soldier :—

I was delighted (he adds) to see by the last *Courier* that Lord North had been so attacked in the House of Commons, and that the Opposition carried off everything. I think he cannot hold out much longer.

In the year 1779, the whole family left Aubigny for England, where, soon after, the young Edward made his first experiment of a military life in the Sussex militia, of which his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, was colonel. It was not long before he became a special favourite with the Duke ; and the knowledge he had acquired abroad in the art of castrametation, had now, young as he was, an opportunity of displaying itself. An encampment being about to be formed for the regiment, and those entrusted with the task of pitching the tents having proved themselves wholly ignorant of the matter, Lord Edward, with the permission of

his uncle, undertook to be their instructor, and performed his part in this extemporaneous architecture with so much adroitness as to excite general surprise. The following is his own account of the circumstance, in a letter to the Duchess, dated from Berner Camp :—

I have taken the first opportunity of giving you an account of your sweet, dear boy ; and that my letter may go down the better I write it without lines. It began pretty straight and even, but I am afraid you will soon have a zigzag line. I am, however, sure you will not perceive it, your eye will have got so accustomed to the zigzag walks of Stoke.¹ Our camp is very pleasant, though the ground is rough and bad ; but when we have dressed it a little, it will be very beautiful. The Duke of Richmond has been very busy, and has stayed out all day with us ever since we came to camp. He altered the ground, which was quite wrongly marked out, and saw himself that it was right. Before he let the men pitch, he left the pitching of his own company to me, and I was not one inch wrong. I like what I have seen as yet of my profession very much.

Pleased, however, as he was with this preliminary step in soldiership, it was not likely long to satisfy the ambition of a youth who, as appears from all his letters, was burning with impatience to be employed on some of those fields of active service which the hostile rela-

¹ [The seat of Lord George Lennox, where the Duchess was then staying. The writer himself became not long afterwards familiar with the 'zig-zag walks of Stoke,' and with one at least of the fair cousins who adorned them.—ED.]

tions of England had now opened in almost every quarter of the world. A lieutenancy was accordingly procured for him in the 96th regiment of foot; and in the autumn of 1780 he joined his regiment in Ireland, uncertain, as yet, and, of course, anxious as to its ultimate destination. From Youghall he thus writes to his mother, who was then residing in Kildare Street, Dublin :—

We arrived here on Saturday, after a very wet march from five in the morning till four in the afternoon. I should have written to you then had I been able; but I had so much to do the minute I had got dry things, in looking out for lodgings, in seeing the men settled, and getting my baggage, that I may say I have not been off foot till this moment. I am not, however, the least tired, though I marched every step of the way, and almost every day's journey after Carlow was twenty miles over rugged mountains. This is a very pleasant quarter.

I am lodged with Captain Giles, and like him better every day. I hope I shall be in the transport with him. We have not yet heard anything about the transport, nor of our destination. There are orders for three more regiments to prepare to go with us, and one of cavalry; which makes me think it cannot be to Gibraltar, and this I am very glad of.

There is to be a great assembly here to-night, and the misses are all in a great hurry to show themselves off to the officers. I have a great many civilities from the people here—not from the misses—but gentlemen of the town, especially from both the Uniacks; and the youngest,

whom you saw, offered me his house, and has insisted on providing me with garden-stuff of all sorts from his country-house when we are to sail.

In a letter to Mr. Ogilvie, a few days later (November 9), he says :—

I received your kind letter yesterday ; it gave me a great deal of pleasure, and particularly so when I found that your sentiments so perfectly agreed with mine. But indeed whatever mine are, as well as anything I have ever acquired, are mostly owing to your affection for me, both in forming my principles and helping my understanding ; for which the only return I can make is my love for you ; and that I am sure you are perfectly convinced of. I shall certainly follow your advice, and stick as close as possible to Captain Giles, for I find him grow more friendly, if possible, to me every day, as well as more anxious to improve me as an officer.

This letter to Mr. Ogilvie thus concludes :—

I wish we may sail soon, though we hear nothing of it yet. If you do, pray write me word. I have my dearest mother's picture now before me : how obliged to you I am for it you cannot conceive. How happy should I be to see her ! yet how happy shall I be when we sail !

From the following extracts of a letter, written in the same month, it will be perceived with what zeal he had already entered into the true spirit of his profession, and, though so anxious for promotion, yet preferred availing himself of the first opportunity of seeing active

service to any advancement that might, even for a short time, withhold from him that advantage :—¹

I went from thence to Lord Shannon's, where I met Lady Inchiquin, in the same old *marron*-coloured gown I saw her in when we left Ireland ; only, indeed, I must say (to give the devil his due) that it was made up into a jacket and petticoat. Miss Sandford was with her ; she is a charming girl, very pretty, with a great deal of wit, and very sensible and good-humoured ;—in short, if I had had time, I should have fallen desperately in love with her ; as it is, I am a little touched. Lady Inchiquin and she both go to Dublin to-morrow. I don't know what sort of an account Lady Inchiquin will give of me, but I am sure Miss Sandford will give a very good one.

We have heard nothing of our destination as yet ; but I believe we are to go with the Royals, who are in their transport ready to sail for Cork. I wish we were gone. I hope when Lord Carlisle comes over, Mr. Ogilvie and you won't forget to remind my brother about a company. I hear Lord Buckingham is quite deserted.² I suppose there is no chance of his being able to give me a company, though I think my brother ought to have got anything almost from him.³ However, I do not wish to have one before we sail, as then I should effect an exchange with some captain in America with greater ease ; for if a company were to hinder my going out, I should much rather take my chance there. I dare say Lord Strathaven, by

¹ [Lord Edward at this time had just completed his 17th year.—ED.]

² The late rejection of the Declaration of Irish Rights, moved by Mr. Grattan, had rendered Lord Buckinghamshire's administration very unpopular.

³ [It seems an early day to have been expecting a company, but I suppose a scion of ducal families was borne on a list apart.—ED.]

being aide-de-camp, will get a majority sooner than I shall. . . . If I had been to remain in Ireland, the situation of aide-de-camp would have been a very good thing for me towards promotion, but not towards learning my business and being a good officer, which, you know, is my great ambition.

The struggle which, in a preceding letter, he so naturally expresses between his regrets at leaving those he loved, and his impatience for departure, is thus further dwelt upon :—

YOUGHALL, *December 2nd, 1780.*

DEAR, DEAR MOTHER,—I cannot express how much your letter affected me. The only thing that could put me in spirits was a report that the transports were come into Cove. How odd are these feelings, and how strange must such sentiments appear to you, dear mother, who are the only person I have mentioned them to ! I believe Mr. Ogilvie understands them ; he is the only person besides yourself I could mention them to ; so pray show this letter to nobody but him. How happy am I to have two people to whom I can thus express every sentiment of my heart !

Do not think now, dear mother, that I am in low spirits : I am still *le plus gai* and happiest in the regiment. I am very busy, and have a great deal to do with my company, which, as the captain does not mind it much, is not a very good one, and I have taken it into my head that I can make it better. You will think me very conceited, but I depend greatly upon Captain Giles's instructions. I follow him very much, and he has been of the greatest service to me. I think by the time I have served a campaign or two with him, I shall be a pretty good officer. I like my duty

every day better and better ; and you know that is one great step towards knowing it well. Believe me, dearest mother, etc, etc.

In the Army List for 1782, Lord Edward's exchange from his first regiment into the 19th, is set down as having taken place September 20th, 1780. But the following extract from a letter to the Duchess, dated January 22nd, 1781, will show that, at the time when it was written, this exchange had not yet been effected :—

As to that part where he desires me to ask leave for an exchange into the 19th, as I told Mr. Ogilvie before, it is impossible for me to get such an exchange except with the captain-lieutenants ; and even of that now I have no hopes, for most likely the additional company will not go in the regiment. Now, suppose, instead of asking leave to get an exchange into the 19th, I were only to ask to be permitted to go out with that regiment to wherever they are destined, and there to be appointed to serve in some capacity or other ; as I own his Majesty's late promise has only given me a still greater desire to serve abroad ; and even promotion would be unacceptable if it kept me at home, and deprived me of that pleasure. I do not think it unlikely but that the *Foudroyant* may convoy us, as we shall have, I believe, the grand fleet till we get out of the Channel. Some people now say that we are going to the East Indies. I wish it may be ; if we do, we shall come back as rich as nabobs, and I suppose I shall have some commissions for the Black Rock.¹ So believe me, yours,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

¹ [Frescati, the beautiful seaside home of Mr. Ogilvie and the Duchess, situate about four miles from Dublin.—ED.]

In a short time after the above was written his exchange into the 19th must have been effected, as we find him writing thus to his mother on the 14th of February 1781:—

I have heard nothing more about my company, and must say, that if I do get it, it will not give me pleasure, as leaving the 19th when going abroad, to lead the idle life of a recruiting officer, does not at all agree with the intentions I had when I took leave of you; and the pleasure of seeing you, dear mother, which you may be sure is the greatest happiness to me in the world, will still not be the same as it would have been after two or three campaigns in America.

It was not till the latter end of March, as appears by a letter dated from on board the London transport, that he set sail for his place of destination. He had been staying for some days, previous to embarking, at Lord Shannon's seat at Castle Martyr, and was, as the letter announces, to sail from thence in the course of three hours, for the purpose of joining the other transports waiting at Cork.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

DUCAL FAMILIES OF LEINSTER AND RICHMOND

LEINSTER.—First Duke and 20th Earl of Kildare (Lord Edward's father) born 1722. Married 1747 Lady Emily Mary Lennox, 2nd daughter of 2nd Duke of Richmond, sister of Lady Holland, Lady Louisa Connolly, and Lady Sarah Napier. Died 1773. Buried in Christ Church, Dublin. The Duchess had by her first husband, the Duke, no fewer than nineteen children—ten girls and nine boys, of whom Lord Edward was the fifth. *En secondes nocés* the Duchess bore to William Ogilvie, Esq., two daughters, Cecilia, married to Charles Locke, Esq., and Emily, married to Charles Beauclerc, Esq. The Duchess died in 1814.

In the extract from the Memorial which the author states at page 3 was addressed 'by the 1st Duke of Leinster,' but which was really presented by him while he was still Earl of Kildare, it is stated that the Memorialist desired 'neither place, civil or military, neither employment nor preferment for himself or his friends.' It should not, however, be forgotten that the rank of premier Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Ireland was given to him after that Memorial had been laid by him before King George II.

RICHMOND.—Charles Lennox, 1st Duke, illegitimate son of Charles II. by Louise Renée de Perrencourt de Quérouaille, created by his Majesty Duchess of Portsmouth, and by Louis XIV. Duchess of Aubigny; her son enrolled Duke of Richmond in England August 1675; September of same year Duke of Lennox in Scotland, and becoming, on the death of his mother, Duke of Aubigny in France, with the lands and château attached to the title. Lord Edward Fitzgerald's mother was daughter of the 2nd Duke of Richmond, she being 3rd in descent from King Charles II. The nobleman spoken of in these memoirs, Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke, was born 1735. One of the principal Secretaries of State, 1766, Master-General of the Ordnance, 1782. Of his two sisters, one married Right Honourable Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland; the other was mother to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. By his father's second marriage the Duke of Richmond had two sisters, Lady Louisa, married to Right Honourable Thomas Connolly of Castletown, county Kildare, and Lady Sarah, married, *en secondes nocés*, to Colonel the Honourable George Napier in 1781; whose names appear frequently in these memoirs.

CHAPTER II

American War—Landing of Lord Edward with his regiment at Charleston—Seasonable succour—Ordered to the relief of Fort Ninety-Six—Gallant action of Lord Edward—Wounded at the battle of Eutaw Springs—Insensible on the field—Rescued by Tony : ever afterwards his faithful negro attendant—General Sir John Doyle's testimony—Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Lafayette.

AT the beginning of June 1781, Lord Edward's regiment, and the two others that sailed with it from Cork, landed at Charleston. Their arrival at this crisis was an event most seasonable for the relief of the English forces acting in that quarter, who were, by the late turn of the campaign, placed in a situation of great difficulty. The corps under Lord Rawdon's command¹ at Charleston having been found hardly sufficient for the defence of that capital, he was unable, with any degree of safety, to detach from his already inadequate

¹ [Lord Rawdon is better known as Earl of Moira and Marquis of Hastings. As Lord Moira, after his distinguished service in the American war, he commanded in 1793 Pitt's disastrous expedition to Quiberon. He was afterwards Governor-General of India. His name occurs frequently in this work. He died in 1826.—ED.]

force such aid as, in more than one point, the perilous state of the province required. Post after post had fallen into the hands of the Americans, and the important fort called 'Ninety-Six,' which had been for some time invested by General Greene, was now also on the point of being lost for want of those succours which the straitened means of Lord Rawdon prevented him from affording.

In this juncture the three regiments from Ireland arrived, and gave an entirely new aspect to the face of affairs. Though destined originally to join Lord Cornwallis, they were, with a prompt sense of the exigencies of the moment, placed, by the officer who had the command of them, at the disposal of Lord Rawdon, and thus enabled his lordship, not only to relieve the garrison of Ninety-Six, but also to follow up this impression with a degree of energy and confidence, of which even his enterprising gallantry would have been without such aid incapable. It was, indeed, supposed that the American general was not a little influenced in his movements by the intelligence which he had received, that the newly arrived troops were 'particularly full of ardour for an opportunity of signalling themselves.'

That Lord Edward was among these impatient candidates for distinction can little be doubted; and it

was but a short time after their joining he had the good fortune to achieve a service which was not only brilliant but useful, and brought him both honour and reward. The 19th regiment, being posted in the neighbourhood of a place called Monk's Corner, found itself menaced, one morning at daybreak, with an attack from Colonel Lee, one of the ablest and most enterprising of the American partisans. This officer having made some demonstrations, at the head of his cavalry, in front of the 19th, the colonel of that regiment (ignorant, as it appears, of the nature of American warfare), ordered a retreat;—a movement wholly unnecessary, and rendered still more discreditable by the unmilitary manner in which it was effected: all the baggage, sick, medicines, and paymasters' chests being left in the rear of the column of march, where they were liable to be captured by any half-dozen stragglers. Fortunately, Lord Edward was upon the rear-guard, covering the retreat of the regiment, and, by the firm and determined countenance of his little party, and their animated fire, kept the American corps in check till he was able to break up a bridge over a creek which separated him from his pursuers, and which could not be crossed by the enemy without making a long detour. Having secured safety so far, Lord Edward reported the state of affairs to

the colonel ; and, the disreputable panic being thus put an end to, the regiment resumed its original position.

Major Doyle, now ¹ General Sir John Doyle,—an officer whom but to name is to call up in the minds of all who have the happiness of knowing him whatever is most estimable and amiable, both in the soldier and the man,—was, at this time, at the head of Lord Rawdon's staff ; and to him, acting as adjutant-general, the official report of the whole affair was made. Without delay he submitted it to his noble chief, who was so pleased with this readiness of resource, in so young an officer, that he desired Major Doyle to write instantly to Lord Edward in his name, and offer him the situation of aide-de-camp on his staff.

This appointment was, in every respect, fortunate for the young soldier, as, besides bringing him into near relations with a nobleman so amiable, it placed him where he was enabled to gratify his military tastes by seeing war carried on upon a larger and more scientific scale, and, it may be added, under one of the very best masters. He accordingly repaired to headquarters, and from thence accompanied Lord Rawdon ² in his rapid and successful movement for the relief of Ninety-Six.

¹ [1830.]

² [Lord Rawdon—or rather the Earl of Moira—was Moore's earliest patron.—ED.]

It was in the course of this expedition that Lord Edward exhibited,—or rather was detected in,—a trait of personal courage, of that purely adventurous kind which is seldom found but in romance, and of which the following particulars have been related to me by the distinguished person then acting as adjutant-general :—

Among the varied duties which devolved upon me as chief of the staff, a most material one was obtaining intelligence. This was effected partly by the employment of intelligent spies in various directions, and partly by frequent *reconnaissances* ; which last were not devoid of danger, from the superior knowledge of the country possessed by the enemy. Upon these occasions I constantly found Lord Edward by my side, with the permission of our noble chief, who wished our young friend to see everything connected with real service. In fact, the danger enhanced the value of the enterprise in the eyes of this brave young creature. In approaching the position of Ninety-Six, the enemy's light troops in advance became more numerous, and rendered more frequent patrols necessary upon our part.

I was setting out upon a patrol, and sent to apprise Lord Edward ; but he was nowhere to be found, and I proceeded without him, when, at the end of two miles, upon emerging from the forest, I found him engaged with *two* of the enemy's irregular horse : he had wounded one of his opponents, when his sword broke in the middle, and he must have soon fallen in the unequal contest, had not his enemies fled on perceiving the head of my column. I rated him most soundly, as you may imagine, for the un-

disciplined act of leaving the camp, at so critical a time, without the general's permission. He was—or pretended to be—very penitent, and compounded for my reporting him at the head-quarters, provided I would let him accompany me, in the hope of some other enterprise. It was impossible to refuse the fellow, whose frank, manly, and ingenuous manner would have won over even a greater tyrant than myself. In the course of the day we took some prisoners which I made him convey to head-quarters, with a *Bellerophon* message, which he fairly delivered. Lord Moira¹ gravely rebuked him; but I could never find that he lost *much ground* with his chief for his *chivalrous valour*.

After the relief of Ninety-Six, Lord Rawdon, whose health had suffered severely from the climate, found it advisable to return to England, in consequence of which Lord Edward rejoined his regiment.

The calm that succeeded Lord Rawdon's departure from South Carolina, owing to the activity with which he had retrieved the affairs of the royal forces, and thus established an equipoise of strength between the two parties, could be expected, of course, only to last till one of them had become powerful enough to disturb it. Accordingly, in the autumn, General Greene, having received reinforcements from another quarter, proceeded, with his accustomed vigour, to resume offensive operations; and by his attack upon Colonel Stuart, at

¹ [Then Lord Rawdon, himself at that time a young man of twenty-seven.—ED.]

Eutaw Springs, gave rise to one of the best-fought actions that had occurred during the war. Though the meed of victory, on this occasion, was left doubtful between the claimants, that of honour is allowed to have been fairly the due of both. So close, indeed, and desperate was the encounter, that every officer engaged is said to have had, personally, and hand to hand, an opportunity of distinguishing himself; and Lord Edward, who, we may take for granted, was among the foremost in the strife, received a severe wound in the thigh, which left him insensible on the field.¹

In this helpless situation he was found by a poor negro, who carried him off on his back to his hut, and there nursed him most tenderly, till he was well enough of his wound to bear removing to Charleston. This negro was no other than the 'faithful Tony,' whom, in gratitude for the honest creature's kindness, he now took into his service, and who continued devotedly attached to his noble master to the end of his career.

It had been intended that Major Doyle, on the departure of Lord Rawdon, should resume the station he had before held on the staff of Lord Cornwallis; but in consequence of this irruption of new forces into the province, he was requested by General Goold, who had

¹ [*Battle of Eutaw Springs.* See Note at end of chapter.—ED.]

succeeded to the chief command, still to continue to him the aid of his local knowledge and experience, so as to avert the mischiefs which a total want of confidence in most of the persons newly appointed to command now threatened. Major Doyle therefore again took upon himself the duties of adjutant-general and public secretary, and proceeded, vested with full powers, to the scene of the late action, for the purpose both of ascertaining the true state of affairs, and of remedying the confusion into which they had been thrown. Here he found Lord Edward slowly recovering from his wound, and the following is the account which he gives of his young friend :—

I am not sure that he was not then acting as aide-de-camp to Stuart, as the 19th, I think, was not there. At all events, he had been foremost in the *mêlée*, as usual, and received a very severe wound in the thigh. At this same time, Colonel Washington, a distinguished officer of the enemy's cavalry, was severely wounded and made prisoner ; and while I was making preparations to send them down comfortably to Charleston, Lord Edward, forgetting his own wound, offered his services to *take charge* of his gallant enemy. I saw him every day till he recovered, about which time I was sent to England with the public despatches.

To these notices of a part of his lordship's life hitherto so little known, it would be unjust not to add the few words of comment, as eloquently as they are

cordially expressed, with which the gallant writer closes his communication to me on the subject :—

Of my lamented and ill-fated friend's excellent qualities I should never tire in speaking. I never knew so lovable a person, and every man in the army, from the general to the drummer, would cheer the expression. His frank and open manner, his universal benevolence, his *gaieté de cœur*, his valour almost chivalrous, and, above all, his unassuming tone, made him the idol of all who served with him. He had great animal spirits, which bore him up against all fatigue ; but his courage was entirely independent of those spirits—it was a valour *sui generis*.

Had fortune happily placed him in a situation, however difficult, where he could *legitimately* have brought those varied qualities into play, I am confident he would have proved a proud ornament to his country.¹

It may not, perhaps, though anticipating a period so much later, appear altogether ill-timed to mention in this place, that when Lord Edward lay suffering under the fatal wounds of which he died in 1798, a military man connected with government, who had known him at this time in Charleston, happening to allude, during a visit to him in prison, to the circumstances under which they had first become acquainted, the gallant sufferer exclaimed—‘Ah ! I was wounded then in a very different cause ; that was in fighting *against* liberty—this, in fighting *for* it.’

¹ [Sir Francis Doyle, the well-known author of military ballads, was son of the General Sir John Doyle who thus wrote.—ED.]

It is, indeed, not a little striking that there should have been engaged at this time, on opposite sides, in America, two noble youths, Lafayette and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose political principles afterwards so entirely coincided ; and that, while one of them was fated early to become the victim of an unsuccessful assertion of these principles, it became the far brighter destiny of the other to contribute, more than once, splendidly to their triumph.

NOTE SUPPLEMENTARY TO CHAPTER II

THE BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS

Eutaw Springs is chiefly memorable as being the last occasion on which the forces of England and America crossed swords in the great war. It was fought on the morning of the 8th of September 1781, General Greene commanding on the American side, and Colonel Stuart, who had taken Lord Rawdon's place, leading the British. The fight lasted about four hours, and was mostly a hand-to-hand conflict on broken, woody ground; the issue being mainly determined by the fact that some of the English troops had occupied a building commanding the field, from which it was found impossible to dislodge them. Both sides claimed the victory, but it is clear from General Doyle's statement that the English held the ground. The forces engaged were not considerable, about four or five thousand on each side; and of these about one in five were among the killed, wounded, and missing. At the time when this action took place in South Carolina, Lord Cornwallis was supposed to be in chief command of the Southern forces, and to him Colonel Stuart addressed his despatch giving an account of the battle. But at that time General Washington held Cornwallis so closely gripped within the lines of Yorktown that nothing could reach him, and on the 19th of the following month he surrendered his whole army. To those accustomed to the immense figures of modern armies it is astounding how inconsiderable was the force whose surrender on this occasion was the surrender of a continent! It amounted in the whole to no more than 7247 men.—These Carolina campaigns of 1780 and 1781 were of terrible severity. The historian of them says:—'During renewed successions of forced marches, under the rays of a burning sun, and in a climate at that season peculiarly inimical to man, they were frequently, when sinking under the most excessive fatigue, not only destitute of every comfort, but almost of every necessary which seems essential to existence.' See *Campaigns of 1780 and 1781 in the Southern Provinces of North America*, by Lieut.-Colonel Tarleton, 1787.—[ED.]

CHAPTER III

Lord Cornwallis's surrender—Close of the American War—Service in the West Indies—Letters to the Duchess—Return home—Lord Edward enters at Woolwich.

AFTER the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at York Town, —with which humiliating event the war on the continent of America may be said to have closed,—the scene of active operations between England and her combined foes was transferred to the West Indies, where, at the beginning of 1783, we find Lord Edward, on the staff of General O'Hara,¹ at St. Lucia. The following are extracts of letters written by him from this island :—

ST. LUCIA, *Feb.* 4, 1783.

DEAREST MOTHER,—In my last, I believe, I told you Gen. O'Hara was to command at Barbadoes ; but affairs were altered, and we returned here to take the command of this island, which I am very glad of, as if anything is to be done, it will be here ; and in the meantime he was working hard at the fortifications, which are very necessary ; for although we have had the island four years, yet, either by the ignorance or indolence of those in command, nothing

¹ [General O'Hara, who had been one of the most active officers in the American war, where he was twice wounded. He afterwards commanded the expedition to Toulon, where he was also wounded, and made a prisoner by Buonaparte, then a young captain of artillery. —ED.]

has been done. I am also of some use by talking French. Gen. O'Hara pleases me more every day, both in his public and private character. In his manner of carrying on business he puts me very much in mind of dear Mr. Ogilvie, particularly in that of not trusting what is to be done to others, but always seeing it done himself; and also in his eagerness in all his works. We have unluckily three block-heads of engineers (as they please to call themselves), who are not of the least assistance.

I was over at Martinique the other day, with a flag of truce, with prisoners. It was a very pleasant jaunt. I stayed there a week, and received every civility possible from le Marquis de Bouillé and the rest of the officers, but met nobody I knew before. It is a much finer island than any of ours, and much better peopled. St. Pierre, the capital, is a very fine town, and full of amusements. I was at a ball every night. The women are pretty; dance and dress very well; and are, the French officers say—to use dear Robert's words—vastly good-natured. When I went over first, they expected the peace every day; but there came in a French frigate, called the *Venus*, with accounts that the treaty was entirely broken off, both with France and Spain, though settled with the Americans, and that Monsieur d'Estaing was to be out immediately. We are anxious to hear something about this affair, as the peace frightens everybody.

I hope, dearest mother, you will get me what I have so long been troubling you about, and shall still persist in, which is a company in the Guards. In that case I shall be able to see you, and not trouble you with sending anything here. There are at present only four regiments here in the West Indies; so that I look to Europe for any promotion

I may have. If it were not possible to get the company in the Guards, I might get the rank of lieutenant-colonel by going to the East Indies, which, as it seems to promise to be an active scene, I should like extremely. I see by the newspapers, and have heard by parade letters, that Lord Cornwallis is going to command there, which, as I said before in one of my letters, would be a good opportunity.

ST. LUCIA, *March 3, 1783.*

What would I not give to be with you, to comfort you, dearest mother! But I hope the peace will soon bring the long-wished-for time. Till then my dearest mother will not expect it. My profession is that of a military man, and I should reproach myself hereafter if I thought I lost any opportunity of improving myself in it, or did not, at all times, do as much as lay in my power to merit the promotion I am entitled to expect. Not that the idea of promotion should enter in competition with the happiness of my dearest mother, if, as I said before, I did not think my honour and character concerned.

My brother wishes me to come home next spring to settle about my estate.¹ I shall tell him that any arrangement he may make with your consent I shall always attend to. I own, if I sell entirely, I should feel afraid of myself; but, on the contrary, if I were to have so much a year for it, I think I should get on more prudently. If it could be settled so that I might have so much ready money and so much a year for my life, I should like it better. However, you may be sure I shall approve of anything you settle. As to going home, I shall certainly not go home about it.

I like the idea of going to Aubigny much, and am not

¹ [Lord Edward's small property at Kilrush.—ED.]

like my brother Charles in hating everything French : on the contrary, I have made a second trip to Martinique, where I spent a week very pleasantly. I met there with a very agreeable young man, the Duc de Coigni's son, colonel of the regiment de Viennois, who was in England some time. I am to go to his château to spend some time with him whenever we meet in France. As he intends coming to England immediately at the peace, I shall have an opportunity of making him known to you. I do assure you that when I go to Martinique I am received as well, if possible better, than I should be at the peace.—Believe me, dear, dear mother, etc. etc.

Not long after the date of the above extract, he returned to Ireland, and, a dissolution of Parliament having taken place in the summer of this year, he was brought in by the Duke of Leinster for the borough of Athy. How insipid he found the life he was now doomed to lead, after the stormy scenes in which he had been lately engaged, appears from various passages of his letters at this time :—

I have made (he says, in a letter from Carton,¹ August 3), fifty attempts to write to you, but have as often failed, from want of subject. Really a man must be a clever fellow who, after being a week at Carton, and seeing nobody but Mr. and Mrs. B., can write a letter. If you insist on letters, I must write you an account of my American campaigns over again, as that is the only thing I remember. I am just now interrupted by the horrid parson ; and he can find nothing to do but sit by my elbow.

¹ [The seat of the Duke of Leinster, not far from Dublin.—ED.]

Again writing to his mother, who was then in England, he says :—

Sept. 1, 1783.

I cannot give a good account of my studies, nor of Blackstone ; but I hope my Black Rock scheme will help that also. You cannot think, my dearest mother, how delighted I feel at your proof of love for me in not going abroad ; as literally your being in Ireland is the only thing that can make me happy in it. If it were not for you, I really believe I should go join either the Turks or Russians ; for I find, since you are gone, this home life very insipid.

For the two following years we are left wholly unprovided with that only safe clue through the lesser details of life, which letters, however otherwise unimportant, furnish. This chasm in his lordship's correspondence with his family is thus, in a few words, interestingly accounted for :—

The interruption (says Mr. Ogilvie) in the correspondence for 1784 and 1785 arose from my beloved Edward having spent these two years with his mother and me, principally at Frescati, but partly in Dublin and partly also in London. He was with us, indeed, wherever we went, and those were the happiest years of any of our lives.

Being now anxious to improve, by a regular course of study, whatever practical knowledge of his profession he had acquired, he resolved to enter himself at Woolwich, and, at the beginning of 1786, proceeded to England for that purpose.

CHAPTER IV

First love—Inspection of Channel Islands—Lord Edward's further Letters to his mother.

YOUNG, ardent, and—to a degree rare in man's nature—affectionate, it was not likely that Lord Edward Fitzgerald's heart should remain long unattached among the beauties of the gay and brilliant circle he now moved in ; and, accordingly, during his late stay in Dublin, he had become, as he thought, deeply enamoured of the Lady Catharine Mead, second daughter of the Earl of Clanwilliam, who was, in five or six years after, married to Lord Powerscourt. To this lady, under the name of 'Kate,' he alludes in the following correspondence ; and, however little that class of fastidious readers who abound in the present day may be inclined to relish the homely style and simple feeling of these letters, there are many, I doubt not, for whom such unstudied domestic effusions—even independently of the insight they afford into a mind destined to dare extraordinary things—will have a

more genuine charm, and awaken in them a far readier sympathy, than even the most ingenious letters, dictated, not by the heart, but head, and meant evidently for more eyes than those to which they are addressed. It is, besides, important, as involving even higher considerations than that of justice to the character of the individual himself, to show how gentle, generous, light-hearted, and affectionate was by nature the disposition of him whom a deep sense of his country's wrongs at length drove into the van of desperate rebellion, and brought, in the full prime of all his noble qualities, to the grave.

In few of his delineations of character is Shakespeare more true to nature than in the picture of a warm, susceptible temperament, which he has drawn in the young and melancholy Romeo ;—melancholy, from the very vagueness of the wishes that haunt him, and anticipating the passion before he has yet found the true object of it. In something of the same state of mind was Lord Edward at this period, under the persuasion that he had now formed a deep and unalterable attachment ; and the same sad and restless feelings were, as the following letters prove, the result :—

1786.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I am much obliged to you for your dear, affectionate letters ; they made me happier than

you can imagine. You cannot think what pleasure it gives me to hear from Ireland. My not writing to you was entirely, as you say, because I depended upon Ogilvie, who, I am sure, can give you a much better account of me than I can of myself; for I really forget everything I do. Nothing interests me enough to make me remember it. I get up in the morning hating everything,—go out with an intention of calling on somebody, and then with the first person I meet go anywhere, and stay any time, without thinking the least what I am about, or enjoying the least pleasure. By this means I have been constantly late for dinner wherever I have dined; from dinner somebody or other (quite indifferent to me who) carries me to wherever I am asked, and there I stay till morning, and come home to bed hating everything as much as when I got up and went out. All this is, however, what I used to call a life of pleasure. I have been at balls almost every night, and, as I said before, always stay till morning.

Ogilvie calls here every morning, and I find it the pleasantest part of the day. I make him talk of Kate, whether he will or not; and indeed of you all. I find, now I am away, I like you all better than I thought I did. I am sorry to say I am quite tired of my friends in London, though they have been as kind as possible. I go to Woolwich on Sunday.

I have not seen the Siddons yet, nor do I think I shall, as I go out of town so soon. I never think of going to anything pleasant myself: I am led to it by somebody. I depend entirely upon other people, and then insensibly *je m'amuse*; but as for saying, 'I will go see this,' or, 'that it will be very pleasant,' *il ne m'arrive jamais*. I

find that I am writing a very foolish, tiresome letter : pray do not show it to anybody. E. F.

WOOLWICH, *June 16th, 1786.*

I am as busy as ever : it is the only resource I have, for I have no pleasure in anything. I agree with you perfectly in trying to drive away care ; I do all I can, but do not succeed. My natural good spirits, however, and the hopes of some change, keep me up a little. If I thought there was no hopes of the latter, I believe the other would soon give way ; and I should be very unfit for this place, or indeed, any other, with an idea of doing any good ; for I should not then care a pin about what happened me, either in fortune or person ; at least so I think now, but I am determined to give myself as long a trial as I can bear. This is all I can do, as long as I think this way. I hope you will try and make me as happy as you can by giving accounts of her in your letters.

I need not say I hope you are kind to pretty dear Kate ; I am sure you are. I want you to like her almost as much as I do ;—it is a feeling I always have with people I love excessively. Did you not feel to love her very much, and wish for me when you saw her look pretty at the cottage ? I think I see you looking at her, and saying to yourself, ‘ I wish my dear Eddy was here.’ One does not know how much one loves people till we find ourselves separated. But I am sure I must grow stupid ;—I write as if *you* were confined at Woolwich also, and in the same spirits as I am.

July 7th, 1786.

Now Ogilvie is gone, and that I cannot depend upon any body to give you some account of me, I will do it myself.

By the by, I wish Tony could write. I have been up since before six, and it is now near nine, and I have been hard at work in the laboratory pulverising saltpetre ; so you may guess how dreadfully hungry I am. You cannot conceive how odd the life I lead now appears to me. I must confess if I had *le cœur content*, I should like best the idle, indolent one. Getting up between 11 and 12, breakfasting in one's jacket *sans souci, se fichant du monde*, and totally careless and thoughtless of everything but the people one loves, is a very pleasant life, *il faut le dire*. I would give a great deal for a lounge at Frascati this morning.

You cannot think how sorry I was to part with Ogilvie. I begin to find one has very few real friends, whatever number of agreeable acquaintance one may have. Pray do not let Ogilvie spoil you ; I am sure he will try, crying, 'Nonsense ! fool ! fool ! all imagination !—by heavens ! you will be the ruin of that boy.' My dear mother, if you mind him, and do not write me pleasant letters, and always say something of pretty Kate, I will not answer your letters, nor indeed write any to you. I believe if anything can make me like writing letters, Woolwich will,—for to be here alone is most melancholy. However, I like it better than London, and am not in such bad spirits. I have not time hardly. In my evening's walk, however, I am as bad as ever. I believe, in my letter to Henry, I told him how I passed my day ; so shall not begin again. You will see by that what my evening's walk is ; but, upon my honour, I sometimes think of *you* in it.

I wish, my dear mother, you would insist on my coming to you ;—but stop—if I go on thus thinking and writing, I shall be very unfit for mortars, cannons, etc. So, love to everybody—God bless you.

In the summer of this year, the Duke of Richmond,¹ being called away in his official capacity on a tour of inspection to the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, etc., took Lord Edward with him; and it will be seen by the following letter that the young military student was not insensible of the value of those opportunities of instruction which such a survey, under circumstances so favourable to inquiry, offered.

ST. HELIER, *July 31, 1786.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER, — We have been here five days, and are to stay two more, and then go to Cherbourg. We have had as yet a very pleasant time. I have been in much better spirits, everything being new, and the changes of scene having kept me from thinking so much. I shall get a great deal of knowledge of a part of my profession by this tour; for the Duke goes about looking at all the strong posts, and I have an opportunity of hearing him and Colonel Moncrief talk the matter all over. The Duke and he are at present employed in fixing some works that are to be built, and choosing some positions in case of an attack. The whole tour has been a kind of military survey. I shall be glad to see Cherbourg, as it certainly will be hereafter a very famous place, by the works that are erecting there. We go from thence to Havre for Madame de Cambise.

Don't you think I may come home after this tour? I begin now, my dearest mother, to wish much to see you: besides, I think that, after all this, I could do a great deal of good at Black Rock with Mr. Ogilvie, as my mind has

¹ [At this time Master-General of the Ordnance.—ED.]

really taken a turn for business. Thinking of Kate disturbs me more than seeing her would do. I do really love her more, if possible, than when I left you. Have you seen her lately at anything? I always feel happy when I think you have seen her; because it must put her in mind of me. Have you seen the presents yet? Guilford waited till he got some also for Lady Anne, that she might not be jealous, and that the thing might be less suspicious. Kate herself thinks that it is Guilford that gives them her. I made Guilford promise not to say I gave them, for fear she should not take them. I must come home; really, my dearest mother, it is the only chance I have against *la dragonne*; for you see by her speech to Ogilvie, she will do all she can to make Kate forget me.

Do not be afraid that I shall do no good in Ireland; you know when I have a mind to study, I never do so much good as when I am with Ogilvie. I could go over all my mathematics (which is the most useful thing I could do) much better there with him than here with anybody else. I know Ogilvie will be against my coming; but no matter,—*you* will be glad to have me on any terms, and I am never so happy as when with you, dearest mother; you seem to make every distress lighter, and I bear everything better, and enjoy everything more when with you. I must not grow sentimental; so good b'ye, dearest of mothers. No one can love you more than, etc.

GOODWOOD, *August 8, 1786.*

DEAREST MOTHER,—We arrived here the day before yesterday. Our tour had been shorter than at first intended. We came last from the island of Sark, which we meant only to visit in our way to Alderney, where we were

to part with the Duchess, who was to sail for England in a small vessel we had with us, while the Duke and the rest of us went in a yacht to Cherbourg ; but the wind came on so strong, the Duke was afraid to let the Duchess go in the small vessel, and thought it better to return with her ; I never was so disappointed in my life,—I had set my heart on seeing Cherbourg with the Duke and Colonel Moncrief. The Duke goes to London to-day, stays there a few days, then goes to Portsmouth, from whence he sails to bring Madame de Cambise. I had intended, during the time he was doing all this, to go to Moncrief at Portsmouth ; but alas ! walking yesterday evening, I sprained my ankle violently, and am not able to stir : I am afraid I shall be laid up for a week or ten days, at least. I do think, what with legs and other things, I am the most unlucky dog that ever was. However, I intend to make the best of my misfortune, and take the opportunity of beginning a course of mechanics with Mr. Baly : the Duke and he both say that if I apply hard, in the course of three months I should have a pretty tolerable knowledge of them. Mr. Baly says, to do it properly, I should go over again some of my Euclid and algebra, both of which, I am ashamed to say, I have pretty nearly forgot. I wish I had my books here, they would be of great use to me now.

What do you think of this scheme, is it practicable for me ? do you think I have resolution or application enough to give the attention that will be necessary ? Stoke is within three miles—very tempting ; this place will be by-and-by full of company ; the shooting will be going on : all these things may draw me off, *je suis foible* ; the Duke himself may, perhaps, be going about, and will wish me to

follow him : I never do good in that way. Let me know what you advise. I find every day that the knowledge of mathematics is absolutely necessary in everything that an officer should know : and as I have a good foundation, it is a pity I should not improve it. If I have resolution to apply, this is a good and pleasant opportunity : but I am doubtful of myself. In turning all this over in my head, a scheme has occurred to me, which I know would be the best thing in the world for me, could I put it in execution ;—but then it requires a great effort. You know I have from the latter end of August, till January, when the Parliament meets, four months ; what do you think of my spending that time at some university in Scotland ? it certainly is the best place for the branch of learning I want ; there I should not be so easily drawn off ; I should have my masters cheap, live cheap, and be able to give my whole mind to business. But I cannot bear the thoughts of seeing none of you for four months ; and then, Kate—I do not know what to do—pray write and advise me.

You say in your letter that Lady Clanwilliam goes to the country for the autumn ; if she goes to the north, how pleasant ! I might then be with dearest Harry, and see her very often. It is now three months since I have seen you, dearest mother, and four more is a great while. If you go abroad, I go with you, I am determined, and stay with you till the Parliament meets. I hope Henry will come too, I long to see him. What becomes of dear Robert ? I hate missing him ; I wish he would come here.

I hope you got my letters safe from Guernsey and Jersey ; I got two of your dear letters here ; how happy they made me !—but you said very little of pretty Kate : I do not think you like her enough, my dearest mother ; I want you

to love her as much as I do. Pray tell me really what you think of her? yet I am afraid,—but no matter, speak!—if you should find fault,—but it is impossible, you *must* love her. Show the sensible part of this letter to Mr. Ogilvie, but none of the last. He says, *tout court*, in his letter, ‘she drank tea here,’—did not you think of me? *Tell truth*, did *she* think of me at all? for I am sure you observed. Your words, ‘if she only likes you,’ frighten me; if it is only that, I dread her mother’s influence,—it is very strong. Suppose you were here, and to say to me, ‘If you ever think of that girl, I will never forgive you,’ what should I do? even I, who dote on Kate; and then, if she only likes me, I am sure being there would be of no use to me. God bless you, etc.

STOKE, *August 19, 1786.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

Now I have given you all the answer I can at present, I will talk a little of myself. You will find, by my last, that I intend going with you in case you go; for being in Ireland, and not seeing Kate, I should hate. Though I have been here ever since the Duke went, I am as constant as ever, and go on doting upon her; this is, I think, the greatest proof I have given yet. Being here has put me in much better spirits, they are so delightful. I dote on G——¹; the other two have been at Selsey, but come back to-day. We all go to a ball at Mr. Barnwell’s. You see by the beginning of this letter I am a favourite of Lady

¹ [We have here the first mention of his cousin, Miss Georgina Lennox, who exercised such a potent, though perhaps involuntary, influence over Lord Edward’s affections during the three following years.—ED.]

Louisa ; she has been pleasanter than anything can be ; I love her very much.

I have not been so happy since I left Frescati as I have been here. Do not be afraid that I am idle : I get up at five o'clock every morning, go to Goodwood, and stay and study with Mr. Baly till two, and return here to dine. You cannot think how much I like the thoughts of going abroad with you, and being once more comfortably settled with you ; besides, now I am in a good habit, I can do a great deal with Mr. Ogilvie. I am sorry to find dear little Gerald is in bad spirits. I shall write to him, as I think nothing does one more good when in that way than getting letters from anybody one likes. Good-bye, dearest mother. Yours, etc.

GOODWOOD, *September 2, 1786.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I received your letter from Carton yesterday. I cannot write to Sophia¹ to give her any advice ; it is one of those cases where friends ought to be very cautious what they do ; the persons concerned I think are always the best judges ; it neither requires cleverness, or parts, or knowledge, to know what will make one happy or unhappy. I should never answer it to myself hereafter, if, from taking my advice, she found herself in the least degree unhappy. Pray write me word how things go on ;—I own I am afraid. At the same time, dearest Sophy has so much feeling, and so much heart, that the least thing will make her, perhaps, happy or unhappy for ever ; if she was not so very *sensible*,² I should not be near so afraid

¹ [The Lady Sophia, Lord Edward's sister, here referred to evidently *à propos* of some *affaire de cœur*, appears not to have yielded, for she died unmarried in 1845, at the age of 83.—ED.]

² Used here evidently in its French meaning of *sensitive*.

about her. My dearest mother, she has all your tenderness and sensibility *without* your good understanding and excellent judgment to manage it. Not that I think her deficient in either the one or the other, and should, indeed, be sorry to see her get more of either quality, if she was to give up the least of her good heart for it. Being at a distance makes me serious about it. If I were with you I am afraid I should be Marplot, and giggle a little.

I am glad sweetest Kate is grown fat. I love her more than anything yet, though I have seen a great deal of G—. I own fairly I am not in such bad spirits as I was, particularly when I am with G—, whom I certainly love better than any of her sisters. However, I can safely say, I have not been *infidelle* to Kate,—whenever I thought of her, which I do very often, though not so constantly as usual : this entirely between you and me. The Duke goes again to Portsmouth to-morrow, and I go with him : we are only to stay a day there. He does not like to give up his shooting : while he is out shooting I always attend little Baly. I go on very well, and the Duke is, I believe, very well pleased with me. There is nobody here yet but Madame de Cambise,¹ who is a delightful creature : I am grown very fond of her. I am becoming quite impatient to see you, now that I expect you. I love nothing in comparison to you, my dearest mother, after all.—Yours, etc.

¹ [The editor has been unable to discover anything about *Madame de Cambise*.]

CHAPTER V

Lord Edward's second attachment—Romeo redivivus—The fair cousin—His appearance in the Irish Parliament.

DURING the absence of the Duke, Lord Edward passed his time chiefly at —, the seat of Lord —,¹ which was not far from Goodwood; and the tone of the letters he wrote from thence must have sufficiently prepared his mother's mind for the important change his affections were now about to undergo.

I have already remarked that, in the state of Lord Edward's mind, at this period,—in the fond restlessness with which, enamoured more in fancy than in heart, he dwells upon the image of his absent 'Kate,'—there is something akin to the mood in which the great painter of human passions has described his youthful lover as indulging, when first brought upon the scene, before the strong and absorbing passion that was to have such influence over his destiny took possession of him.

¹ [The blanks here evidently stand for 'Stoke,' and 'Lord George Lennox,' the Duchess of Leinster's brother.—ED.]

The poet well knew that, in natures of this kind, a first love is almost always but a rehearsal for the second ; that imagination must act as taster to the heart, before the true ' thirst from the soul ' is called forth, and that, accordingly, out of this sort of inconstancy to one object is oftenest seen to spring the most passionate, and even constant, devotion to another. An ordinary painter of character would not only have shrunk from the risk of exhibiting his hero so fickle, but would have gladly availed himself of the romantic interest which a picture of first love and singleness of affection is always sure to inspire. But, besides that, in Juliet, he had an opportunity of presenting a portraiture of this kind, such as no hand ever before sketched, he was well aware that in man's less pliant heart, even where most susceptible, a greater degree of previous softening is required, before it can thus suddenly, and, at the same time deeply, be penetrated ; and that it was only by long dwelling, in imagination, upon a former love that his hero's mind could be supposed to have attained such a pitch of excitement as, at first sight, to drink in an intoxication of passion which has rendered the lovers themselves, and the poet that has commemorated them, immortal.

How entirely in nature, and in the nature, too, of ordinary life, is this delineation of the dramatist's fancy,

cannot be more clearly exemplified than in the process by which Lord Edward's excitable heart now found itself surprised into a passion which became afterwards such a source of pain and disappointment to him; which, by the cloud it threw over his naturally joyous disposition, first conduced, perhaps, to give his mind a somewhat severer turn, and to incline it towards those inquiries into the state of 'the world and the world's law,' which, at length, acting upon his generous and conscientious nature, enlisted him in the cause to which he ultimately fell a sacrifice.

The rapid progress already made by the charms of Miss ——,¹—unconsciously, on her part, and almost equally so, at the beginning, on his,—in effacing the vivid impression left by a former object, is described in the foregoing extracts more naturally than it could be in any other words. For some time he continued to struggle against this new fascination, and, though without any of those obligations to constancy which a return of his first love might have imposed, seemed reluctant to own, even to himself, that his affections could be so easily unrooted. The charm, however, was too powerful to be thus resisted; and the still fainter and fainter mention of Lady Catharine in his letters, till at length her name wholly disappears,

¹ [Lennox.—ED.]

marks as plainly the gradual disaffection of his heart as the deserted sands tell the slow ebbing of the tide.

In the autumn of this year the Duchess of Leinster and her family arrived in England, on their way to the Continent,—meaning to pass the summer months at Nice, and in the south of France,—and to Lord Edward was entrusted the task of securing lodgings for her Grace at Chichester. The hospitality, however, of the noble owners of Goodwood and Stoke would not hear of her sojourning elsewhere than under their roofs. In writing to announce this determination to his mother, he concludes his letter thus :—

Do not stay long at Oxford, for if you do I shall die with impatience before you arrive. I can hardly write, I am so happy. I do not at all envy you seeing Mrs. Siddons ; I cannot envy anybody at this moment, for I certainly am the happiest dog in the world. Think of seeing Henry, Sophia, and you, all in one day ! I may as well stop, for I cannot write.

On the departure of his mother and sisters for Nice, Lord Edward accompanied them, and remained there till the opening of Parliament made it necessary for him to attend his public duties in Ireland. On the few important questions that were brought, during this session, before the House, his name is invariably to be found in the very small minority which the stock of

Irish patriotism, at this time but scanty, supplied. From the opinions, too, respecting his brother legislators, which he expresses in the following letter, it will be seen that the standard by which he judged of public men and their conduct was, even at this period, of no very accommodating nature; and that the seeds of that feeling which, in after days, broke out into indignant revolt, were already fast ripening. His animadversions here upon what he calls the 'shabby' behaviour of his uncle, Mr. Conolly, refer to the line taken by that gentleman on the question of the Riot Bill—a bill which Mr. Wolfe declared to be 'so hostile to the liberties of the people, that every man should raise his voice and almost wield his sword against it.' On this measure Mr. Conolly took part with the Castle, and opposed an amendment to the bill moved by Mr. O'Neil. Upon a proposal too, by Mr. Grattan, for a Resolution concerning Tithes, Mr. Conolly again appears among the supporters of Government; while the name of Lord Edward is found, as usual, shining by the side of those of Grattan and Curran, among that small, but illustrious band,—'the few, fine flushes of departing day,'—that gave such splendour to the last moments of Ireland, as a nation. The following is the extract of Lord Edward's letter to which I refer:—

DUBLIN, *February 26th*, 1787.

You desire me to give you an account of myself ; I do not think you could ask a more difficult thing, for though I have been doing nothing but the common John-trot things, yet I have been thinking of a great many others, both serious and trivial, and to give an account of one's thoughts requires a better pen than mine. I have been greatly disappointed about politics, though not dispirited. Ogilvie, I dare say, has told you how ill we have gone on. Conolly, I think, behaved shabbily, and as long as the Bishop of Cloyne has got hold of him, he will do no good. We came over so sanguine from England, that one feels the disappointment the more. William¹ is behaving as well as possible ; so that, by perseverance and steadiness, I am sure we shall get right again. When one has any great object to carry, one must expect disappointments, and not be diverted from one's object by them, or even appear to mind them. I therefore say to everybody that I think we are going on well. The truth is, the people one has to do with are a bad set. I mean the *whole* ; for really I believe those *we* act with are the best. All this is between you and me : you must not mention anything of it even to Mr. Ogilvie, for even to him I put on a good face, and try to appear not disappointed and dispirited.

In the determination here expressed, as politic as it is manly, not only to persevere in spite of disgust and difficulty, towards the object he had in view, but even to assume an air of confidence in his cause when most hopeless of it, we have a feature of his character dis-

¹ [His brother, 2nd Duke of Leinster.—ED.]

closed to us which more than any other, perhaps, tended to qualify him for the enterprise to which, fatally for himself, he devoted the latter years of his life. In a struggle like that, of which the chances were so uncertain, and where some of the instruments necessary to success were so little congenial to his nature, it is easy to conceive how painfully often he must have had to summon up the self-command here described to enable him to hide from those embarked with him his own hopelessness and disgust.¹

In another part of the same letter, he thus, with a depth and delicacy of filial tenderness which few hearts have ever felt so strongly, addresses his beloved mother :—

You cannot think how I feel to want you here. I dined and slept at Frescati the other day, Ogilvie and I *tête-à-tête*. We talked a great deal of you. Though the place makes me melancholy, yet it gives one pleasant feelings. To be sure, the going to bed without wishing you a good-night; the coming down in a morning, and not seeing you; the sauntering about in the fine sunshine, looking at your flowers and shrubs without you to lean upon one, was all very bad indeed. In settling my journey there, that evening, I determined to see you in my way, supposing you were even a thousand miles out of it;—and now coolly, if I can afford it, I certainly will.

¹ [One is constrained to say here that the foregoing remarks are uncalled for, and not such as the generous nature of Lord Edward Fitzgerald would have endorsed.—ED.]

A subsequent letter (March 3rd) relating chiefly to some domestic misfortune which had befallen a French family of his acquaintance, contains passages full of the same filial fondness, which all mothers, at least, will thank me for extracting :—

It is time for me to go to Frescati. Why are you not there, dearest of mothers? but it feels a little like seeing you too, to go there. We shall talk a great deal of you. I assure you I miss you in Ireland very, very much. I am not half so merry as I should be if you were here. I get tired of everything, and want to have you to go and talk to. You are, after all, what I love best in the world. I always return to you, and find it is the only love I do not deceive myself in. I love you more than I think I do—but I will not give way to such thoughts, for it always makes me grave. I really made myself miserable for two days since I left you, by this sort of reflections; and in thinking over with myself what misfortunes I *could* bear, I found there was one I *could not*; but God bless you.

It had been his intention, as soon as released from his parliamentary duties, to rejoin the Duchess at Nice, and from thence proceed, in the summer, to meet his friends M. and Madame de Levis, and the Puységurs, in Switzerland. ‘This,’ he says, in one of his letters, ‘is my pleasant, *foolish* plan;—it would certainly be charming. My *sensible* plan is to go and stay at Woolwich till autumn, and then meet you all at Paris,

If I do the latter (which I do not think I shall, for it is a great deal too wise), I should come to Paris with great *éclat*, for I should by that time be very rich, and be able to live away a little,¹ so far as keeping horses and a phaeton. The other plan would oblige me to live rather economically at Paris. Pray, consider my case, and take Madame de Levis into the consultation, for she can, I know, give very good advice.

¹ [An obsolete expression, meaning to be a little extravagant.—ED.]

CHAPTER VI

Summer of 1787—Tour through the Peninsula.

INSTEAD of either of the projects contemplated in the extract last given, a visit to Gibraltar, with the ulterior object of a journey through Spain and Portugal, was the plan upon which Lord Edward at length decided for his summer tour.

From Gibraltar, where he appears to have arrived about the latter end of May, he thus writes to the Duchess :—

GIBRALTAR.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I am delighted with this place ; never was anything better worth seeing, either taking it in a military light, or merely as a matter of curiosity. I cannot describe it at all as it merits. Conceive an immense high rugged rock, separated by a small neck of land from a vast track of mountainous or rather hilly country, whose large, broad, sloping eminences, with a good deal of verdure, make a strong contrast with the sharp, steep rock of the place. Yet when you come on the rock, you find part of it capable of very high cultivation ; it will in time be a little paradise. Even at present, in the midst of some of the wildest, rockiest parts, you find charming gardens,

surrounded with high hedges of geraniums, filled with orange, balm, sweet oleander, myrtle, cedar, Spanish broom, roses, honeysuckles, in short, all the charming plants of both our own country and others. Conceive all this, collected in different spots of the highest barren rock perhaps you ever beheld, and all in luxuriant vegetation ; on one side seeing, with a fine basin between you, the green hills of Andalusia, with two or three rivers emptying themselves into the bay ; on another side, the steep rugged and high land of Barbary, and the whole strait coming under your eye at once, and then a boundless view of the Mediterranean ; all the sea enlivened with shipping, and the land with the sight of your own soldiers, and the sound of drums and fifes, and all other military music—to crown all, the finest climate possible. Really, walking over the higher parts of the rock, either in the morning or evening (in the mid-day all is quiet, on account of the heat), gives one feelings not to be described, making one proud to think that here you are, a set of islanders from a remote corner of the world, surrounded by enemies thousands of times your numbers, yet, after all the struggles, both of them and the French, to beat you out of it, keeping it in spite of all their efforts. All this makes you appear to yourself great and proud,—and yet, again, when you contemplate the still *greater* greatness of the scene, the immense depth of the sea under you, the view of an extensive track of land, whose numerous inhabitants are scarcely known,—the feeling of pride is then gone, and the littleness of your own works in comparison with those of nature makes you feel yourself as nothing. But I will not say any more, for everything must fall far short of what is here seen and felt.

I really think if one had all the people one liked here, one could live charmingly. The General¹ gives all officers that choose gardens, and numbers have got them. Vegetation is so quick that you can have peas, beans, and French beans in five weeks after you plant them : you have a very tolerable tree in three years ; poplars, in two, grow to a great size. O'Hara and I walk the whole day, from five in the morning till eight or nine at night ; he is pleasanter than ever, and enters into all one's ideas, fanciful as well as comical. We divert ourselves amazingly with all the people here ; but this is when he is not 'all over General,' as he calls it. Elliot dotes on him, and says, he goes away content, as he leaves the garrison in the hands of such an able officer. Elliot is, from what I have seen of him, a delightful man, and an excellent officer ; he talks highly of Robert. I feel grown quite a soldier again since I came to this place, and should like to be in a regiment here very much. I shall stay here about ten days longer at most ; then go to Cadiz, by way of Tavira through Portugal, to avoid a quarantine which the Spaniards lay upon this place.

I wrote you the other day a letter, which I was ashamed to send ; I had got up, *particularly* fond of you, and had determined to give up all improvement whatever, and set out to you by the shortest road without stopping. I have now settled my tour, so that I hope to be with you in July ; that I may accomplish it, I shall give up my visit to Madrid and Granada, and take them some other time. I really cannot stay much longer without seeing you. If I feel thus here, you may guess how much stronger it will be when I leave this place, and am left to myself. Often when I see

¹ [General O'Hara, the same under whom Lord Edward served, three or four years back, in the West Indies.—ED.]

a ship sailing, I think how glad I should be if I were aboard, and on my passage to you. I have got some seed of a beautiful plant that grows like ivy, with a purple flower and fine smell; it is called Dolcom; I never saw any at home: I think it will do very well for your passage at Frescati. God bless you.—Yours affectionately,

E. F.

A dreadful scrawl, but I am in haste. I am to dine with a dreadful Mrs. S., who has been up to the elbows in custards to receive the General.

At Lisbon, to which city he next proceeded,—wishing to have a glimpse of Portugal before he pursued his journey into Spain,—he was lucky enough to make acquaintance with some of the principal Portuguese nobility; and, as his frank, popular manners, even still more than his personal beauty and rank, secured him a welcome reception wherever he became known, he found the society of this city so agreeable as to induce him to delay longer there than he intended.

From all the places which he now, in succession, visited,—Cadiz, Granada, Madrid, etc.,—he still wrote, as usual, punctually to his mother; and through all his letters, unpretending as they are in a literary point of view, there still breathes, with unfailing charm, the same spirit of enjoyment, the same natural freshness both of mind and heart. To beauty, in all its visible forms, whether in the varied scenery of nature,

the simple grace of children, or that most perfect of its manifestations, woman's loveliness, he had a heart peculiarly susceptible ; and among the themes he chiefly dwells on in these letters, are the enchanting views of the country, the mirth and prettiness of the little Andalusian children with their guitars, the graceful mixture of song and dance in the seguidillas of the female peasants, and occasionally, a comparative estimate of the respective claims of the women of Portugal and Spain to beauty. His manner of travelling was highly characteristic of his simple and independent mind.

I am (he says) charmed with the people here ; and by the way I travel I see a great deal of them. I always set out about three in the evening and travel till one or two ; and as I do not sleep as much as my companions Tony and the muleteer, I generally walk next morning about the town or village I am in ; and the people are so fond of the English that a Caballero Ingles is asked into almost every house, and made to sit down and eat or drink. By this means, there is hardly a place I go through that I do not make some acquaintance whom I feel quite sorry to leave.

Of the Alhambra he says :—

It is, in fact, the palaces and gardens of the Arabian Nights realised. The paintings that still remain are much beyond anything of the kind we do now, both in the colouring and the finishing ; and I was surprised to find that almost all our modern patterns are taken from hence.

The painting of one of the rooms is even now better than that of the gallery of Castletown, or at Monsieur Regnard's at Paris, and much in the same style.

But the great charm of these letters lies neither in the descriptions nor reflections, much livelier and profounder than which might, in this age of showy and second-hand cleverness, be parroted forth by persons with not a tithe of Lord Edward's intellect,—but in that ever wakeful love of home and of all connected with it, which accompanies him wherever he goes; which mixes, even to a disturbing degree, with all his pursuits and pleasures, and would, it is plain, could his wishes have been seconded by the fabled cap of Fortunatus, have been for ever transporting him back into the family circle. In some of the remembrances he sends to his sisters, that playfulness of nature, which, to the end of his life and through some of its most trying scenes, never deserted him, rather amusingly breaks out. For instance, after observing that all the little Portuguese and Spanish girls put him in mind of his sister Ciss, he adds :—

You are by this time settled at Barège, and I hope have had neither bickerings nor pickerings. One certainly avoids them by being alone, and it is that, I believe, that makes it so tiresome. I really, at this moment, long to have a little quarrel with somebody. Give my love to all of them. I am sorry poor dear Charlotte is not better,—glad Lucy is

quite well, and hope Sophia is not lachrymose. I sincerely hope Mimi is grown obstinate, passionate, and disobedient to all the girls, and that she don't mind a word M^e. Clavel says to her ; that when she is at her lesson, she only keeps her eyes on the book, while all the while she is thinking of riding on Bourra ; and that the minute you are out of the room, she begins talking to Cecilia. God bless you.

From Madrid he writes thus :—

I have been but three hours in Madrid. I wanted to set off to you by post, and should have been with you, in that case, in seven days. It was to cost me forty pounds ; but Tony remonstrated and insisted that it was very foolish, when I might go for five guineas, and—in short, he prevailed.

CHAPTER VII

Second visit to North America—With his regiment in Canada—Irish colonists in the backwoods—Military life—Constancy in love—Lord Edward's liking for the Indians.

THE warm attachment to Miss ——,¹ of which we have already traced the first dawnings, continued unaltered through all this change of scene and society ; though, from his silence on the subject, in every letter he wrote home, it would appear that, even to his mother, the habitual depository of all his thoughts, he had not yet confided the secret of his new passion. On his return to England, however, but a very short time elapsed before it became manifest not only how deeply and devotedly he was attached, but, unluckily, how faint were the hopes of his ever succeeding in his suit. The Duke of Richmond, who felt naturally a warm interest in both parties, was very desirous, it seems, that the union should take place ; but the father of the young lady decidedly opposed himself to it ; and the more strongly to mark his decision on the subject, at length peremptorily forbade Lord Edward his house.

¹ [Georgina Lennox.]

To be thus frustrated in any object whatever would have been, to a sanguine spirit like his, sufficiently mortifying; but in a pursuit like this where he had embarked all his fondest hopes, nor was without grounds for flattering himself that, but for this interference, he might have been successful, the effect of such a repulse in saddening and altogether unhinging his mind, may be, without difficulty, conceived.

Finding that his spirits, instead of rallying, were, on the contrary, sinking every day, more and more, under this disappointment, while, from the want of any active and regular employment, his mind was left helplessly the victim of its own broodings, he resolved to try how far absence and occupation might bring relief; and as his present regiment, the 54th, was now at New Brunswick, in Nova Scotia, he determined on joining it. Fortunately, this resolution found a seconding impulse in that love of a military life which was so leading a feeling with him; and, about the latter end of May, without acquainting even his mother with his design, lest, in her fond anxiety, she might interpose to prevent it, he sailed for America.

The following series of letters, written by him at this time, will, I have no doubt, be read with interest:—

HALIFAX, *June 24th*, 1788.

DEAREST, DEAREST MOTHER,—I got here three days

ago, after a passage of twenty-eight days, one of the quickest almost ever known.¹ We had a fair wind every hour of the way. Depend on it, dearest mother, I will not miss an opportunity of writing to you. Tony has followed your directions very implicitly, for there has not passed a day yet without his telling me I had best write now, or I should go out and forget it.

I can give you no account of the country yet, or the people. By what I hear, they are all Irish, at least in this town : the brogue is not in higher perfection in Kilkenny. I am lodged at a Mr. Cornelius O'Brien's, who claims relationship,—and I accept the relationship—and his *horse* for thirty miles up the country. I set out to-day. My regiment is at St. John's, in New Brunswick : the distance is a hundred and twenty miles from here to Annapolis, and at Annapolis you embark across the Bay of Fundy to St. John's, which is opposite, at the mouth of the river of the same name. This is the common route ; but, to avoid the Bay of Fundy (which is a very disagreeable navigation, and where one sometimes happens to be a fortnight out), I go another road, which takes me round the bay. It is longer, and very bad, but by all accounts very wild and beautiful. I shall cross rivers and lakes, of which one has no idea in England. I go down one river called Shubenacadee for thirty miles, which they tell me is so full of fish, that you kill them with sticks. They say the banks of it are beautiful—all the finest wood and pasture, but quite in the state of nature. By all I hear, this will be a journey after my own heart. I long to hear from you. I love G—— more than ever.

I hope my journey will do me good : one thing I am

¹ [The passage to Halifax has improved in speed since then.—ED.]

glad to find is, that I am likely to have a separate command, which will give me a good deal to do. Good-bye again. God bless you a thousand times.—Yours, etc.

This journey to St. John's appears to have been all that he anticipated ; and the quiet and affecting picture of an evening in the woods, detailed with such natural eloquence in the following letter, affords one of those instances where a writer may be said to be a poet without knowing it ;—his very unconsciousness of the effect he is producing being, in itself, a charm which no art or premeditation could expect to reach.

ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK, *July 18th.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Here I am, after a very long and fatiguing journey. I had no idea of what it was : it was more like a campaign than anything else, except in one material point, that of having no danger. I should have enjoyed it most completely but for the mosquitoes, but they took off a great deal of my pleasure : the millions of them are dreadful. If it had not been for this inconvenience, my journey would have been delightful. The country is almost all in a state of nature, as well as its inhabitants. There are four sorts of these : the Indians, the French, the old English settlers, and now the refugees from the other parts of America : the last seem the most civilised.

The old settlers are almost as wild as Indians, but lead a very comfortable life : they are all farmers, and live entirely within themselves. They supply all their own wants by their contrivances, so that they seldom buy any thing. They ought to be the happiest people in the world,

but they do not seem to know it. They imagine themselves poor because they have no money, without considering they do not want it : everything is done by barter, and you will often find a farmer well supplied with everything, and yet not having a shilling in money. Any man that will work is sure, in a few years, to have a comfortable farm : the first eighteen months is the only hard time, and that in most places is avoided, particularly near the rivers, for in every one of them a man will catch in a day enough to feed him for the year. In the winter, with very little trouble, he supplies himself with meat by killing moose deer ; and in summer with pigeons, of which the woods are full. These he must subsist on till he has cleared ground enough to raise a little grain, which a hard-working man will do in the course of a few months. By selling his moose skins, making sugar out of the maple tree, and by a few days' work for other people, for which he gets great wages, he soon acquires enough to purchase a cow. This, then, sets him up, and he is sure, in a few years, to have a comfortable supply of every necessary of life. I came through a whole tract of country peopled by Irish, who came out not worth a shilling, and have all now farms, worth (according to the value of money in this country) from £1000 to £3000.

The equality of everybody and of their manner of life I like very much. There are no gentlemen ; everybody is on a footing, provided he works, and wants nothing ; every man is exactly what he can make himself, or *has* made himself by industry. The more children a man has the better ; his wife being brought to bed is as joyful news as his cow calving ; the father has no uneasiness about providing for them, as this is done by the profit of their work.

By the time they are fit to settle, he can always afford them two oxen, a cow, a gun, and an axe, and in a few years, if they work, they will thrive.

I came by a settlement along one of the rivers, which was all the work of one pair ; the old man was seventy-two, the old lady seventy ; they had been there thirty years ; they came there with one cow, three children, and one servant ; there was not a living being within sixty miles of them. The first year they lived mostly on milk and marsh leaves ; the second year they contrived to purchase a bull, by the produce of their moose skins and fish : from this time they got on very well ; and there are now five sons and a daughter all settled in different farms along the river for the space of twenty miles, and all living comfortably and at ease. The old pair live alone in the little log cabin they first settled in, two miles from any of their children ; their little spot of ground is cultivated by these children, and they are supplied with so much butter, grain, meat, etc., from each child, according to the share he got of the land ; so that the old folks have nothing to do but to mind their house, which is a kind of inn they keep, more for the sake of the company of the few travellers there are, than for gain.

I was obliged to stay a day with the old people on account of the tides, which did not answer for going up the river till next morning ; it was, I think, as odd and as pleasant a day (in its way) as ever I passed. I wish I could describe it to you, but I cannot, you must only help it out with your own imagination. Conceive, dearest mother, arriving about twelve o'clock in a hot day at a little cabin upon the side of a rapid river, the banks all covered with woods, not a house in sight, and there finding a little old clean tidy woman spinning, with an old man of the same

appearance weeding salad. We had come for ten miles up the river without seeing anything but woods. The old pair, on our arrival, got as active as if only five-and-twenty, the gentleman getting wood and water, the lady frying bacon and eggs, both talking a great deal, telling their story, as I mentioned before, how they had been there thirty years, and how their children were settled, and when either's back was turned remarking how old the other had grown; at the same time all kindness, cheerfulness, and love to each other.

The contrast of all this, which had passed during the day, with the quietness of the evening, when the spirits of the old people had a little subsided, and began to wear off with the day, and with the fatigue of their little work,—sitting quietly at their door, on the same spot they had lived in thirty years together, the contented thoughtfulness of their countenances, which was increased by their age and the solitary life they had led, the wild quietness of the place, not a living creature or habitation to be seen, and me, Tony, and our guide sitting with them, all on one log. The difference of the scene I had left,—the immense way I had to get from this little corner of the world, to see anything I loved,—the difference of the life I should lead from that of this old pair, perhaps at their age discontented, disappointed, and miserable, wishing for power, etc. etc.—my dearest mother, if it was not for you, I believe I never should go home, at least I thought so at that moment.

However, here I am now with my regiment, up at six in the morning doing all sorts of right things, and liking it very much, determined to go home next spring, and live with you a great deal. Employment keeps up my spirits, and I shall have more every day. I own I often think how

happy I could be with G——¹ in some of the spots I see ; and envied every young farmer I met, whom I saw sitting down with a young wife, whom he was going to work to maintain. I believe these thoughts made my journey pleasanter than it otherwise would have been ; but I don't give way to them here. Dearest mother, I sometimes hope it will end well,—but shall not think any more of it till I hear from England. Tell Ogilvie I am obliged sometimes to say to myself, 'Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin,' when I find things disagreeable ; but, on the whole, I do not repent coming ; but he won't believe me, I know. He will be in a fine passion when he finds I should have been lieutenant-colonel for the regulated price, if I had stayed in the 60th ; however, as fate seems to destine me for a major, I am determined to remain so, and not purchase. Give my love to him : I wish I could give him some of the wood here for Kilrush.

NEW BRUNSWICK, *August 5.*

MY DEAR OGILVIE,—I have hardly time to tell you more than that I am well, and, I think, going on in a good way. I know you will be glad to hear I read a great deal, get up early, and am trying to make use of my time (of which I have plenty) for reflection. I grow fonder of my profession the more I see of it, and like being major much better than being lieutenant-colonel, for I only execute the commands of others. I have a good deal to do, which keeps up my spirits ; and if it was not being away from dearest mother, am happier here than I should be anywhere else ; the distance from her, and indeed all of you, comes over me strongly now and then. I hope you miss 'that little dog, Edward,' sometimes. Good-bye ;^{*} I don't like thinking of

¹ [It will not be necessary for the future to supply this blank.—ED.]

you at this distance, for it only makes me melancholy. You will be much disappointed in your hopes of my staying here two years ; my lieutenant-colonel says, I shall have his leave whenever I choose, as he intends staying till the regiment returns ; so that, next spring, by which time I shall have seen Niagara and the lakes, and enjoyed a little of the savage life, you may expect to see me.

ST. ANN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK,
August 16, 1788.

DEAREST MOTHER,—Since my last I have changed quarters, and much for the better. This place is a hundred miles up the river ; the country is beautiful, and the weather charming. At St. John's the weather is very bad ; the fogs constant, and for more than three weeks I was there, we had only five days on which we saw the sun rise. You may believe I was very glad to come up to this place ; besides, I have the command here, which gives me more employment :—*ça me pèse* now and then ; but, on the whole, it is very good for me.

Pray tell Ogilvie I am obliged to *think*,—I know he will be glad to hear it. I get up at five o'clock, go out and exercise the men from six till eight, come home and breakfast ; from that till three, I read, write, and settle all the different business of the regiment ; at four we dine ; at half after six we go out, parade and drill till sundown ; from that till nine, I walk by myself, build castles in the air, think of you all, reflect on the pleasant time past as much as possible, and on the disagreeable as *little* as possible ; think of all the pleasant things that may yet happen, and of none of the unpleasant ones ; when I am tired of myself, at nine o'clock, come home to bed, and then sleep till the faithful Tony comes in the morn-

ing :—his black face is the only thing that I yet feel attached to.

Dearest mother, I do sincerely long to see you ; I think if I could carry you here, I should live tolerably happy. There is certainly something in a military life that excites and keeps up one's spirits. I feel exactly like my uncle Toby at the sound of a drum, and the more I hear it the more I like it ; there is a mixture, too, of country life and military life here that is very pleasant. I have got a garden for the soldiers, which employs me a great deal. I flatter myself next year that it will furnish the men with quantities of vegetables, which will be of great service to them. Another of my amusements is my canoe ; I have already had two expeditions in it. I and another officer went up the river in her for thirty miles ; we stayed two days, and had our provisions and blankets with us, and slept in the woods ; one of the nights cooked our victuals, and did everything ourselves.

It is very pleasant here sometimes to go in this way exploring, ascending far up some river or creek, and finding sometimes the finest lands and the most beautiful spots in nature, which are not at all known, and quite wild. As soon as our review is over, I am to go on one of these parties, up a river, the source and course of which is yet unknown. There is a great convenience in the canoes, they are so light, two men can carry them easily on their shoulders, so that you go from river to river without any trouble : it is the only method of travelling [in this country. A canoe here is like a post-chaise at home, and the rivers and lakes your post-horses. You would laugh to see the faithful Tony and I carrying one.

Good-bye, dearest mother. I do all I can not to think of

you, but in vain. Give my love to everybody. I love G. more than ever, and, if she likes me, can never change. I often think what pleasure it would be to come home to her, and how much better every object would appear,—but I stop my thoughts as much as I can. I never shall, I think, be happy without her ; neither do I say that I shall be absolutely unhappy. I think it indeed wrong (when one has a great number of real blessings) not to feel and enjoy them, because there is one which we cannot have. For myself, I have so many, that I feel afraid anything more would be beyond my share, and that so great a happiness must be attended with some misfortune. I am not certainly so much better than others, and do not think that I deserve what I have. Excuse my *petite morale*.

FREDERICK'S TOWN, NEW BRUNSWICK,
September 2nd, 1788.

DEAREST, DEAREST MOTHER,—I have just got your letter from sweet Frescati. How affectionate and reasonable !—but I was sure you would be so when you came to reflect. You cannot think how happy you have made me. Being absent from you was unhappiness enough, without the addition of your thinking it unnecessary, and being a little angry. I own it went to my heart to feel I was the cause of so much misery to you, while at the very time, too, you thought the step I took unnecessary. It certainly required more resolution than I believe I shall ever have again. However, I trust it will all turn out well. It certainly will do me good in my profession : it gives me the consolation, too, of thinking I am doing my duty as a man, and occupation hinders my being so thoroughly taken up with one object as I should have been had I remained at

home. Still, being absent from you, my dear mother, is very terrible at times. However, I hope to make it up when I return ; and certainly by having come away now, I can with a better grace stay at home at some future time ; at a time too, perhaps, when I should be a greater comfort to you.

I am very glad to hear you are so quietly settled at Frescati. You must find great pleasure in being there, after your rambling ; but I trust you will not get too rooted and too lazy to stir from it, for I hope to serve you as courier yet ; and to keep you in order on our journeys, when you know I always become such a tyrant. I am afraid I shall think too often of our last year's journey. We are now approaching to the time. I shall, however, amuse myself travelling in a different way. We are going, a party of us, in canoes up to the Grand Falls of St. John's : they are two hundred and fifty miles up the river, and by all accounts beautiful. The contrast between the country I shall travel through this year and that I went through last will be very great : the one all wild, the other all high cultivation. Instead of Blois, Tours, etc., a few Indian bark huts. I am not quite certain which I prefer. There is something in a wild country very enticing ; taking its inhabitants, too, and their manners into the bargain.

I know Ogilvie says I ought to have been a savage, and if it were not that the people I love and wish to live with are civilised people, and like houses, etc. etc., I really would join the savages ; and, leaving all our fictitious, ridiculous wants, be what nature intended we should be. Savages have all the real happiness of life, without any of those inconveniences, or ridiculous obstacles to it, which custom has introduced among us. They enjoy the love and com-

pany of their wives, relations, and friends, without any interference of interests or ambition to separate them. To bring things home to oneself, if *we* had been Indians, instead of its being my duty to be separated from all of you, it would, on the contrary, be my duty to be with you, to make you comfortable, and to hunt and fish for you : instead of Lord ——'s¹ being violent against letting me marry G., he would be glad to give her to me, that I might maintain and feed her. There would be then no cases of looking forward to the fortune for children,—of thinking how you are to live : no separations in families, one in Ireland, one in England : no devilish politics, no fashions, customs, duties, or appearances to the world, to interfere with one's happiness. Instead of being served and supported by servants, everything here is done by one's relations—by the people one loves ; and the mutual obligations you must be under, increase your love for each other. To be sure, the poor ladies are obliged to cut a little wood and bring a little water. Now the dear Ciss and Mimi, instead of being with Mrs. Lynch, would be carrying wood and fetching water, while Ladies Lucy and Sophia were cooking or drying fish. As for you, dear mother, you would be smoking your pipe. Ogilvie and us boys, after having brought in our game, would be lying about the fire, while our squaws were helping the ladies to cook, or taking care of our papooses : all this in a fine wood, beside some beautiful lake, which when you were tired of, you would in ten minutes, without any baggage, get into your canoes and off with you elsewhere.

I wish Ogilvie may get rid of Frescati as easily ; I really think, as things go, it would be a good thing ; it certainly is at present a great deal of money lying dead. Besides,

¹ [Lennox.]

then, perhaps, you may settle in England, and if things turn out, as I still have hopes they will, and that I do succeed and marry dearest G., it will be much pleasanter for me. I cannot help having hopes that Lord George will at last consent, and as long as there is the smallest hope of being happy with G., it is not possible to be happy with any one else. I never can, I think, love anybody as I do her, for with her I can find no fault ; I may admire and love other women, but none can come in competition with her. Dearest mother, after yourself, I think she is the most perfect creature on earth.

I hope by this time you have got dear Harry and Plenipo. Bob ; they must be a great comfort to you. I am glad to hear the dear rascal G.¹ loves me, and inquires for me ; I will write to him soon. Good-bye ; I have nothing more to say, except that the faithful Tony inquires after you all, and seems as glad when I get a letter as if it was to him ; he always puts me in mind to write. I have found he has one fault, he is avaricious ; he begins already to count the money both he and I are to save. A thousand blessings attend you. E. F.

Upon reading over your letter, I cannot finish this without saying something to Ogilvie. Don't let him be afraid of my marrying a Yahoo. As to paying my debts, it is a rascally custom I am afraid I must comply with. I wish him joy of there being no one in Dublin. Tell him he will hardly know me again, I am grown so steady. I think I hear him tell you how much I am improved. As for the lieut.-colonelcy, we will see about that.

¹ [His young brother Gerald, afterwards lost at sea.—ED.]

CHAPTER VIII

Civilised life *versus* savage—Theory and practice—Influence on Lord Edward's later career—Letter home.

IT has been often asserted that Lord Edward's adoption of republican principles is to be traced back to the period when he first served in America; and that it was while fighting against the assertors of liberty in that country he imbibed so strong a feeling of sympathy with their cause. This supposition, however, will be found to have but few grounds, even of probability, to support it. At that boyish period of his life, between seventeen and twenty, he was little likely to devote any very serious consideration to the political merits of the question in which he 'fleshed his maiden sword.' But, even granting him to have been disposed, under such circumstances, to consider which party was right in the struggle, the result most probably would have been,—allowing fully for the hereditary bias of his opinions,—to enlist, for the time, at least, not only his feelings, but his reason, on the side in which his own prospects and fame were immediately interested.

The situation of the soldier bears, in such cases, a resemblance to that of the lawyer, whose public duty too often compels him to be the defender of a cause, to which, out of the professional pale, his judgment and wishes are most adverse ; and the sole relief left to very conscientious persons, thus situated, lies in that habit which they at last acquire (as is said to have been the case with a late eminent English lawyer) of so far shaping their judgment to their conscience as, at length, to succeed in persuading themselves that the side of the question they have professionally adopted is also that of sound reason and right.

Of this sort of self-reconciling process, which the natural effort of the mind to recover its own esteem renders easy, Lord Edward would, no doubt, like others, have felt the tranquillising influence, had any misgivings as to the moral character of the cause, in which he now engaged with such ardour, occurred to him. But the fact is, no misgivings of this nature suggested themselves ; nor was he, at that time of his life, troubled with any of the inconvenient spirit of inquiry that would have led to them. His new career, as a soldier, alone occupied all his thoughts ;—wherever fighting and promotion were to be found was to him the most welcome field ; and the apprehensions which, it may be remembered, he expresses, in his letters from St. Lucia, at the

near approach of peace, show how personal and professional, to the last, his views of this iniquitous war continued.

But though it is a mistake to refer so far back the origin of his republican notions, yet that to America, on this, his second, visit to her shores, and through a very different channel both of reasoning and of feeling, he may have probably owed the first instilment of those principles into his mind, every reader, I think, of the letter last given will be inclined to allow. It is true, the natural simplicity and independence of his character, which led him habitually, and without effort, to forget the noble in the man, was in itself sufficient to incline him towards those equalising doctrines which teach that

‘Where there is no difference in men’s worths,
Titles are jests.’

In the small sphere, too, of party politics to which his speculations had been hitherto bounded, the line taken by him had been, as we have seen, in conformity with the popular principles of his family, and on the few occasions that called for their assertion, had been honourably and consistently followed. But further or deeper than this he had not taxed his boyish thoughts to go ; and what with his military pursuits, while abroad, and the course of gaiety and domestic enjoyments that

awaited him at home, he could have but little leisure to turn his mind to any other forms or relations of society than those in which he was always, so agreeably to himself and others, engaged.

At the time, however, which we are now employed in considering, a great change had taken place in the complexion of his life. Disappointment in—what, to youth, is everything—the first strong affection of the heart, had given a check to that flow of spirits which had before borne him so buoyantly along; while his abstraction from society left him more leisure to look inquiringly into his own mind, and there gather those thoughts that are ever the fruit of long solitude and sadness. The repulse which his suit had met with from the father of his fair relative had, for its chief grounds, he knew, the inadequacy of his own means and prospects to the support of a wife and family in that style of elegant competence to which the station of the young lady herself had hitherto accustomed her; and the view, therefore, he had been disposed naturally to take of the pomps and luxuries of high life as standing in the way of all simple and real happiness, was thus but too painfully borne out by his own bitter experience of their influence.

In this temper of mind it was that he now came to the contemplation of a state of society (as far as it can

deserve to be so called) entirely new to him ; where nature had retained in her own hands not only the soil, but the inhabitants, and civilisation had not yet exacted those sacrifices of natural equality and freedom by which her blessings are,—in not a few respects, perhaps, dearly,—purchased. Instead of those gradations of rank, those artificial privileges, which, as one of the means of subduing the strong to the weak, have been established, in some shape or other, in all civilised communities, he observed here, no other distinction between man and man than such as nature herself, by the different apportionment of her own gifts, had marked out,—by a disparity either in mental capacity or in those powers of agility and strength, which, where every man must depend mainly on himself, and so little is left conventional or uncontested, are the endowments most necessary. To these physical requisites, too, Lord Edward, as well from his own personal activity, as from the military notions he in general mixed up with his views of human affairs, was inclined to attach high value.

In like manner, from the total absence, in this state of existence, of those factitious and imaginary wants which the progress of a people to refinement, at every step, engenders, he saw that not only was content more easy of attainment, but that even happiness itself, from the few-

ness of the ingredients necessary to it, was a far less rare compound. The natural affections, under the guidance less of reason than of instinct, were, from that very cause, perhaps, the more strong and steady in their impulses: mutual dependence kept the members of a family united; nor were there any of those calls and attractions out of the circle of home, which in civilised life so early strip it of its young props and ornaments, leaving the paternal hearth desolate.

With a yet deeper interest was it, as bearing upon his own peculiar fate, that he had observed, among this simple, and, as he thought, happy people, that by no false ambition or conventional wants were the warm, natural dictates of affection frustrated, nor the hopes and happiness of the young made a sacrifice to the calculations of the old.

The conclusion drawn by Lord Edward, in favour of savage life, from the premises thus, half truly, half fancifully, assumed by him,—much of the colouring which he gave to the picture being itself borrowed from civilisation,—had been already, it is well known, arrived at, through all the mazes of ingenious reasoning, by Rousseau; and it is not a little curious to observe how to the very same paradox which the philosopher adopted in the mere spirit of defiance and vanity, a

heart overflowing with affection and disappointment conducted the young lover.

Nor is Rousseau the only authority by which Lord Edward is kept in countenance in this opinion.¹ From a far graver and more authentic source we find the same startling notion promulgated. The philosopher and statesman, Jefferson, who, from being brought up in the neighbourhood of Indian communities, had the best means of forming an acquaintance with the interior of savage life, declares himself convinced, 'that such societies (as the Indians) which live without government, enjoy, in their general mass, an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under the European governments'; and, in another place, after discussing the merits of various forms of polity, he does not hesitate to pronounce that it is a problem not clear in his mind that the condition of the Indians without any government is not yet the best of all.

Thus, where the American President ended his course of political speculation, Lord Edward began,—adopting his opinions, not, like Jefferson, after long and fastidious inquiry, but through the medium of a susceptible and wounded heart, nor having a thought of applying the principle of equality implied in them to any other

¹ See also Voltaire's comparison between the boors (whom he accounts the real savages) of civilised Europe and the mis-called savages of the woods of America.—*Essai sur les Mœurs*,

relations or institutions of society than those in which his feelings were, at the moment, interested. This romance, indeed, of savage happiness was, in him, but one of the various forms which the passion now predominant over all his thoughts assumed. But the principle, thus admitted, retained its footing in his mind after the reveries through which it had first found its way thither had vanished; and though it was some time before politics,—beyond the range, at least, of mere party tactics,—began to claim his attention, all he had meditated and felt among the solitudes of Nova Scotia could not fail to render his mind a more ready recipient for such doctrines as he found prevalent on his return to Europe; doctrines which, in their pure and genuine form, contained all the spirit, without the extravagance, of his own solitary dreams, and, while they would leave man in full possession of those blessings of civilisation he had acquired, but sought to restore to him some of those natural rights of equality and freedom which he had lost.

October 6th, 1788.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I sit down to write, and hardly know what to say: the sameness of life I lead makes my letters very stupid; though, if it was anywhere near you, it would be a very pleasant one. I begin to long very much to see you. The truth is, that I do not know, when I am

with you, dearest mother, how necessary you are to me. However, I contrive to be with you a great deal. I take fine long walks, and think of last year : I think of all our conversations,—our jokes,—my passions when you were troublesome and fidgety : I think of Sophy's 'you may pretend to look melancholy,'—and Lucy's hot cheek, stuffed up in the coach, dying to get out : I think of our pleasant breakfast on the road to Orleans. In short, dearest, I have you with me always ;—I talk to you ;—I look at your meek face, when you submitted to all my little tyranny. The feel of the air even very often reminds me of you. We had just such a day a few days ago as that when we came to Aubigny, and stopped at the pleasant village. Dearest mother, when shall we have such another walk ?—but I won't think of it any more.

I am glad to tell you I have been five months away. By the time you get this I shall have only three months to stay :—I wish I could go to sleep. I hope Ogilvie will have had good shooting. If your autumn is as fine as ours, he must have enjoyed it, and I hope he went to shoot at Kilrush. If he did, I am sure he thought of me, and wished me there, with all my bills and follies on my head. Our diversion of canoeing will be soon over. We are preparing fast for winter :—don't be afraid, I have got plenty of flannel, and have cut up one of my blankets to make a coat. By all accounts, it will be very pleasant. I have got my snowshoes ready ; with them one walks and travels easier in winter than summer : it will be quite a new scene. My talk is almost out.

You need not be afraid of my constancy : I sincerely wish I could be otherwise, for it makes me very miserable. My only comfort is, that I think I am taking the way

to succeed, besides doing what is right for every man of spirit to do. . . .

The uncertainty, however, is dreadful, and requires all the resolution one is master of to make one stay. I am at times on the point of packing off, and think that seeing her—looking at her dear face would be enough. But then it would be productive of no good : I should be wretched,—disagreeable to all my friends, and not have even the consolation I have here, of thinking that I am doing my duty as a man and an officer. Good-bye again. The faithful Tony talks of you a great deal : he and I have long conversations about you all every morning.

CHAPTER IX

Lord Edward as an officer—Cobbett's testimony—Letters home—Disapproval of the Duke of Leinster's political conduct—Yields to the Duke of Richmond's entreaties, but will accept nothing—Life in Canada.

THE strong sense which Lord Edward entertained of his duties as an officer,—to which all, of all ranks, that ever served with him bear witness,—will be found expressed by himself, in the following letter, with a simplicity and earnestness which would seem to render all further testimony on this point superfluous. There is however one, among the many tributes to his military character, which it would be unjust to omit,—that of the celebrated William Cobbett, who was, at the time of which we are speaking, serjeant-major of the 54th, and had even then, it is said, made himself distinguished by the vigour of his talents. To Lord Edward's kindness Cobbett owed his subsequent discharge from the army;¹ and in the

¹ 'I got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then major of my regiment.'—Cobbett's *Advice to Young Men*.

year 1800, as he himself tells us, while dining one day with Mr. Pitt, on being asked by that statesman some questions respecting his former officer, he answered that 'Lord Edward was a most humane and excellent man, and the only *really honest* officer he ever knew in the army.'

October 28th, 1788.

Indeed, dearest mother, being so long and far away from you is terrible. To think that one is in a good way is but poor consolation. However, on considering all things, one can reconcile oneself to it now better than at any other time. Certainly, by being here now for a year, I have a better plea, in case I change regiments, to stay at home, than if I had remained there upon my first coming on full pay. Besides, it is doing my duty myself, according to those strict rules I require from others, and entering into the true, proper spirit of a soldier, without which spirit a military life is and must be the devil. No person of feeling and justice can require from others what he won't do himself. Besides, one learns, I am sure, more in half a year with one's regiment than in two years' reading. Theory without practice will not do; and, by being long idle, one loses that confidence in oneself which is necessary for an officer who is to have any command.

If I had stayed, too, I should always have been miserable about G. I could not have enjoyed anything. I am always disagreeable when I am in love, and perhaps you would all have grown to *think* me disagreeable. You know, when I am with you, I forget the comfort you are to me; and I should of course not have had, as now, the consciousness

that I am doing my duty to keep me up. Another thing, too, I will own, that after the part dear Leinster has acted, I should have been ashamed to show my face in Ireland. The feel of being ashamed of the actions of one we love is dreadful, and I certainly this winter would not have supported him, though I would not oppose him : he would have been angry, and there would have been a coolness which would have vexed me very much. I have had many quiet serious hours here to think about what he has done, and I cannot reconcile myself to it by any argument. His conduct both to the public and individuals is not what it ought to have been. In short, my dear mother, it hurts me very much, though I do all I can to get the better of it. I know it is weakness and folly, but then the action is done, —the shame is incurred.

Pray tell Ogilvie that I seriously beg he will not even mention or do anything about my lieut.-colonelcy. I am determined to have nothing till I am out of Parliament : at least I am contented with my rank and my situation. I have no ambition for rank ; and however I might be flattered by getting on, it would never pay me for a blush for my actions. The feeling of shame is what I never could bear. The *mens conscia recti* (Ogilvie will construe this for you) is the only thing that makes life supportable. With the help he has given, dear fellow, to Kilrush, and my present rank, I shall do very well. And pray do you tell Leinster from me, that I do not wish to purchase at present, or that he should do anything about a lieut.-colonelcy. I know dear Ogilvie, in his affection and eagerness for me, will be provoked ; but then he must consider, that, feeling

¹ [' Dear Leinster ' had recently, as was not unusual with him, *rattled*. See following page.—ED.]

this way, I am right. Pray represent it strongly to him, and make him remember how obstinate I am when once I take a resolution. To make up for all this, tell him I am going on prudently in the money way here, and am in hopes to return with a little cash in my pocket.

I have been obliged to stop my studying for some time, and have been employed in building huts, or rather barracks, for a part of our regiment. It is a scheme of Lord Dorchester's, but he had found so many difficulties opposed to it, that it was never undertaken. These, however, I have got over, notwithstanding engineers, artificers, barrack-masters, old officers, etc. etc., and hope I shall succeed. You may guess how eager I have been. This is all the news I have about myself. Our winter is setting in violently, thank God. I shall visit you with the swallows : —I wish I could be frozen till then. Good-bye : ten thousand loves.

The allusions, in the foregoing letter, to the Duke of Leinster, require some explanation. On the appointment of the Marquis of Buckingham, for the second time, to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, the popularity which his first short administration had obtained, secured for him a reception of the most enthusiastic kind ; and not only was the general tone of opposition considerably softened down during the whole session of 1788, but some of those who had been, up to this period, most constant to the Whig ranks, now thought themselves justified in supporting and even taking office under Lord Buckingham's Government. Among these

new converts to the Castle was the Duke of Leinster, and to his Grace's desertion from the standard of Opposition, Lord Edward's letters, at this period, allude.

November 1, 1788.

MY DEAR OGILVIE,—I am sure you will be sorry to hear you were a good prophet, in foretelling that my lieut.-colonel would go home. It is exactly as you said : he has taken himself off, and left me the honour of commanding the regiment here. Therefore, if I don't get the king's leave, I must stay two years, if the regiment don't go home. I have written to Uncle Richmond, to beg he will procure me leave, or try and get the regiment home, which it is well entitled to, as it has been fifteen years in this country. I think you had better not say anything of this to mother ; and caution any of them that should hear of it not to mention it to her. It would really be too bad to stay here two years.

Good-bye, my good friend ; I wish you a pleasant winter, but am very glad I do not pass it with you ; for, take all into the bargain, I am certainly better here. Leinster's conduct is too foolish and too shabby—I hate thinking of it ; I am determined, however, it shall not vex me ; but that I may be totally clear, I must beg you will not mention anything about me to him. This hanged majority brought me into one scrape unwillingly, but for the time to come I am determined to be clear. Do not, my dear friend, let your eagerness for my welfare make you stir in this, for you really will vex me very much if you do ; you know I am an odd fellow, and you must give way to me.

I am sorry to hear dear Harry has got into a little kind of a scrape with Uncle Richmond about canvassing,—I own I think it was natural for him to do so ; but in the particular situation of things I wish he had not taken a part, as Charles Fox himself was not concerned. I am glad I was away, for I certainly would not have canvassed for Hood. Tony says, if Lord Robert goes on in the way he is doing, he will soon be a major. I believe Henry and I are the only two honest ones in the family.

It was, at first, evidently the intention of Lord Edward, as well as of his brother Lord Henry, not to identify themselves with the Duke of Leinster's new line of politics, but to remain in opposition. The prospect, however, of such a political schism in the family exciting alarm in the Duke of Richmond, he addressed a letter, full of affectionate remonstrance, to Lord Edward, who allowed himself to be so far softened by his uncle's appeal, as to consent that, while he continued the Duke of Leinster's member, his vote should be, as hitherto, at his Grace's disposal. At the same time, it will be seen, while yielding thus to family feelings, he took care that no views of interest should be supposed to have influenced the concession, nor his own future independence compromised by the acceptance of any favour from those he joined.

Considering how lax were the notions prevalent at that period among Irishmen of both parties, on the

subjects of patronage and jobbing, this sacrifice on the part of Lord Edward, of the fondest object of his ambition, military promotion, to a feeling which he well knew all connected with him would consider foolishly punctilious, required no ordinary effort of character, and most abundantly disproves the story so often repeated, that to his mortification at having been passed over by Government on some occasion of promotion, the whole origin of his revolutionary fervour is to be attributed.¹

November 21, 1788.

DEAREST MOTHER,—

I have got a letter from Uncle Richmond, which was as kind as possible ; everything he does only makes one love him the more. He says, in his letter, that, as Leinster is come over completely to Government, he can see no reason why I should not now act with my brother and uncle. In my answer I have agreed with him, and said that I certainly shall ; because, upon consideration, though I think Leinster wrong, and told him so beforehand, yet as he *has* taken that part, it would be wrong not to support him—we being certainly his members, and brought in by him with an idea that he might depend upon our always acting with him.²

With all this, however, I am determined *not* to take

¹ [See Additional Chapter v., p. 437, for a reiteration of this slander by Lord Edward Fitzgerald's grand-nephew.—ED.]

² [The fallacy of this reasoning is sufficiently apparent.—ED.]

anything, lieut.-colonelcy or anything else. I wish my actions not to be biassed by any such motive ; but that I may feel I am only acting in this manner because I think it right. Besides, by my taking nothing, Leinster can the more easily provide for his friends, some of whom he is bound in honour to make provision for. I have written to Uncle Richmond to this same purpose, telling how I meant to act, and how I felt, and therefore trust he will not persist in trying to get me a lieut.-colonelcy. I am content as I am ;—I am not ambitious to get on. I like the service for its own sake ; whether major, lieut.-colonel, or general, it is the same to me. High rank in it I do not aspire to ; if I am found fit for command I shall get it ; if I am not, God knows, I am better without it. The sole ambition I have is to be deserving : to deserve a reward is to me far pleasanter than to obtain it. I am afraid you will all say I am foolish about this ; but as it is a folly that hurts nobody, it may have its fling. I will not, however, trouble you any more about all this hanged stuff, for I am tired of thinking of it.

I will now give you some account of myself, *what* I do, and *how* I do. Our winter is quite set in, and the river frozen over, and I am skating from morning till night. I don't know how long the rage will last, but while it does, it is very pleasant : I begin in the morning as soon as it is light, stay till breakfast, go out, and stay again till it is time to dress and parade. Luckily, I have no other necessary business now, for our drilling is over till spring, except twice a week taking a good long march ; the snow, I believe, will soon stop that, and then I mean to go to Quebec in snowshoes. I believe I shall be out most of the winter. I have two or three hunting parties to go on, and

they seldom last less than a fortnight ; these, and my journey to Quebec, and some excursions from thence, will take up most of my winter. I long to give you an account of some of my trips : the idea of being out of doors, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and of overcoming all the difficulties of nature, by the ingenuity of man, delights me. Everybody who has tried this says it is much the warmest way of living in winter ; for, by being in the woods, you are sheltered from the winds ; and at night, by clearing away the snow, banking it up round, and in the middle of the space making a large fire, you are much warmer than in the best house. This is what I hear.

You may guess how eager I am to try if I like the woods in winter as well as in summer. I believe I shall never again be prevailed on to live in a house.

I long to teach you all how to make a good spruce bed. Three of the coldest nights we have had yet I slept in the woods with only one blanket, and was just as comfortable as in a room. It was in a party with Gen. Carleton ; we went about twenty miles from this to look at a fine tract of land that had been passed over in winter. You may guess how I enjoyed this expedition, being where, in all probability, there had never been but one person before ; we struck the land the first night and lay there ; we spent three days afterwards in going over it. It will be now soon settled. I cannot describe all the feelings one has in these excursions, when one awakens,—perhaps in the middle of the night, in a fine open forest, all your companions snoring about you, the moon shining through the trees, the burning of the fire,—in short, everything strikes you. Dearest, dearest mother, how I have thought of you at those times, and of all at dear Frescati ! and after being tired of think-

ing, lying down like a dog, and falling asleep till daybreak ; then getting up, no dressing, or clothing, or trouble, but just giving oneself a shake, and away to the spring to wash one's face. I have had two parties with the savages which are still pleasanter,—you may guess the reason—there are *des dames*, who are the most comical creatures in the world.

December 1788.

MY DEAR OGILVIE,—I am much obliged to you for your comfortable long letter of September 25th. I am not affronted at your remark on a 'paucity of ideas,' and 'an empty skull,' and agree with you that they are great blessings. Notwithstanding you declare you did not mean *me*, yet I do plead a little guilty to a 'paucity of ideas.' I like my mother's thinking I should be affronted ! Tell her that in New Brunswick one cannot afford to be affronted with those one loves. One of the good things we learn by absence from friends is, seeing the folly of being huffed or affronted at trifles. I often think now what a number of happy times I have lost by being angry at things that have passed when we were all together ; whereas here, where I am among people I don't care much for, I am never out of temper. It really is, when one considers it, ridiculous.

CHAPTER X

Lord Edward's adventurous journey through the woods from Frederick's-Town to Quebec—Before and after.

February 2, 1789.

YOU see, my dear O., by this letter that though you have not heard from me, it is not my fault. Ever since the setting in of winter we have been blocked up, and have had no communication with New York, where all the packets go now. I have been snowshoeing continually, reading a good deal, and improving, I think, in my profession. If I had some of the people I loved with me, I should lead a happy life,—the only drawback I have is the distance from them.

I have been out hunting, and like it very much,—it makes me *un peu sauvage*, to be sure. I am to set out in two days for Canada; it is a journey of one hundred and seventy-five miles, and I go straight through the woods. There is an officer of the regiment goes with me. We make altogether a party of five,—Tony, two woodsmen, the officer, and myself. We take all our provision with us on tabargins. It will appear strange to you, or any people in England, to think of starting in February, with four feet snow on the ground, to march through a desert wood of one hundred and seventy-five miles; but it is nothing. You may guess we have not much baggage. It will be a

charming journey, I think, and quite new. We are to keep a reckoning the same as at sea. I am to steer, but under the direction of a woodsman. I was out on an excursion the other day, and steered the whole way, and though I traversed a great deal in between thirty and thirty-five miles, out and in, I was not a half-mile out of my course where I intended to strike.

Besides this being a pleasant journey, it will be also instructive, as I go through the frontiers of our provinces, and see the kind of country, if ever there is a war, that we are likely to act in. A journey, too, of this kind opens one's eyes with regard to what men can do, and shows that there is almost no difficulty that cannot be overcome by the perseverance and ingenuity of man. It certainly would appear odd to a European officer, who had not passed a winter here, to be told that winter would be the best time to move troops; and yet, from what I have seen, I am almost confident it would be so. However, I shall know better after my journey. I really believe the only difficult part would be, getting over the prejudice of obstinate fools. General Carleton, who has seen a great deal of service, is of my opinion: he began to try it the latter end of last war, and succeeded so far as to get his regiment on snowshoes, but had not tried any long marches, and since the war it has fallen through. I wanted to get snowshoes for our men this year, but it was too expensive.

You may judge, with all these ideas floating in my head, how I long to be on my journey: our route will be quite a new one, and has not yet been gone by anybody except Indians. How delightful it will be when we strike the river St. Lawrence, after being about twenty days in the woods; while, on the road, every river, or anything else we meet,

will be a kind of discovery ! Our course is to be north, 60° 30' west :—but I fear I shall tire you with all this, so I won't trouble you any more. When at Quebec, I will write to you. As soon as we are well rested, I propose setting out from thence to Niagara ; but my letter from Quebec will inform you better of my schemes, as I shall know more of the matter then ; and while there, I expect to get letters from some of you.

I have mislaid your letter, but remember you say something about a road :—I certainly did order Feniarty to do it. *Les absens ont toujours tort* ; therefore I must pay for it. It would be too bad to let the poor man suffer : pray tell Wolf I feel very much obliged to him for the pains he has been at about it. I think it very shabby in the other gentlemen of the county to have taken advantage of my absence, but I believe there is *un bien clique*¹ of fellows in that county : pray do not let any of them into Kilrush, for they will only distress and domineer over the poor tenants. I am glad to hear that, upon the whole, the little spot gets on. I believe you will make something of it at last. So much for business. I have only spent my pay yet, and shall not want any money till I go home. I am richer than ever I was yet. I have always £25 or £30 to the good, and pay ready money. I have given away a good deal besides—more than I did at home. I certainly manage very well.

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Give my love to all the dear girls. Tell them I am as great a fool as ever : I am afraid that it will stick to me all the days of my life. I often long to lay aside the character of major commanding his Majesty's regiment, to

¹ [*Sic*, in text.—ED.]

play the fool and buffoon ;—I am sure if Ciss was here I should. I know this will provoke you.

God bless you, my dear Ogilvie. Ten thousand loves to dearest mother. Tell her *le petit sauvage* will think of her often in the woods. Indeed, the more savage I am, the more I love her. She has a rope about my heart, that gives hard tugs at it, and it is all I can do not to give way. Good-bye again. I hate ending a letter.

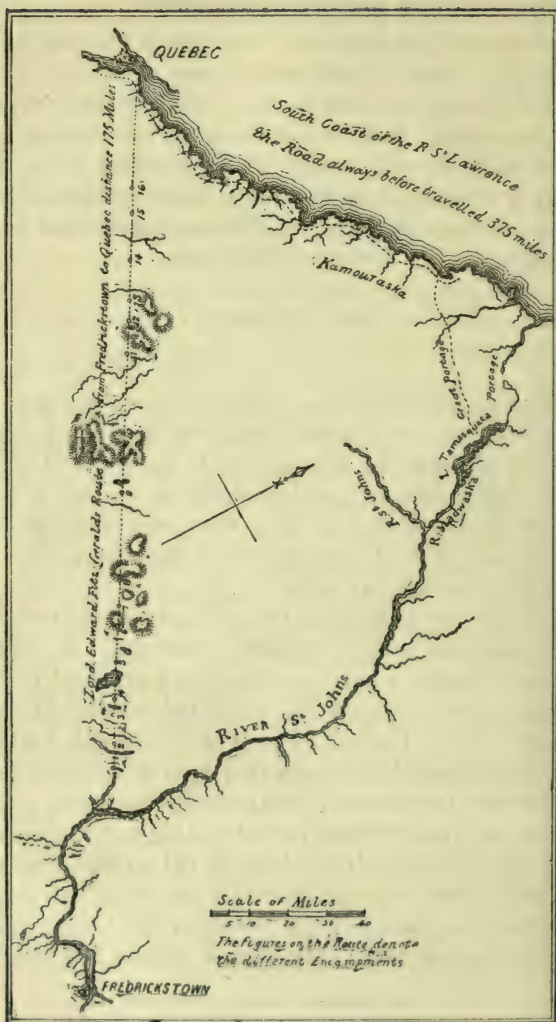
THE JOURNEY¹

QUEBEC, *March 14, 1789.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I got here yesterday, after a very long, and what some people would think, a very tedious and fatiguing journey ; but to me it was at worst only a little fatiguing ; and, to make up for that, it was delightful, and quite new. We were thirty days on our march, twenty-six of which we were in the wood, and never saw a soul but our own party.

You must know we came through a part of the country that had been always reckoned impassable. In short, instead of going a long way about, we determined to try and get straight through the woods, and see what kind of country it was. I believe I mentioned my party in a letter to Ogilvie before I left St. Anne's or Frederick's-Town : it was an officer of the regiment, Tony, and two woodsmen. The officer and I used to draw part of our baggage day about, and the other day steer, which we did so well, that we made the point we intended within ten miles. We were only wrong in computing our distances, and making them a little too great, which obliged us to follow a new course,

¹ See Map of the route, on next page.



and make a river which led us round to Quebec, instead of going straight to it. However, we gained by it ; for though, when we took the river, we were only twenty miles from Quebec, yet the country between was so mountainous and bad, we should have been two days longer than by the river. I am talking, I fear, unintelligible language to you, but I hope soon, dear, dear mother, to explain it.

I expect my leave by the first dispatches, and will lose no time when I get it. I shall not be able to leave this part of the world till May, as I cannot get my leave before that. How I do long to see you ! Your old love, Lord Dorchester, is very civil to me. I must, though, tell you a little more of the journey : after making the river, we fell in with some savages, and travelled with them to Quebec ; they were very kind to us, and said we were ‘all one brother’—all ‘one Indian.’ They fed us the whole time we were with them. You would have laughed to have seen me carrying an old squaw’s pack, which was so heavy I could hardly waddle under it. However, I was well paid whenever we stopped, for she always gave me the best bits, and most soup, and took as much care of me, as if I had been her own son ; in short, I was quite *l’enfant chéri*. We were quite sorry to part : the old lady and gentleman both kissed me very heartily. I gave the old lady one of Sophia’s silver spoons, which pleased her very much.

When we got here, you may guess what figures we were : we had not shaved or washed during the journey ; our blanket, coats, and trousers all worn out and pieced :—in short, we went to two or three houses and they would not let us in. There was one old lady, exactly the *hôtesse* in ‘Gil Blas,’ *elle me prit la mesure du pied jusqu’à la tête*, and told me there was one room, without a stove or bed, next a

billiard-room, which I might have if I pleased ; and when I told her we were gentlemen, she very quietly said, ' I dare say you are,' and off she went. However, at last we got lodgings in an ale-house, and you may guess ate well and slept well, and went next day, well dressed, with one of Lord Dorchester's aides-de-camp to triumph over the old lady ; in short,—exactly the story in *Gil Blas*. We are quite curiosities here after our journey ; some think we were mad to undertake it ; some think we were lost ; some will have it we were starved ; in short, there are a thousand lies, but we are safe and well, enjoying rest and good eating most completely. One ought really to take these fillips now and then ; they make one enjoy life a great deal more.

The hours here are a little inconvenient to us as yet : whenever we wake at night, we want to eat, the same as in the woods, and as soon as we eat, we want to sleep. In our journey we were always up two hours before day to load and get ready to march ; we used to stop between three and four, and it generally took us from that till night to shovel out the snow, cut wood, cook, and get ready for night ; so that immediately after our suppers, we were asleep, and whenever any one wakes in the night, he puts some wood on the fire, and eats a bit before he lies down again ; but for my part, I was not much troubled with waking in the night.

I really do think there is no luxury equal to that of lying before a good fire on a good spruce bed, after a good supper and a hard moose chase in a fine, clear, frosty, moonlight, starry night. But to enter into the spirit of this, you must understand what a moose chase is : the man himself runs the moose down by pursuing *the track*. Your success in killing depends on the number of people you have to pursue and

relieve one another in going first (which is the fatiguing part of snowshoeing), and on the depth and hardness of the snow ; for when the snow is hard, and has a crust, the moose cannot get on, as it cuts its legs, and then he stops to make battle. But when the snow is soft, though it be above his belly, he will go on three, four, or five days, for then the man cannot get on so fast, as the snow is heavy, and he only gets his game by perseverance,—an Indian never gives him up.

We had a fine chase after one, and ran him down in a day and a half, though the snow was very soft ; but it was so deep the animal was up to his belly every step. We started him about twelve o'clock one day, left our baggage, took three days' bread, two days' pork, our axe and fire-works, and pursued. He beat us at first all to nothing ; towards evening we had a sight of him, but he beat us again ; we encamped that night, ate our bit of pork, and gave chase again, as soon as we could see the track in the morning. In about an hour we roused the fellow again, and off he set, fresh to all appearance as ever ; but in about two hours after we perceived his steps grew shorter, and some time after we got sight. He still, however, beat us ; but at last we evidently perceived he began to tire ; we saw he began to turn oftener ; we got accordingly courage ; and pursued faster, and at last, for three-quarters of an hour, in fine open wood, pursued him all the way in sight, and came within shot :—he stopped, but in vain, poor animal.

I cannot help being sorry now for the poor creature,—and was then. At first it was charming, but as soon as we had him in our power, it was melancholy ; however, it was soon over, and it was no pain to him. If it was not for this last part, it would be a delightful amusement. I am sorry to say, though, that in a few hours the good passion wore

off, and the animal one predominated. I enjoyed most heartily the eating him and cooking him : in short, I forgot the animal, and only thought of my hunger and fatigue. We are beasts, dearest mother, I am sorry to say it. In two days after, we joined our baggage, and pursued our journey.

My letter is getting too long, and all about myself ;—you know I hate that, but I must give you some of my intended motions. I set out for Niagara as soon as possible, and by my return expect to find my leave, and a ship to take me to my dearest mother. God alone knows how I long to be with you ! my heart cannot be content while I am so far away from you. Give my love to all. How I long to feel all your arms about my neck !—but, if I give way to these thoughts, I shall be good for nothing. As it is, I am always low-spirited after writing, for two days at least :—otherwise perfectly well. I am sure it will be pleasant to you to find that cold as well as heat agrees with me ; so you may be always easy about me, dearest mother. If G. should love me, when I go home, I shall be the happiest fellow in the world,—that is the only drawback I feel in the happiness of seeing you all so soon.

Pray write to Uncle Richmond ; I would write, if there was time, but I have only time to fill up this. Give my affectionate love to him. Ten thousand million blessings attend you all, dearest, dearest mother. I will see you soon,—what happiness ! It has been a long year, but I did all I could to shorten it. I wish I was in the woods, tired and sleepy ; I should soon forget you all. Love to dear Aunt Louisa. When I end a letter, the thoughts of you all come so thick upon me, I don't know which to speak to,—so in a lump, God bless you, men, women, and children. I am going foolish.

E. F.

QUEBEC, *April 12th*, 1789.

MY DEAR OGILVIE,—You or my mother will have got by this time the letter I wrote on my arrival. I had not then perfectly determined on my future movements, but my plans are now all fixed. I found, upon inquiry, that there was no getting from hence directly till June. I therefore determined to make the best of my time here, by seeing all our outposts, and to do that perfectly it will take me to the month of July, as they are more extensive than I thought. Now when I get to the upper country, it will not make more than a month's difference whether I go down the Mississippi to New Orleans, or return here. I have therefore resolved to take that tour: it will, to be sure, make three months' difference in the time of seeing you; but then I really think the object is worth while. I can never have such another opportunity: certainly I shall never be here again at twenty-five and in good health.

I have a great many struggles with myself about it:—the temptation of going home and seeing you all, and living quietly with you at Frescati till the regiment returns, is very great. But then again the curiosity I have to make this tour,—and I may say, indeed, I *always* have had the desire, though I thought it very unlikely I should ever be able to put it in execution. Then again when I consider that I shall see a country which must soon be a scene of action, and that very probably I may be myself employed there, I am spurred on to undertake it. I have, besides, some schemes of my own, which this journey will be of great use in clearing up my ideas upon: they are too long to mention now, but when we meet we will talk them over.

You see I either have, or fancy I have, good reasons for

undertaking the journey ; at home you will think it, perhaps, a little mad, but if you were here I am sure you would do it yourself. It will be a little fatiguing, but that you know I don't mind. It will not be very expensive, particularly as I go all the first part with a relief of troops that are proceeding up as far as Lake Superior. I am not quite determined whether I will go up quite so far, perhaps only as far as Detroit, from that to the Fort Pitt, and from thence to the Ohio, and down it to the Mississippi. However, before I set off, you shall hear. When once I begin to go south, I shall go faster than my letter.

I long to set out. You cannot think how eager I am about this journey—*j'ai la tête montée* about it. If it were not for the time it will keep me from dearest, dearest mother, I should be perfectly happy in the idea of it ; but then, again, when I think the little difference it will make, and that the longer one is away the happier one is to meet, and that I shall have so much to tell her !—why, I shall have stories enough to set her to sleep for a year. I expect in the winter to have you all about me, listening to all the wonders I have seen.

I heard about you all from a woman here, an acquaintance of Mrs. Ward's, but I have not had any letters from yourselves since November. It is terrible to be so long without letters, but as I heard you were all well, I am easy. We are all anxious here to know about the Regency. I have no idea what turn affairs will take : there certainly will be great confusion. I am afraid it will be of dis-service to England in the present state of Europe ; but it will be all settled by the time I come, so I won't trouble my brain about it.

.

How did poor Kilrush do this summer? I should like to hear about it. I will write to mother by another post, that goes from this on the 18th, though I own I am a little afraid. I know she will be angry with me for a short while, but *you* must take my part. Dear soul, when she reflects, she will forgive me, for she is all reason.

Since I began this, the Lieut.-governor of Quebec is dead. It is a place of £1600 a year, and I think would do very well for Charles. The day before he died I was in treaty for his lieut.-colonelcy in the 44th regiment. If he had lived two days longer, I should have had it. We are here so ignorant about the politics in England, one does not know how to try for it. In case the ministry are changed, Leinster cannot with conscience ask anything; and, if he goes out, I certainly would not go against him and the Duke of Richmond for all the lieut.-colonelcies in the world. If there *is* a change, he and Charles will be a little puzzled; but I would at any time rather go out with them than in with them.

MONTREAL, *May 4th*, 1789.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I have been here a week, and set off in a few hours to begin my long journey. The weather is charming,—no snow, everything green:—but Emily Montague will tell you all that better than I can. Really, after our long winter, we *do* enjoy spring. Ten days ago, I set out from Quebec in five feet of snow. I am delighted to be on the go again. I shall see Niagara in high perfection. I am in good health and in good spirits. I heard from a gentleman you were all well, thank God; but I have not heard myself a great while, though I wish

to hear. I believe it is better not, for I should want to go home, and not see all I intend to do:—at present, *je m'étourdis là-dessus* ; and I am determined to make use of my time. One of your letters would weaken me, dear mother ; and, till I see you, the less I think of you the better. When once I get home, I shall stick close for a great while.

I have nothing new to tell you, for at Quebec and here I have done nothing but feast, and I am horribly tired of it : my letters from up the country will be pleasanter. The Canadians are good people,—very like the French, and of course I like them. There was one family at Quebec very pleasant and very good to me,—a mother and two pretty daughters. Don't be afraid—I was not in love. We were very sorry to part. However, it did not last long. I tell it you, because it was the only kind feel I have had for a woman since I left England. I wish it had lasted a little longer.

What would I give to hear a pleasant account of G. ! but I despair—so will not think of it. I suppose Fred. is married by this time. I should like to hear how you have gone on with the dear, dear girls in London ; but I won't think of or about any of you. Love to everybody. God bless you, dearest, dearest mother—how I long to be with you ! I am an odd fellow.—Good-bye.—I won't let myself think of you again till I am in the Mississippi.

NOTE TO CHAPTER X

The plan of Lord Edward's route through the woods, of which we have given an engraving at page 96, was forwarded from Quebec to the Duke of Richmond, by Mr. Hamilton Moore, with the letter that follows :—

QUEBEC, *May 22, 1789.*

MY LORD DUKE,—I take the liberty of enclosing to your Grace, by the hands of Mr. Jones, a sketch of Lord Edward's route from Frederick's-Town, in New Brunswick, to this place. It was really an arduous and dangerous undertaking, entirely through uninhabited woods, morasses, and mountains, a route never before attempted, even by the Indians. He was only attended by a Mr. Brisbane, a brother officer, and his own servant. In such expeditions lord and servant are alike, for each must carry his own provisions. They accomplished the journey in twenty-six days, lying out, of course, at nights in the woods, without any covering except their blanket-coats. They steered by compass, and so well as to enter the river St. Lawrence, within a league of Quebec, in a direct line from Frederick's-Town. Your Grace will perceive the journey was accomplished in 175 miles,—the way always before travelled by the rivers St. John, Madawaska, and Kamouraska being at least 375 miles.

Lord Edward left this the latter end of April in high health and spirits, on his route to Europe by the river Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, and through Spain ; it will be a tedious journey, the entrance of the river being upwards of 600 leagues from hence. I shall perhaps hear of Lord Edward on his journey ; anything that occurs, the least interesting to your Grace's family, I shall take the liberty of communicating, as a countryman feeling highly interested for every branch of it. Lord Edward has met with the esteem and admiration of all here, and, I must say, without flattery, deservedly so—and I hope yet to see him at the head of his profession, for which he seems so well formed.—I have the honour to be, etc.,

HAMILTON MOORE.

CHAPTER XI

Political events in Ireland—Family relationship with Charles James Fox—Narrative of Lord Edward's journey resumed—Letters.

WHILE his lordship was engaged in this difficult and adventurous journey, out of which none but a spirit and frame hardy as his own could have contrived to extract enjoyment, affairs interesting both to his family and himself were taking place in England, where, on account of the serious illness of the king, at the commencement of the year, it had become necessary to bring under the consideration of Parliament the speedy establishment of a Regency. The Duke of Leinster, whose late desertion from the ranks of the Opposition had been regarded less, perhaps, with anger than regret by his party, was now, by the line he took on the great question of the Regency in the Irish House of Lords, restored to his natural position; and was one of the personages deputed to carry that memorable Address to the Prince of Wales, on which, from the glimpse it gave of the consequences likely to arise from

the exercise of a separate will by Ireland, was founded one of the most plausible pretexts for the extinction of her Legislature.¹

The following letter of Mr. Fox to Lord Henry Fitzgerald, written during the progress of the Regency Bill through Parliament, will show that Mr. Fox's opinion of the short aberration of the Duke of Leinster coincided with that of Lord Edward, and may also convey some notion of the kind and friendly interest with which the latter was always regarded by that distinguished statesman:—

BATH, *February 1, 1789.*

MY DEAR HENRY,—I am sure you will not much wonder at my not having yet answered your letter, when you consider that I have had both sickness and business to prevent me. You may assure the Duke of Leinster from me that nothing can give me greater satisfaction than the prospect of our acting together in politics, and you know, though I could not so far dissemble as to say I approved of what I did not, I never had a feeling towards him inconsistent with that kindness which naturally belongs to so long, and in the earlier part of our lives, so very intimate an acquaintance. With respect to you and Edward I must be ungrateful indeed, if I did not consider the opportunity of showing my friendship to you two as one of the pleasantest circumstances attending power. One of the first acts of the Regency will be to make Edward lieut.-

¹ [There can be no doubt that from this time forward Pitt began to prepare his great plot for the destruction of the legislative independence of Ireland.—ED.]

colonel of the Royal Irish ; and, if a scheme, which is in agitation, takes place, I think I shall have an opportunity of getting for you, too, a lift in your profession, which I take for granted is your principal object. As I shall probably return to my old office of Foreign Affairs, I should be glad to know whether you or Edward have any inclination to foreign employment, that I may have a view to your wishes in future arrangements. With regard to Lord Robert, he must wait a little ; but if our Administration continues, you may be assured that his prospects shall not be the worse for one cousin being in power rather than another. Pray give my love to the D. L., and believe me, my dear Henry, most sincerely yours, C. J. FOX.

We now resume, by the light of Lord Edward's letters, the narrative of his long and devious journey homeward :—

FORT ERIE, *June 1, 1789.*

DEAREST MOTHER,—I am just come from the Falls of Niagara. To describe them is impossible. I stayed three days, admiring, and was absolutely obliged to tear myself away at last. As I said before, to describe them would be impossible :—Homer could not in writing, nor Claude Lorraine in painting : your own imagination must do it. The immense height and noise of the Falls, the spray that rises to the clouds—in short, it forms all together a scene that is well worth the trouble of coming from Europe to see. Then, the greenness and tranquillity of everything about, the quiet of the immense forests around, compared with the violence of all that is close to the Falls,—but I will not go on, for I should never end.

.

I set out to-morrow for Detroit ; I go with one of the Indian chiefs, Joseph Brant, he that was in England. We have taken very much to one another. I shall entertain you very much with his remarks on England, and the English, while he was there. Instead of crossing Lake Erie in a ship, I go in canoes up and down rivers. In crossing Lake Ontario, I was as sick as at sea,—so you may guess, I prefer canoeing ;—besides, my friend Joseph always travels with company ; and we shall go through a number of Indian villages. If you only stop an hour, they have a dance for you. They are delightful people ; the ladies charming, and with manners that I like very much, they are so natural. Notwithstanding the life they lead, which would make most women rough and masculine, they are as soft, meek, and modest as the best brought-up girls in England. At the same time, they are coquettes *au possible*. Conceive the manners of Mimi in a poor squaw, that has been carrying packs in the woods all her life.

I must make haste and finish my letter, for I am just going to set off. I shall be at Michilimackinack in nineteen days. My journey then will be soon over, for from that I shall soon reach the Mississippi, and down it to New Orleans, and then to my dearest mother to Frescati, to relate all my journey in the little book-room. I shall then be happy. Give my love to all. I think often of you all in these wild woods :—they are better than rooms. Ireland and England will be too little for me when I go home. If I could carry my dearest mother about with me, I should be completely happy here.

DETROIT, *June 20.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—It is so hot I can hardly hold the pen. My hand trembles so, you will be hardly

able to read my letter. My journey quite answered my expectations. I set out to-morrow for Michilimackinack, and then down the Mississippi. I am in rude health. As soon as I get to the Mississippi I reckon my journey half over. I can say no more, for really it is too hot for anything but lying on a mat. *Entre nous*, I am in a little sorrow, as I am to part to-morrow with a fellow-traveller who has been very pleasant and taken great care of me :— *les plus courtes folies sont les meilleures*. I have been adopted by one of the Nations, and am now a thorough Indian.

His adoption by the native Indians, which he here mentions, took place at Detroit, through the medium of the Chief of the Six Nations, David Hill, by whom he was formally inducted into the Bear Tribe, and made one of their chiefs. The document by which this wild honour was conferred upon him has been preserved among his papers, and is, in Indian and English, as follows :—

David Hill's letter to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Chief of the Bear Tribe.

Waghgongh Sen non Pryer

Ne nen Seghyrage ni i

Ye Sayats Eghnidat

Ethonayyere

David Hill

Karonghyontye

Iyogh Saghnontyon

21 June, 1789.

I, David Hill, Chief of the Six Nations, give the name of Eghnidal to my friend Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for which I hope he will remember me as long as he lives.

The name belongs to the Bear Tribe.

MICHILIMACKINACK, July 9, 1789.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I know you will be a little angry with me for undertaking this long journey. I really believe that had I thought it would have taken me so much time I should not have begun it; but as I have got so far, it would be foolish not to continue and finish it well. I have now but one month more of hard work to gain the Mississippi, and then I shall get on easily. However, I am afraid the different embarkations, and the chance of not finding ships ready, will prevent my being in England till February.

What vexes me most is that you will be uneasy at not hearing from me during that time. But then you may rest assured, dearest mother, that I am quite well all the time, for this going about keeps me in perfect health. I have not had so much as a finger-ache since I left England: and if it was not for my absence from you, I should be perfectly happy. Even if I was at home, being with *you* would be my only comfort; for though I force myself not to think of — here, and go on very well, yet if I were near her, I should, I know, get unhappy again; and it would end in my going to Germany or Russia, which would be still worse than this. When I am not happy, I must either be soldiering, or preparing to be a soldier,—which is what I think I am doing in this journey, for stay quiet, I believe, I cannot. Why did you give me either such a head or such a heart? I don't

know which it is ; but, dearest mother, once I get home, you shall do what you please with me, and chain me down to Frescati.

I long to be set a-going again,—it is the only chance I have. I set out to-morrow. I have got a canoe, with five men,—everything is laid in :—I am obliged to have one to myself to carry a few presents for the Indian villages I pass through. Except Indian corn and grease, we depend entirely on chance for everything else. You cannot conceive how pleasant this way of travelling is : it is a hunting or shooting party the whole way. I find I can live very well on Indian corn and grease :—it sounds bad, but it is not so : I ate nothing else for four days coming here. Few people know how little is necessary to live. What is called and thought *hardships* is nothing : *one* unhappy feeling is worse than a thousand years of it.

The Canadian *engagés* here live on nothing but two handfuls of corn and an ounce of grease per day, and work and sing the whole day. It is very pleasant to travel with them. They sing all day, and keep time with their paddles : their lively, gay, *sans souci* French blood never leaves them : they are the same in America as in France. This next part of the journey will be, I think, the most interesting and agreeable I have had yet, as the people I go among live more in their own way, and have less connection with Europeans. It will give a long story for Black Rock.

CHAPTER XII

Arrival at New Orleans—Refused permission to enter Mexico—
Dreams of love dispelled—Letters to 'Plenipo-Bob'—Arrival in
London—An unpleasant meeting averted—Author's reflections.

WE have seen how sanguinely, throughout the greater part of his journey, he still cherished the thought that, even yet, the fond prayer of his heart might be granted, and the young person he so tenderly loved become his own. But this dream was, unfortunately, soon to have an end. At the beginning of December, having descended the Mississippi, he arrived at New Orleans. It had been his wish to extend his journey still further, and to pay a visit to the Silver Mines of Spanish America; but, on applying to the proper authorities for permission, it was, as we learn from his own letters, refused to him. His friends at home, indeed, had heard with considerable apprehension of his purposed visit to the Mines; as, in the event of a war, which seemed now inevitable, between England and Spain, such a journey would be attended with embarrassment

if not danger. The refusal, however, of the Mexican governor to give him permission put a stop to his designs ; and he was now, therefore, on the wing for his beloved home, anticipating all the welcome and the happiness which his own affection, he could not but feel, deserved.

It was at this very moment,—while so fondly persuading himself that the fair object of his passion might, one day, be his own,—he received intelligence that in the month of April preceding she had become the wife of another. Such a shock, to a heart buoyant as his, came but the heavier for the self-illusion he had been indulging ; and, had it not been for his mother, whose existence, he knew, was locked up in his, it may be doubted whether he would ever again have returned to England.

The two following letters to his brother Lord Robert (of which I find copies among the papers in my possession) were the last that he now wrote from America ; and the subdued tone in which he here speaks on the subject nearest his heart only shows how deep and strong must have been the feeling that required such an effort of self-control in the expression of it. The first of these letters is written in Spanish, of which the following is a translation ;—

NEW ORLEANS, *December 7th, 1789.*

DEAR ROBERT,—You will be surprised at receiving a letter from me at this place. I send it by the *Cap François*, and expect to embark from hence myself about the end of January, or in the beginning of February next, on board a vessel which is bound directly to London. By the *Courier de l'Europe*, I see that you are now really *Plenipo-Bob*. I congratulate you, and rejoice in the satisfaction I know that it gives you. Your last letters which I have received were written in April. In truth they did not bring me the most agreeable news, but I submit to all human vicissitudes, behaving in this matter like a true philosopher, so that already I think no more about them, as my happy temperament does not allow me to dwell for any length of time on things which are disagreeable.

Tell our much-loved mother that I am very well, and in good spirits, excepting when those crosses which are frequent with me present themselves to my thoughts. Tell her that I have applied myself to the Spanish language, with a view to divert my mind in some way or other from the unnecessary pain of thinking constantly of an object from the sight of whom so great a distance both by sea and land divides me. The least reflection overcomes me, and then I am good for nothing.

I rejoice to hear of Charlotte's marriage, and hope she may be returned before I arrive. I could write to you and tell you more ; but, as it constantly happens, when I think of my own country and of any one of you, I fill with melancholy, and must therefore conclude my letter. Present my love to all, without forgetting my dear *Henry*, who is angry with me for remaining so long absent. Within four months'

time I hope to embrace you all. I grieve that you should be absent, but it shall not be long before I shall see you likewise.

Adieu, dear Robert : I am altogether yours, E. F.

I should have written much to you about this country, but a letter in Spanish is a difficult and laborious undertaking for me.

NEW ORLEANS, *December 26th, 1789.*

MY DEAREST BOB,—I wrote to you a few days ago in Spanish, and sent my letter by the Havannah to Cadiz, from whence it will be forwarded to you by Mr. Duff, our consul there. This goes by Marseilles, and the longer will be a surer method of your hearing. I have not been able to write home from hence, so the first tidings they will get will be from you. I have been occupying myself here learning Spanish, in hopes of getting leave to go to the Havannah or Mexico ; but as the governor here could not give leave himself, he wrote to ask it for me and was refused, so that I must keep my Spanish for another opportunity.

You may guess my impatience to get home. I set off in six weeks in a ship bound for London, so that very likely I may be home before you receive this. I have seen some newspapers which mention you as being at Paris. My last letters were in May. I bore all the account of G. tolerably well. I must say with Cardenio, '*Lo que ha lleantado sus hermosura, han derribada sus obras.* Por elli entendi que era angel, y por ellas conozco que era muger. Quede ella en paz, el causado de mi guerra, y haga, el Cielo,

que ella no *quede arrepentida de lo que ha hecho*.¹ But this is enough on this disagreeable subject.

I am now quite stout, and think of nothing but being a good soldier. To be sure, if it was not for dearest mother, I believe I should not return to England for some time. God, how happy I shall be to see you all! Dearest Robert, I cannot express how I love you all. I know what I say appears odd, but it is impossible to describe the sort of feeling I have.

I should like to give you an account of my voyage, but it would be too long: it has done me a great deal of good. I have seen human nature under almost all its forms. Everywhere it is the same, but the wilder it is, the more virtuous. These, however, will be fine arguments for us two, when we meet, to talk on. Give my love to all, and do not forget dear M^{me} de —, who, upon cool consideration, is as charming a creature as is in the world: in short, she is sincere, which is a quality rather rare.

The man that sends you this, has a brother here, who has been all goodness to me: he has begged me to mention his name to you: if ever you can be civil to him, do be so (though I think it will never come in your way). His name is *Segond Fils, négociant à Marseilles*. I dare say he will write you a letter with this.

Good-bye, dearest, dearest Bob.—Yours, E. F.

I really am afraid to write to mother, I have so much to say.

¹ 'What her beauty accomplished, her actions have effaced. From the former I thought she was an angel, from the latter I know she was a woman. Let her go in peace—the cause of my contention,—and may Heaven grant she shall not have to repent of what she has done.'

On his arrival in London he was, by the merest accident, spared the pain of a scene which could not fail to have been distressing to others as well as himself. Impatient, as may be supposed, to see his mother, who was then residing in London, he hastened instantly to her house, and arrived there just as a large party, among whom were the young bride of the preceding April and her lord, had seated themselves to dinner. In a second or two the unexpected visitor would have been among them, had not General Fox, who was one of the guests, and recognised Lord Edward's voice, hastened out to stop him, and thus prevented an encounter which would have been embarrassing to all parties.

In taking leave of this interesting passage of his lordship's short life, it is not without some pain that the reflection suggests itself, how different might have been his doom, both in life and death, had this suit, in which he so sanguinely persevered, been successful;¹ nor can I help adding, that the exemplary domestic virtues, which have, through life, distinguished the noble lady he thus loved, while they exalt our opinion of the man who could, thus early, appreciate such excellence, but deepen tenfold our sympathy with the pain he must have felt in losing her.

¹ [The fate of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, had he been successful in his suit, might possibly have been that of any one of his numerous brothers—in life uneventful, and in death unremembered.—ED.]

CHAPTER XIII

Visit to his uncle, the Duke of Richmond—Introduction to Pitt—
Offered the command of a secret expedition against Cadiz—
Accepts—It falls through—Becomes associated with Fox and
Sheridan—Attends the Irish Parliament.

IN active professional employment would now have been Lord Edward's only safeguard, both against vain regrets for the past, and too sanguine aspirations after the future; and there was a prospect, immediately on his return to England, of employment, such as he himself could have most wished, being found for him. The threatening armaments of Spain at this moment called for corresponding efforts on the part of Great Britain; and, among other measures of offence, an expedition against Cadiz was contemplated. One of Lord Edward's first visits, on his arrival, was to his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, and the information which it had been in his power to collect, respecting the state of the Spanish colonies in America, was, of course, listened to by the minister with peculiar interest. Finding, also, that his nephew, during the journey he

took through Spain, in 1788, had turned his time to account, and, besides those general military observations which his 'technical eye' as a soldier enabled him to make, had taken an opportunity, while at Cadiz, of drawing plans of the fortifications of that city, his Grace invited him to meet Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas that evening; and these ministers, having themselves questioned the young officer on the same subjects, offered immediately, as I have been informed, to promote him by brevet, and give him the command of the expedition intended against Cadiz.¹ This Lord Edward readily accepted, and the Duke, at parting, told him that he should, on the following day, report what been agreed upon to the king, and hoped he might also add, that his nephew was no longer in opposition. Free, as he then supposed himself, from the responsibility which a seat in Parliament imposed, Lord Edward answered that it was his determination for the future to devote himself exclusively to his profession; and he could therefore, without any difficulty, promise not to appear in opposition to the Government.

On seeing his mother, however, the following day, his lordship was, for the first time, informed that, not-

¹ [Thus did Pitt invite Lord Edward, at this early date, to command an expedition against Spain such as his young military guest afterwards negotiated with General Hoche against England.—ED.]

withstanding her Grace's earnest remonstrances, his brother, the Duke of Leinster, had, before his arrival, returned him for the county of Kildare. Finding his position thus altered, he lost no time in apprising the Duke of Richmond, who on learning the new views of the subject which this discovery had occasioned, expressed strong displeasure against his nephew, and accused him of breaking his word with the king ; adding, at the same time, that neither this proffered appointment, nor any other favour from ministers, was to be expected by him, if he did not detach himself from the opposition, and give his vote to Government. This Lord Edward, it is hardly necessary to say, promptly refused, and the two relatives parted, with a degree of anger on the part of the uncle, which is suspected, but, I should think, unjustly, to have had some share in the harsh measure taken subsequently, of dismissing Lord Edward, without even the forms of inquiry, from the army.

Thus disappointed of an employment which would have been so gratifying at once to his ambition and his tastes, he had now no other resources for the diversion of his thoughts than such as his parliamentary duties in Ireland, and the society of a few favourite friends in London, afforded him. This want of any absorbing pursuits or interests of his own left him free to extend

his sympathies to the concerns of others : and, being neither pledged to a certain set of opinions by virtue of any office, nor under that fear of change which high station and wealth engender, he could now give way without reserve to his judgment and feelings, and take part *with* the oppressed and *against* the oppressor to the full length that his own natural sense of justice and benevolence dictated.

Left thus open to the influence of all that was passing around him, it may be conceived that the great events now in progress in France could have appealed to few hearts more thoroughly prepared, both by nature and position, to go along with their movement. In the society, too, which he now chiefly cultivated,—that of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and their many distinguished friends,—he found those political principles, to which he now, for the first time, gave any serious attention, recommended at once to his reason and imagination by all the splendid sanctions with which genius, wit, eloquence, and the most refined good-fellowship could invest them. Neither was it to be expected, while thus imbibing the full spirit of the new doctrines, that he would attend much to those constitutional guards and conditions with which the Whig patriots, at that time, fenced round even their boldest opinions,—partly from a long-transmitted reverence for the forms of the con-

stitution, and partly, also, from a prospective view to their own attainment of power, and to the great inconvenience of being encumbered, on entering into office, by opinions which it might not only be their interest, but their duty, to retract.

From both these wholesome restraints on political ardour, Lord Edward was free ; having derived, it may be supposed, from his Irish education in politics but a small portion of respect for the English constitution, and being by nature too little selfish, even had he any ulterior interests, to let a thought of them stand in the way of the present generous impulse. At a later period, indeed, it is well known that even Mr. Fox himself, impatient at the hopelessness of all his efforts to rid England, by any ordinary means, of a despotism which aristocratic alarm had brought upon her, found himself driven, in his despair of Reform, so near that edge where Revolution begins, that had there existed, at that time, in England anything like the same prevalent sympathy with the new doctrines of democracy as responded throughout Ireland, there is no saying how far short of the daring aims of Lord Edward even this great constitutional Whig leader might, in the warmth of his generous zeal, have ventured.

These remarks, however, as regards both Mr. Fox and Lord Edward, apply to a later period, by some

years, than that at which we are now arrived,—the French Revolution not having yet fully developed either its might or its mischief, nor diffused that feverish excitement among the middle and lower classes of the community which rendered them objects of alarm and, at last, coercion with the higher. It was not, indeed, till Lord Edward's visits to France in 1792 that he appears to have espoused zealously and decidedly those republican principles upon which, during the short remainder of his life, he acted with but a too fearless consistency. The interval previous to that time he passed chiefly under the same roof with his mother and sisters; and it is for this reason that there remain to us but few letters through which, for these two years, we are able to track the details of his life.

At the beginning of 1791, we find him attending the House of Commons in Dublin, but most heartily weary of the society he was living with, and wishing himself in London, whither all his desires now called him,—not only from the delight he always felt in the converse of his own family, but from certain other less legitimate attractions on which it is not necessary to dwell, but to which his extreme readiness to love, and his power of making himself beloved in return, rendered

him constantly liable.¹ Seldom indeed, has any one possessed, to such an engaging degree, that combination of manly ardour with gentleness which is so winning to most female minds.

Dublin (he says in one of his letters at this time) has been very lively this last week, and promises as much for the next ; but I think it is all the same thing,—*La D*——, *La S*——, and a few young competitors for their places. I have been a great deal with these two. They want to console me for London : but it won't do, though I own they are very pleasant. Henry and I have been living at Leinster House quite alone. We generally ride to Black Rock,—I hate going by the gate. I won't say anything of it for fear of tempting you, but the passage is in high beauty. I meant to have gone and slept there to-night, but was kept too late at the levy, so must put it off to another time. I have dined by myself, and intended giving up the evening to writing to you, but have had such a pressing invitation from Mrs. — to sup that I cannot refuse. I hope it is to make up a quarrel which she began the other night, because I said I thought she was cold. I find it is the worst thing one can say of a Dublin woman : you cannot conceive what an affront it is reckoned.

¹ [In this guarded phrase does the author allude to the mutual affection which is said to have sprung up between the wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Lord Edward ? Pamela's striking resemblance to Mrs. Sheridan is supposed to have been the origin of the sudden attachment which Lord Edward conceived for the former.—ED.]

CHAPTER XIV

The French Revolution in 1792—Lord Edward in Paris—Lodges with Thomas Paine—Declared Republicanism—Jemmapes—Publicly discards his title—Dismissed from the army—Fox defends him in the House of Commons—Pamela—Lord Edward's marriage—Documents—Returns to London—And to Dublin—*Note.*

AT the latter end of 1792, that momentous crisis, when France, standing forth on the ruins of her monarchy, proclaimed herself a Republic, and hurled fierce defiance against the thrones of the world,—Lord Edward, unwilling to lose such a spectacle of moral and political excitement, hastened over to Paris, without communicating his intentions even to the duchess, who had, but a short time previously, received from him the following letter :—

LONDON, *October 1792.*

DEAREST MOTHER,—I know you will be glad to make out through mistakes, words left out, false spelling, bad English, etc., that I am almost quite well. I have been in town since Saturday. I return to Boyle Farm again to-morrow.¹ I spent a delightful week. Dear Harry, as

¹ [Boyle Farm was the residence of his brother, Lord Henry.—ED.]

usual, charming ;—he is perfect. I dined with Charles Fox, Saturday, on coming to town ;—he was quite right about all the good French news. Is it not delightful? It is really shameful to see how much it has affected all our *aristocrats*. I think one may fairly say the Duke of Brunswick and his Germans are bedeviled. The joke, in the *Argus*, of the *invincible cavalry* of Prussia being totally *eat up* by their infantry is not a bad one.

I begin to feel a little for the emigrants, though I am sure they deserve none ; but they have so completely ruined their cause that I believe they will lose everything. *Some*, I am sure, thought they were acting *right* and *honourably* ; and these, though one is surprised and angry at their errors, one cannot help pitying. How glad I am — has remained in France. Poor Antoine, I cannot say how I feel for him, for he certainly thought he was doing right.

From the letter that soon after followed it will be seen that had his lordship been a more backward pupil in the new doctrines of democracy than, unluckily for himself, he proved to be, it would not have been for want of an able and daring preceptor.

PARIS, Tuesday, October 30th,
1st Year of the Republic, 1792.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I know you will be surprised to hear from me here,—do not be uneasy. This town is as quiet as possible, and for me a most interesting scene. I would not have missed seeing it at this period for anything. I stopped a day at Boulogne with the dear —, and you may guess how glad I was to see her. I told her not to tell

you I was here, as I did not intend to let you know it ; but, upon consideration, I think it better you should. I arrived last Friday.

I lodge with my Friend Paine,—We breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of his interior, the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me ; there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart, and a strength of mind in him, that I never knew a man before possess.¹ I pass my time very pleasantly, read, walk, and go quietly to the play. I have not been to see any one, nor shall not. I often want you, dearest mother, but I should not have been able to bear Tunbridge for any time. The present scene occupies my thoughts a great deal, and dissipates unpleasant feelings very much.

Give my love to Ogilvie and the girls. I think he would be much entertained and interested if he was here. I can compare it to nothing but Rome in its days of conquest :—the energy of the people is beyond belief. There is no news that the *Morning Chronicle* does not tell you, so I won't repeat. I go a great deal to the Assembly ;—they improve much in speaking.

God bless you, dearest mother. Believe me, your affectionate, etc.

Let me know if I can do anything for you here. Direct—

*Le Citoyen Edouard Fitzgerald,
Hotel de White, au Passage des Petits,
près du Palais Royal.*

From a disposition so ardent and fearless, discretion

¹ [There is no reason for believing that Lord Edward sympathised with Thomas Paine in his religious—although he certainly did in his political—opinions. The author of the *Rights of Man* had not then written his *Age of Reason*.—ED.]

was the last virtue to be expected; and his friends, therefore, whatever alarm or regret it might cause them, could hardly have felt much surprise when the announcement that follows made its appearance in the papers of Paris and London:—

PARIS, Nov. 19th.

Yesterday the English arrived in Paris assembled at White's Hotel, to celebrate the triumph of victories gained over their late invaders by the armies of France. Though the festival was intended to be purely British, the meeting was attended by citizens of various countries, by deputies of the Convention, by generals, and other officers of the armies then stationed or visiting Paris,—J. H. Stone in the chair.

Among the toasts were—*The armies of France: may the example of its citizen soldiers be followed by all enslaved countries, till tyrants and tyranny be extinct.*

An address proposed to the National Convention.—Among several toasts proposed by the citizens, Sir R. Smith and Lord E. Fitzgerald, was the following: *May the patriotic airs of the German Legion (Ça Ira, the Carmagnole, Marseillaise March, etc.) soon become the favourite music of every army, and may the soldier and the citizen join in the chorus.*

General Dillon proposed: *The people of Ireland; and may Government profit by the example of France, and Reform prevent Revolution.*

Sir Robert Smith and Lord E. Fitzgerald renounced their titles; and a toast proposed by the former was drank:—*The speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions.*

PARIS, 1792.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I got your dear letter yesterday. You were quite right about my joy at the taking of Mons, and the success of the battle of Jemmapes.¹ I was in the House when the news came, and saw Baptiste received : it was an animating scene,—as indeed everything that passes here now is. You who know the French may conceive it. I am delighted with the manner they feel their success : no foolish boasting or arrogance at it ; but imputing all to the greatness and goodness of their cause, and seeming to rejoice more on account of its effects on Europe in general than for their own individual glory. This, indeed, is the turn every idea here seems to take ; all their pamphlets, all their pieces, all their songs, extol their achievements but as the effect of the principle they are contending for, and rejoice at their success as the triumph of humanity. All the defeats of their enemies they impute to their disgust at the cause for which they fight. In the coffee-houses and play-houses, every man calls the other *camarade*, *frère*, and with a stranger immediately begins, ‘Ah ! nous sommes tous frères, tous hommes, nos victoires sont pour vous, pour tout le monde’ ;² and the same sentiments are always received with peals of applause. In short, all the good enthusiastic French sentiments seem to come out ; while, to all appearance, one would say, they had lost all their bad. The town is quiet, and to judge from the theatres and public walks, very full. The great difference seems in the few carriages, and the dress, which is very plain.

¹ [It was the effect produced by this victory which brought to the Irish Catholics their first measure of emancipation.—ED.]

² [‘Ah, we are all brothers, all men ; our victories are for you and for everybody.’—ED.]

I am glad Ogilvie warms up a little. I knew he would. I am sure you enjoy the success, for you and I always had a proper liking for the true French character. Dear — is here. I see a great deal of her ; she is as pleasant as ever ;—that same good heart and delightful manner. How she dotes on you ! but what I admire is the manner she bears the change of circumstances,—with a good sense and philosophy beyond description, even as you yourself would do. From her £3000 she has got £1000 a year, and not quite that. She goes in her hackney coach, or walks to her friends and her soirées, *crottée jusqu'au cou*, with the same cheerfulness as ever, and is just the same, with her one servant and maid, and little dinner of soup and bouillie, as when M^{me} la Marquise, with two *grands lacquais*. Indeed, if it were not for her children, I rather think she likes it better. You would admire her were you to see her, and would understand all her feelings.

Tell Ogilvie I shall leave this next week, and settle my majority, if I am not scratched out of the army. General Egalité is the son of Orleans. I dine to-day with Madame Sillery. God bless you, dearest mother. I am obliged to leave you. Love to the girls.

I long to see you, and shall be with you the beginning of the week after next. I cannot be long from you.—Yours,

E. F.

In the midst of my patriotism and projects you are always the first thing in my heart, and ever must be, my dear, dear mother.

The simple sentence in this letter, ‘I dine to-day with Madame de Sillery,’ is far more pregnant with events and feelings interesting to the writer than from

the short and careless manner in which it is here introduced could be suspected. Madame de Sillery (the celebrated Comtesse de Genlis) had, but a day or two before the date of this letter, returned from England, where, accompanied by her pupil Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and her adopted daughter Pamela, she had been, for the last twelve or thirteen months, living in retirement. The only interruption to this privacy was during the few weeks passed by her under the roof of Mr. Sheridan, at Isleworth, during which time Lord Edward was, more than once, afforded an opportunity of meeting her, but from a horror of learned ladies,—not peculiar, as it would appear by this instance, to poets,—always declined that honour. Though his imagination, therefore, had been sufficiently prepared by the descriptions which he had heard of the young Pamela, to find much in her that would excite both his interest and admiration, he had never, till the time of his present visit to Paris, seen her.¹

It could hardly have been more than an evening or two before the date of the above letter, that, being at

¹ [The following passage from Moore's *Life of Sheridan* may be here cited as of singular interest :—' Lord Edward was the only one, among the numerous suitors of Mrs. Sheridan, to whom she is supposed to have listened with any return of feeling. . . . Some months before her death, when Sheridan had been describing to her and Lord Edward a beautiful French girl whom he had lately seen, and added

one of the theatres of Paris, he saw, through a *loge grillée* near him, a face with which he was exceedingly struck, as well from its own peculiar beauty, as from the strong likeness the features bore to those of a lady, then some months dead, for whom he was known to have entertained a very affectionate regard. On inquiring who the young person was that had thus riveted his attention, he found it was no other than the very Pamela, of whose beauty he had heard so much—the adopted, or (as may now be said, without scruple) actual daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke of Orleans. Instantly, all his prepossessions against the learned mother vanished; an acquaintance, from that very night, I believe, commenced between them, and he was seldom after seen absent from the fair Pamela's side.

In some natures, love is a fruit that ripens quickly; and that such was its growth in Lord Edward's warm heart the whole history of his life fully testifies. In the present instance, where there was so much to

that she put him strongly in mind of what his own wife had been in the bloom of her youth and beauty, Mrs. Sheridan turned to Lord Edward and said, with a melancholy smile, "I should like you, when I am dead, to marry that girl." This was Pamela.' It is also stated, on M^{me} de Genlis' authority (which, it may be admitted, is not very reliable), that within four months of his wife's death Sheridan himself proposed for Pamela in marriage, and was accepted. He certainly accompanied both mother and daughter as far as Dover on their way to France, on the 20th of October 1792. The marriage of Lord Edward and Pamela took place on December the 27th following.—ED.]

interest and attract on both sides, a liking felt by either could not fail to become reciprocal. The perfect disinterestedness, too, of the young soldier threw, at once, out of consideration a difficulty that might have checked more worldly suitors ; and, in somewhat less than a month after their meeting in Paris, Mademoiselle Sims (the name by which Madame de Genlis had chosen to designate her daughter) became Lady Edward Fitzgerald.

The marriage took place at Tournay,—Madame de Genlis having consented so far to resume the charge of her illustrious pupil, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, as to place her in safety beyond the borders of France,¹—and the following is the lady's own account of the event :—

Nous arrivâmes à Tournay dans les premiers jours de Décembre de cette même année, 1792. Trois semaines après j'eus le bonheur de marier ma fille d'adoption, l'angélique Paméla, à Lord Edouard Fitzgérald. Au milieu de tant d'infortunes et d'injustices, le ciel voulut récompenser par cet heureux événement la meilleure action de ma vie, celle d'avoir protégé l'innocence sans appui, d'avoir élevé, adopté l'enfant incomparable que la Providence jettoit dans mes bras, enfin d'avoir développé son esprit, sa raison, et les vertus qui la rendent aujourd'hui le modèle des épouses et des mères de son âge.²

M. de Chartres, the present King of the French, was

¹ Almost immediately after, Belgium was incorporated with France.

² Précis de la conduite de Madame de Genlis depuis la Révolution.

Translation.—'We arrived at Tournay in the first days of December of this same year, 1792. Three weeks after I had the

one of the witnesses of the ceremony; and as the marriage contract contains names which are, in their several ways, sure to live in history, the reader may not be displeased to see an extract or two from it here :—

A tous ceux, etc. etc. sçavoir faisons que pardevant maître Ferdinand Joseph Dorez, notaire républicain de la résidence de Tournay en Flandre, en présence des citoïens Louis Philippe Egalité, et Silvestre Mirys, de présents au dit Tournay, et témoins requis, sont comparus Edouard Fitzgerald, âgé de vingtneuf ans environ, demeurant ordinairement à Dublin, en Irlande, natif à White Hall, à Londres, fils de James Fitzgerald, Duc de Leinster, et de Dame Amélie Lennox, Duchesse de Leinster, d'une part.

Citoïenne Anne Caroline Stéphanie Sims, âgée de dix-neuf ans environ, demeurant à Paris, connue en France sous le nom de Paméla, native de Fogo dans l'Isle de Terre-neuve; fille de Guillaume de Brixey et de Mary Sims, assistées de la citoïenne Stéphanie Félicité Ducrest Brulart Sillery, connue en dix-sept cent quatre vingt-six sous le nom de Comtesse de Genlis, autorisée par les deux dépositions passées pardevant honorable Guil-

happiness to marry my adopted daughter, the angelic Pamela, to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. In the midst of so many misfortunes and acts of injustice, heaven deigned to recompense by this happy event the best action of my life, that of having protected innocence left without support, of having reared and adopted the incomparable child whom Providence had cast into my arms, and finally of having developed her mind, her reason, and the virtues which make her at the present day a model for the wives and mothers of her time.' [All of which may be taken as belonging to the same order of statement as the names assigned to Pamela, and the account of her birth.—ED.]

laume Comte de Mansfield, pair du royaume et grand justicier d'Angleterre, toutes deux en date du vingt-cinq Janvier, dix-sept cent quatre-vingt-six, d'autre part.

One of the stipulations is as follows :—

Stipulé qu'en cas de séparation les biens, meubles et immeubles, acquis et patrimoniaux aux dits futurs époux, qu'ils posséderont lors de cette séparation, seront partagés entre eux par moitié ; à l'exception néanmoins d'une rente viagère de six mille livres de France annuellement, appartenant à la future épouse, qui n'entrera point dans le partage ; mais au contraire appartiendra en totalité à la dite future épouse, ainsi qu'une autre rente viagère de douze cens livres.

Etoient signés à la minute originale des présentes lettres, Edouard Fitzgerald, Pamela Sims, le Lieutenant-General Jacques Omoran, Stéphanie Félicité Ducrest Sillery, Brulart, Adèle Eugène Egalité, Hermine Compton, Philippe Egalité, Pulchérie Valence, Henriette Sercey, César Ducrest, L. Philippe Egalité, Silvestre Mirys, et C. J. Dorez, notaire.

In the meantime, while the marriage was thus in progress, the publicity given by the journals of both countries to the details of the English Festival, held lately at Paris, had produced the consequences which Lord Edward himself had, in a great measure, anticipated. Without any further inquiry, and, so far, no doubt, unjustly and oppressively, his lordship, together with two or three other officers, who had offended in the

same manner, was dismissed from the army. To this treatment of his noble relative, Mr. Fox (in speaking on a motion ¹ of the Secretary of War for the employment of invalids, etc.), thus took occasion to advert:—

While upon the subject of military, he deemed it a fit opportunity to take notice of some occurrences which had taken place, but which he could not know the particulars of but from report. He alluded to certain dismissals which had been made in the army, as those of Lord Semple, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and also Captain Gawler. That there might be good grounds for these dismissals was possible, but they were unknown because they were undeclared; one only ground was suggested by the public voice, namely, their having subscribed to the fund raised for the purpose of enabling the French to carry on the war against their invaders. . . . One of these officers, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was his near relation, and of him he would say, from his personal knowledge, that the service did not possess a more zealous, meritorious, or promising member;—he had served his country in actual service, and bled in its service.

On the 2nd of January, 1793, Lord Edward, with his young bride, arrived in London. He had written to ask his mother's consent to the marriage; but whether his impatience had allowed him to wait for her answer appears somewhat doubtful. It is, indeed, most probable that the letter to which the following note alludes

¹ December 21st, 1792.

was the first notification he received of her prompt, and, as ever, indulgent sanction.

Wednesday, 2nd January, 1793.

DEAREST MOTHER,—Thank you a thousand times for your letter ; you never obliged me so much, or made me so happy. I cannot tell you how strongly my little wife feels it : she has sent your letter to M^{me} Silleri, whom I know it would delight. She is to be pitied, for she dotes on Pamela, who returns it most sincerely. What she feels is the only drawback on my happiness. You must love her, —she wants to be loved.

We shall dine with you the day after to-morrow. We shall not be able to get from the Custom-house time enough to see you to-morrow. Love to all. Tell Ogilvie how much I am obliged to him. Yours, dearest mother,

E. F.

After remaining about three weeks with the Duchess of Leinster, the new-married couple proceeded to Dublin, where the Session of Parliament had commenced on the 10th of January ; and, in an Irish newspaper, dated the 26th of this month, I find their arrival thus announced : ‘Yesterday morning, arrived the *Princess Royal*, Captain Browne, from Parkgate, with the Right Hon. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, his lady and suite, and several other persons of quality.’

NOTE TO CHAPTER XIV

The text of the French marriage-contract given in the foregoing chapter by Moore is evidently incomplete. It simply recites that the two parties to the contract *appeared* before the Republican notary at Tournay with their witnesses—but whether to be married or guillotined is not stated. Neither is the date given, although a single clause of the marriage settlements is. Seeing the imperfect nature of this document, Dr. Madden, in his exhaustive, painstaking way, went to Tournay for the purpose of examining the original, but failed to find it owing to the destruction which had occurred, in the interim, of the municipal records there. He came, however, upon another registration of the marriage—evidently, although the doctor has failed to perceive it, that of the religious ceremony which took place on the same day. Of this he obtained the certified copy which follows (translation) :—

‘The 27th December 1784,¹ a ban having been published in this parish, and dispensation obtained for the two others, from Monsigneur Prince Salm-Salm, Bishop of Tournay, as well for the close time of Advent, as for the one day’s interval, and the domicile—have been married Edward Fitzgerald, native of London, son of the late Duke of Leinster, aged 29 years, and Stephanie Caroline Simms, known under the name of Pamela, aged 19 years, native of London, *daughter of William Berkley* and Mary Simms. Assisted at the said marriage Philippe Egalité and Sylvestre Mirys, who have, as well as the husband and wife, signed with us conjointly. (Signed) Edward Fitzgerald, Pamela Simms, L. Philippe Egalité, Sylvestre Mirys, and M. A. Taffin, *curé* and dean of this parish.’

It would have been needless, perhaps, to have reproduced this document but for the fact that it contains two curious discrepancies, bearing upon the question of Pamela’s real parentage. It was doubtless M^{me} de Genlis who furnished the names of Pamela’s reputed father, which are given in the preamble cited by Moore (found among Lord Edward’s papers) as *Guillaume de Brixey*, and in that recovered by Dr. Madden, as *Guillaume Berkley*: while, stranger still, M^{me} de Genlis, in her Memoirs, gives the surname of Pamela’s father

¹ A curious mistake. The marriage took place in December 1792. Note that Lord Edward’s place of birth is given as *London*.

as *Seymour*. Pamela's place of birth, likewise, is set down in the first of the documents quoted as 'Fogo in the Island of Newfoundland,' and in the latter, 'London.' These discrepancies would have been impossible but that a veil had been purposely thrown over the truth in order to conceal the true origin of the daughter of the Duke of Orleans and M^{me} de Genlis. See for further elucidations 'After-History of Pamela,' Additional Chapter i., p. 389.—[ED.]

CHAPTER XV

Historical Review—1776-1792.

IN order to convey to my readers any clear idea of the sort of political atmosphere into which Lord Edward,—himself more than sufficiently excited,—now plunged at once on his return to Dublin, it will be necessary to recall briefly to their recollection the history of Irish affairs for the last fourteen or fifteen years preceding ;—and a few dates and facts, requiring but little comment, will bring more vividly, and, as it were, bodily, before their eyes the state of Ireland at this moment, than any description that eloquence, however forcible, could give of it.

In the year 1776, the people of Ireland first learned the dangerous lesson, that to the fears, rather than the justice, of their rulers, they must thenceforward look for either right or favour. In the summer of that year America proclaimed her independence, and in the course of the autumn the first link was struck from the chain of the Catholic ; the law then allowing him to

acquire an interest in the soil, which he had hitherto trod but by sufferance, as a serf. Small as was the seed of liberty thus sown, all that Ireland has since gained may be considered as its fruits. In a year or two after, the cause of American independence was espoused openly by the courts of France and Spain. The resources of England were reduced to the lowest ebb, and the fleets of the enemy menaced the British shores. In this predicament, the town of Belfast, which had been invaded by the French eighteen years before, applied to the Government for protection, and received the memorable answer, 'We have not the means;—you must defend yourselves.' Never was an avowal of feebleness on the part of a Government responded to by a more noble or generous manifestation of strength on the part of the people. Instantly an immense army of volunteers sprung up, as if by enchantment, through the country. The sympathies of all,—even of the outcast Catholic,—rallied round the patriotic standard; and could Ireland then have claimed the services of all her sons, she would have exhibited to the eyes of the world, at this magnificent moment, that only true fortress of freedom, an armed people. As it was, in less than a year from their first formation, the volunteer force amounted to 80,000 men: the hour of England's weakness was found to be that of Ireland's strength;

and in this attitude, as formidable to her rulers as to the enemy, she demanded and obtained from England a free trade and independent legislature.

Such a spirit, once evoked, was not easily to be laid. Having secured the independence of their Parliament, the next task of these armed patriots was to effect its reform; and, accordingly, in the year 1783, a Convention of this body assembled in Dublin, holding their deliberations on Reform, even during the sitting of Parliament, and assuming powers and functions co-ordinate with those of the two acting branches of the legislature. How far this military intervention might have ventured to proceed, had it not been guided by a leader so temperate, and, at the same time, so popular as Lord Charlemont, it is impossible to say; but that a collision was on the point of taking place between these armed deliberators and the legislative council of the nation must be evident to every reader of the history of that crisis. It is, indeed, now well known, that there was, at that moment, in full equipment, at Belfast, a train of artillery, with a considerable supply of ammunition, and a large corps of volunteers, ready to march to the aid of the Convention, if necessary.

Formidable, however, as this body appeared in numbers and spirit, it was yet but a very small portion of the Irish nation, and had even precluded itself

from the sympathies it might have commanded from the great bulk of the people by rejecting, more than once, a proposition laid before it for the extension of the elective franchise to Catholics. Against such an assembly, therefore, so little backed by the collective sense of the nation, it is not wonderful that the governing party should feel itself sufficiently strong to assume, at once, a high tone of determination and resistance. A motion for Reform, upon a plan previously agreed on in the Convention, having been brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Flood,—himself dressed in the volunteer uniform, and surrounded by other members, some of them Delegates, in the same military array,—after a long and stormy debate, maintained, on both sides, with a spirit of defiance which an eye-witness of the scene describes as ‘almost terrific,’ the rejection of the measure was carried by a majority of 159 to 77, and a lesson of national union thus inculcated upon Irishmen, of which, through the eventful years that followed, they were not slow in profiting.

Already, indeed, had there appeared symptoms of friendly approximation among those sects into which the people of Ireland are even more politically than religiously divided, and from whose disunion all the misery of their common country springs. Among the Protestant voices of the senate, some already had

pleaded eloquently for the Catholic. A bishop of the Established Church,¹—one hardly, however, to be cited as a churchman,—had said, in addressing the volunteers on this now novel subject, ‘Tyranny is not government, and allegiance is due only to protection.’ The Presbyterians, too, of the north—the last, it might be supposed, this new light could reach—were, on the contrary, the first and promptest to sacrifice all sectarian prejudices on the wide national altar of union and freedom. The volunteers of Belfast had given instructions to their delegates in the Convention to support, as one of the essential ingredients of Reform, the free admission of Catholics to all the rights of freemen; and, among the circumstances indicative of the growing temper of the times, it could not fail to be observed, that the able Catholic divine, O’Leary, on entering the doors of the military Congress, was received with a full salute of rested arms by the volunteers.

Hitherto, however, this new feeling of liberality had been confined, comparatively, but to a few, and even in them, notwithstanding the increased heat of the political temperature of the times, was, as yet, but imperfectly ripened. If civil and religious liberty are, as they have been sometimes described, twins, it is lamentable to observe how much more tardy and

¹ The Bishop of Derry.

stunted is, in most cases, the growth of the latter than of the former. It was not till convinced of their own weakness by the failure of this great effort for Reform, that the attention of the Whigs and other more daring speculators in politics was turned seriously and sincerely to those disqualifying statutes which had robbed their cause of the great momentum of the general mind, and left them a powerless colony in the midst of a disfranchised nation. From this moment Catholic Freedom went hand in hand, in all their projects, with Reform; and the same Dissenters who had formed the flower of the civic army in 1782, were now the foremost to seek, in a cordial reconciliation of all sects, a more extended and national basis for their patriotism.

This growing coalition between the Catholics and the Dissenters, to which the one party brought intelligence and republican spirit, and the other deep-rooted discontent and numerical force, had for its chief cement a feeling, common to both, of impatience under the exactions of the Established Church; and a demonstration, among many others, of their joint aims against this vulnerable point, occurred in the year 1787, when the celebrated Father O'Leary, already mentioned, found himself seconded by Dr. Campbell, and other presbyterian ministers, in his well-known and amusing controversy with the Bishop of Cloyne.

Still, however, their mutual tie was but slight and distant; nor was it till the astounding burst of the French Revolution had scattered hopes and fears of change through all nations that their alliance began to assume any very decisive or formidable consistency. In the meantime, the Government, with that infatuation which attends all Governments so situated, had, in proportion as the people took bolder views of the responsibility of the trust committed to their rulers, gone on abusing that trust by such a system of corruption as, for its waste and shamelessness, defies all parallel. As far as openness, indeed, may be thought to take away from the danger or ignominy of such traffic, neither in the buyer or the bought was there any want of this quality in the Irish market; and the well-known threat, or rather lure, held out by Lord Clare¹ to a refractory opposition, is worth volumes in portraying the spirit both of his own times and those that preceded them. ‘Half a million,’ he said, ‘or more, had been expended, some years before, to break an Opposition; and the same, or a greater sum, might be necessary now.’

It was in speaking of that period,—the portion of it, at least, between 1784 and 1790,—that Mr. Grattan made use of the following strong language:—

You have no adequate responsibility in Ireland, and

¹ When Attorney-General.

politicians laugh at the sword of justice, which falls short of their heads, and only precipitates on their reputation . . . and yet in this country we have had victims ; the aristocracy has, at different times, been a victim ; the whole people of Ireland, for almost an entire century, were a victim ; but ministers, in all their criminal succession,—here is a chasm, a blank in your history. Sir, you have in Ireland no axe,—therefore, no good minister.

The part taken by the Irish Parliament on the question of the Regency, in 1789, had consequences, both immediate and remote, of the most signal importance to Ireland. One of the first effects of the new division of parties which then took place was to throw an immense accession of strength into the ranks of the Opposition ; and this reinforcement of the popular cause accruing just at the moment when the example of the French Revolution was beginning to agitate all minds, formed such a concurrence of exciting causes, at the beginning of the year 1790, as diffused the ruffle of an approaching storm over the whole face of society. Words, spoken in high places, fall with even more than their due weight on the public ear ; and the language of the Parliamentary orators at this period lost none of its impression from the millions of echoes that, out of doors, repeated it.

Do you imagine (said Mr. Grattan), that the laws of this country can retain due authority under a system such as

yours ;—a system which not only poisons the source of the law, but pollutes the seats of judgment? . . . The present administration is an enemy to the law : first, because it has broken the law ; secondly, because it has attempted to poison the true sources both of legislation and justice ; and, however the friends of that administration may talk plausibly on the subject of public tranquillity, they are, in fact, *the ringleaders of sedition placed in authority*. Rank majorities may give a nation law, but rank majorities cannot give law authority.

In the course of the same session (1790) Mr. O'Neil, while animadverting upon the corrupt influence of Government, thus predicted but too truly the catastrophe to which they were hurrying :—

I do say, and I say it prophetically, that the people will resist. The members of this House bear but a small proportion to the people at large. There are gentlemen outside these doors, of as good education and of as much judgment of the relative duties of representation as any man within doors ;—and matters are evidently ripening and will come to a crisis.

The immense efficacy of clubs and societies, as instruments of political agitation, had been evinced by the use which the workers of the French Revolution had made of them : and it is a striking proof of the little foresight with which the steps of even the most cautious are sometimes taken, that to no less moderate a Whig than Lord Charlemont did Ireland owe, at this crisis, the

first example of that sort of combination for political purposes which became afterwards such a lever in the hands of her millions. At the latter end of 1789 this excellent nobleman had, with the aid of Mr. Grattan, founded a Whig Club in Dublin, and, shortly after, a similar society was, through his lordship's means, instituted at Belfast. To cultivate the old Revolution principles, as distinguished from the democratic theories of the day, was the professed object of these clubs ; but it was soon seen that the new revolutionary school had, in the minds of most of the northern zealots of freedom, superseded the venerable doctrines of 1688. The example set by Lord Charlemont was, in all but its moderation, imitated ; other clubs, keeping pace more boldly with the advancing spirit of the times, succeeded ; and, at length, in the ensuing year, 1791, was formed that deep and comprehensive 'Plot of Patriots' (as they themselves described it), the Society of United Irishmen ;—professing, as the aim and principle of their Union, 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' and calling upon all sects and denominations of Irishmen to join them in the one great, common cause of political, religious, and national enfranchisement.

Among the new features which distinguished this club from its predecessors, the prominence now for the

first time given to the wrongs of the Catholics, as one of those evils of which the whole nation should call loudly for the redress, was by far the most important. Too long had the old Whig feeling of hatred to Popery succeeded in blinding many of the Protestant advocates of freedom to the true interests of that cause which they but as colonists, not as Irishmen, pleaded. Agreeing to 'call it freedom if themselves were free,' they took no account of the great mass of the living materials out of which alone the pile of national liberty can be constructed. The Volunteer Convention of 1783, in all their pride of patriotism, were yet unwilling, as we have seen, to connect the question of Catholic freedom with Reform; and, most absurdly, while demanding a wide extension of the right of suffrage, were for leaving the numbers of those who could exercise it as limited as ever. The Whig Club too, though, as individuals, some of their body were warm advocates of the Catholics, yet, as a society, so far threw damp upon the question as to exclude it from among their subjects of discussion.

By this impolitic backwardness in their cause, the great bulk of the people were, by degrees, alienated from all confidence in the legitimate guardians of their rights,—were left to listen to the call of other and bolder leaders, and to look to that ominous light now kindled

in the north as their sole and sure beacon of invitation and hope. To those whose object it was to rally all the nation's energies round a flag of a far deeper green than the pale standard of Whiggism, this distrust of their parliamentary friends by the people was by no means unwelcome ; nor, as far as courtesy to the individuals in question would permit, did they fail to encourage it. 'Trust,' said they, in one of their Addresses,¹ 'as little to your friends as to your enemies, in a matter where you can act only by yourselves. The will of the nation must be declared before any Reform can take place.'²

Anticipating too (as they well might, under any Government less infatuated) the probability of their being, before long, deprived of their hold upon the Catholics by a seasonable and liberal concession of their claims, they took care not to fall into the error which has been, in our own times, committed, of representing this concession, however important, as the '*one* thing

¹ Address of the Society of United Irishmen of Dublin to the Irish Nation.

² In this sentence they seem to refer to Paine's notions on the subject of Reform :—'A government on the principles upon which constitutional governments, arising out of society, are established, cannot have the right of altering itself. . . . The Bill which Mr. Pitt brought into Parliament some years ago, to *reform* Parliament, was on this erroneous principle. The right of Reform is in the nation in its original character, and the constitutional method would be by a General Convention elected for the purpose.'

needful,' but thus, in another of their Addresses, guarded themselves against any such misconception or limitation of their views:—'In the sincerity of our souls do we desire Catholic Emancipation ; but, were it obtained to-morrow, to-morrow should we go on as we do to-day, in the pursuit of that Reform which would still be wanting to ratify their liberties as well as our own.'

With all this, however, it was still but by very slow degrees that the better order of Catholics lent themselves to the exciting call of their fellow-countrymen. Not, assuredly, from any tendency that there is in their faith, more than in most others, to weaken or counteract the spirit of liberty,—an assumption which the events of our own time must have sufficiently set to rest,—but from the timidity and want of self-confidence engendered by a long course of slavery, and the hope still kept alive in their hearts of some boon from the free grace of Government, they were, at first, naturally, fearful of putting to hazard whatever advantages their present position might possess for the precarious and stormy chances of an alliance which seemed to offer no medium between success and ruin.

To this cautious line of policy the influence of some of their peers and chief gentry, who had hitherto taken the leading part in their deliberations, had been success-

ful in restraining them ; but the same impatience under aristocratic rule which was now pervading all Europe could not but find its way at length into the councils of the Catholics. So late as the year 1791, these hereditary conductors of their cause had taken upon themselves, in the name of the whole body, to present an Address to the Lord-Lieutenant, condemnatory of the spirit and tendency of the popular associations of the day, and leaving, with implicit loyalty, to the discretion of government the measure of justice it might think proper to accord to their claims.

This offensive mixture, in their aristocratic leaders, of dictation to the people and servility to the Court was at once felt to have incapacitated them from being any longer the organs of a body rising into the proud attitude of assertors of their own rights. The proceedings of this small knot of lords and gentlemen were accordingly protested against by those whom they pretended to represent ; and a separation having in consequence taken place between them and the great mass of the Catholics, the conduct of the cause devolved from thenceforth into the hands of commercial men of intelligence and spirit, whose position in society gave them an insight into the growing demands of the country, and placed their minds, as it were, in contact with those popular influences and sympathies from which the proud

seclusion in which they lived had insulated the former managers of their cause.

From this moment the political views of the Catholic Committee and the United Irish Societies began manifestly to converge towards the same formidable object—a general and nationalised league against English power. Even the feud which had for some time raged in the North between the lower classes of Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, and which has bequeathed, in the transmitted spirit of its Peep-o'-Day Boys, the curse of Orangeism to Ireland, could not prevent a great majority of the better order of both sects from drawing cordially towards a union, by which alone, they saw, their common objects could be effected. The appointment, indeed, of Theobald Wolfe Tone, the founder of the first Society of United Irishmen, to be Secretary of the Catholic Committee, gave sufficiently intelligible warning that the time was at hand when the same spirit would be found to actuate both these bodies.

To the confluence of troubled waters which I have been here describing, the example and progress of the French Revolution were giving, every day, a more revolutionary colour and course. In the year 1790-91, the Irish Volunteers had transmitted an Address to the National Assembly of France, and received from them

a long and fraternising answer in return. On the 14th of July, 1792, the town of Belfast, now foremost in the race of democracy, had celebrated by a grand Procession and Festival the anniversary of the French Revolution; and among the devices and inscriptions displayed on the occasion, one or two will sufficiently give a notion of the republican spirit that pervaded the whole ceremony. On a group of emblematic figures was inscribed, 'Our Gallic brethren were born July 14, 1789:—alas! we are still in embryo.' On the reverse, 'Superstitious jealousy, the cause of the Irish Bastille: let us unite and destroy it.' To this meeting, the Catholic Committee of Dublin sent down a deputation, and a dinner given to those deputies, a day or two after the Festival, is thus described by Tone: 'Chequered, at the head of the table, sat Dissenter and Catholic. The four flags, America, France, Poland, Ireland, but *no England*.'

It is not wonderful that, by such manifestations of public feeling, even the Government of that day, hardened as it was to all better appeals, should, at length, find itself alarmed into some show of justice. The justice, however, that is wrung from fear, but adds contempt to the former sense of wrong; and the whole history of the concessions doled out to the Catholics, in this and the ensuing year, but exhibits, in its fullest

perfection, that perverse art, in which Irish rulers have shown themselves such adepts, of throwing a blight over favours by the motive and manner of conferring them,—an art, which unhappily has had the effect of rendering barren, thankless, and unblest, some of the fairest boons bestowed by England upon Ireland. At the beginning of this year (1792), a Bill, brought forward avowedly under the sanction of Government, gave to the Irish Catholics the right of admission to the bar, and repealed one or two of the most odious of the penal statutes. But, almost at the same time, a respectful petition from that body, praying for ‘the restoration to them of some share in the elective franchise,’ was, with a degree of bitterness and indignity which seemed as it were a relief after their late effort of liberality, spurned away from the table of the House of Commons;—thus, not only poisoning the scanty measure of relief just afforded, but teaching the Catholic how to estimate the sudden access of generosity by which the very same Parliament was actuated towards him in the following year, when, in a moment of panic, they of themselves hurried forward to invest him with even more extensive rights than those which the petition, now so insultingly thrown out, solicited.

In the course of the session of 1792, two fearful

predictions were uttered, of one of which the accomplishment followed but too speedily. In exposing the gross corruption of the Government, Mr. Ponsonby said strongly, that 'an hour would come when the country would endure any extremity rather than submit to the system of influence that had been established'; and Mr. Grattan, in the debate on the Catholic Bill, alluding to the prospect of a Union, which was then, for the second or third time in the course of a century, threatened, pronounced it a measure that 'would be fatal to England, beginning with a false compromise which they might call a Union, to end in eternal separation, through the process of two civil wars.'

The immediate effect of the haughty repulse which the Catholics suffered this session was to impress upon themselves and their Protestant advisers the necessity of acting with redoubled vigour in future, and of devising some plan by which the collective sense of the whole Catholic population might be brought to bear, peacefully and legally, but, at the same time, with all the weight implied in such formidable unanimity, upon the Government. This they were enabled to effect towards the close of 1792, by a system of delegation, embracing all the counties and many of the great towns and districts of Ireland. Writs were issued to the electoral bodies, who had been, in each place, chosen

to name the delegates, and in the month of December, a Convention, representing the entire Catholic population, commenced its sittings, with all the forms of a Legislative Assembly, in Dublin.

Authoritative and commanding, in itself, as speaking the voice of at least three-fourths of the nation, this body was also backed by a considerable proportion of the Protestant talent and spirit of the country, in and out of Parliament, as well as by the daily increasing confederacy of the Presbyterian republicans of the North. While the late Catholic Bill had been before the House, a petition was sent up, signed by numbers of the most respectable persons in Belfast, praying that the Legislature would repeal all penal laws against the Catholics, and place them on the same footing with their Protestant fellow-subjects.

Among other symptoms of the rapid progress now making towards that national union, from which alone English supremacy has any danger to fear, it is mentioned that the Volunteers of Dublin, on the recent celebration of the 4th of November, had refused to parade, as usual, round the statue of King William, and that, while all of them had discarded their orange ribbons, some had even appeared, on that day, in cockades of the national green. But the event, among these minor indications of public feeling, in which the

Government must have seen most formidably shadowed out the forthcoming results of their own obstinate misrule was the enthusiastic reception given, at Belfast,¹ to the five Catholic Delegates, whom the General Committee had deputed to lay their Petition before the King. 'On their departure,' say the accounts of the day, 'the assembled populace took the horses from their carriage, and drew them quite through the town over the long bridge on the road to Donaghadee, amidst the loudest huzzas and cries of "Success attend you," "Union," "Equal laws," and "Down with the Ascendancy."'²

¹ December 1792.

² [In the latter part of this historical statement by Moore, the name of Theobald Wolfe Tone does not appear to be sufficiently indicated as the great leader and organiser of the whole movement.—ED.]

CHAPTER XVI

Lord Edward Fitzgerald in the Irish Parliament—The Volunteers—Lord Edward before the bar of the House—Sudden change of Government policy after the Republican victory of Jemmapes—Again reversed when France suffered defeat—Coercion Acts—Lord Edward one of Grattan's small minority in opposing them.

SUCH,—as briefly brought before the eyes of my readers in the preceding chapter as the subject would allow,—was the state of ominous excitement to which a long train of causes, foreign and domestic, all tending towards the same inevitable crisis, had concurred in winding up the public mind in Ireland, at the time when Lord Edward arrived to fix his residence in that country. He found the Parliament already assembled, and had not more than a day or two taken his seat, when, in the course of a debate on an Address to the Lord Lieutenant, he, by one of those short bursts of feeling which have a far better chance of living in history than the most elaborate harangue, showed how unrestrainedly all his sympathies had, even at this time,

committed themselves with the great national struggle in which his countrymen were engaged.

In order to understand clearly the occasion on which this manifestation of his feelings was called forth, a brief reference to some anterior circumstances, marked strongly with the character of the times, may not be superfluous.

Among the many plans devised by the United Irishmen for banding and organising the people, a revival, or rather extension, of the old volunteer system had been resorted to with success by the patriots of the North, and was now about to be tried, on even a more daring scale, in Dublin. An armed association, calling themselves the 'First National Battalion,' and bearing, for their device, an Irish harp, without a crown, surmounted by a cap of Liberty, had, in the month of December 1792, sent forth summonses for the meeting of their corps: but a proclamation, issued by Government on the day preceding their meeting, put a stop to the design.

Notwithstanding this, however, an assembly of Delegates from the Old Volunteer corps of Dublin announced their intention, shortly after, of holding a meeting to celebrate the late retreat of the Duke of Brunswick, and the French victory in Brabant. To confound these old established corps of Volunteers with

the new military associations emanating from the system of the United Irishmen was the obvious policy of a Government interested in suppressing all such combinations. In order to render, however, the proclamation issued against the National Guard available for the dispersion of more innocent assemblages, it was thought necessary, as a matter of form, to apply for the sanction of Parliament; and a motion was accordingly made, on the 31st of January, for an Address to the Lord Lieutenant, approving of the proclamation, and pledging the House to support cordially such measures as might be necessary to bring it into full effect.

It was on this occasion that Lord Edward Fitzgerald gave vent to his feelings in those few bold words, to which I have already adverted, and which have been recorded with such fidelity by all historians of the Irish Parliament. At the very end of the discussion, after several of the chief members of opposition, and, among others, Mr. Grattan himself, had declared their approval of the proclamation, and condemned strongly the republican language of some of the summonses and resolutions of the volunteers, Lord Edward, as if unable any longer to contain himself, started up, and with great energy of manner, said—‘Sir, I give my most hearty disapprobation to this Address, for I do think that the

Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this House are the worst subjects the King has.'

Loud cries of 'To the Bar' and 'Take down his words' resounded instantly from all sides. The House was cleared in a moment, and nearly three hours elapsed before strangers were re-admitted. During this interval attempts were in vain made to induce the refractory member to apologise. All that either persuasion or the threatened rigour of the House could draw from him was a few equivocal words, in which, with some humour (if the report I have heard of them be true), he re-asserted his former obnoxious opinion, saying, 'I am accused of having declared that I think the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this House the worst subjects the King has:—I said so, 'tis true, and I'm sorry for it.' If such really were the terms of his lordship's explanation, it can but little surprise us that the House should have come to an unanimous resolution 'that the excuse offered by the Right Hon. Edward Fitzgerald, commonly called Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for the said words so spoken, is unsatisfactory and insufficient.'

This resolution was followed by an order, passed also unanimously, 'that Lord Edward Fitzgerald do attend at the bar of this House to-morrow.' On the following day he appeared accordingly in custody, at the bar, and,

being again called upon by the Speaker, offered a few words of explanation, of which no report has been preserved, but which could hardly have been of a very penitential nature, as on the question being put whether the House should receive the excuse, there appeared a minority of no less than 55 against accepting it.

In about a week after this occurrence, we find him again standing forth, almost singly, against Government, and raising his voice in reprobation of that system of coercion which the new aspect of affairs abroad was now emboldening them to adopt.

At the first opening of the session, indeed, a more liberal spirit had seemed to pervade their councils. The prospect of an immediate war with France, still more formidable from the prevalence of her principles than of her arms,—the alliance rapidly cementing between the Dissenters and Catholics, both victims of the Church Establishment, and the latter, outcasts of the State,—the commanding attitude assumed by the delegates of so many millions, in Convention,—all these considerations had, at the commencement of this session of 1793, produced suddenly, on the part of the Government, a disposition towards conciliation and justice, which, while it took all their parliamentary adherents completely by surprise, was yet seconded by these ever ready instruments with a degree of docility

that brought discredit alike on authority and its supporters, and rendered them hardly more respectable in the right than in the wrong.

What had occurred, too, during the summer, rendered this sudden conversion of the ruling party still more startling. The haughty rejection of the Catholic prayer in the preceding session had been regarded by all the enemies of religious freedom as a signal for the indulgence at once of their loyal and intolerant zeal. In the course of the summer months, the most violent declarations had been issued by most of the Grand Juries and Corporations, denouncing fiercely, not only the religious, but the moral and political tenets of the Catholics, and proffering prodigally the aid of their own lives and fortunes in excluding them from all further power. At more than one of these inflammatory meetings persons high in official trust assisted ; and the greater number of them, it was supposed, had received sanction and impulse from the ruling powers.

Almost in the very face of this movement, with that blind recklessness of character by which such a Government forfeits the confidence of its friends, without in the least degree conciliating the good-will of its opponents, the present session opened with a recommendation to Parliament to take into its 'wise and liberal' consideration the condition of his Majesty's

Catholic subjects. The measure of grace was, in this instance, represented as originating in the bounty of the Crown; and a deputation from that lately execrated body, the Catholic Convention, was now seen, day after day, amicably closeted with the minister, negotiating for their admission to power on a far wider basis than that from which, but a few months before, the same minister had so contemptuously dislodged them.

While thus, on one of the two great questions that agitated the country, some symptoms of a more just and liberal policy were manifested, on the other no less vital subject, Parliamentary Reform, an admission had been, for the first time, made, on the part of the ruling powers, of the principle and practicability of such a measure, by their consenting to the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the state of the representation.¹

This prospect of a change of policy, and in the unexpected direction of tolerance and reform, was hailed by all friends of their country with a degree of satisfaction and hope which unfortunately was allowed

¹ 'Whence does all this benignity flow?' said Lord Charlemont, in a letter to Mr. Hardy;—'I doubt much whether Monsieur Dumouriez ever heard of a Parliamentary Reform, and yet I am almost tempted to suspect him of having some share in what is now going forward.' [An allusion to that French General's then recent victory at Jemmapes, at which Louis Philippe, who attended a little later the marriage at Tournay (Tournay was close by), was present.—ED.]

but a short period of indulgence. The star of French freedom had, about this time, begun to darken, and, as it was thought, decline in its course. The execution of the king, the daily increasing excesses of the Jacobins, and the state of moral as well as political disorganisation into which all France seemed sinking, had begun to bring odium upon the theories of the youthful Republic, while her present reverses in Flanders were dissolving fast the spell of her arms; and the effect of both these causes combined, at the period of which we are speaking, was to produce a reaction in favour of ancient institutions throughout Europe, of which Legitimate Power, tottering as he had been from his base, in all quarters, was now hastening to take advantage, for the recovery of his balance.

In Ireland, where but little encouragement was ever wanting to induce its rulers to persevere in, or return to, old abuses, the effects of this brightening up of the cause of Thrones were instantly perceptible. Though it was now too late to retract the promised boon to the Catholics, the favour could be, at least, they knew, 'shorn of its beams'; and, instead of considering any longer how much might be accorded with graciousness, the minister now only calculated how much could be withheld with safety. The glimpse of Reform, too, that had been so reluctantly held forth was withdrawn, and

a course of coercive and inquisitorial measures forthwith entered upon, which, like all such legislation, gendered of injustice and fear, but provoked those very evils of which they professed to be the cure.

To the severe acts passed this session, the forerunners, as it was found, of others still severer, the opposition party in Parliament afforded, it must be owned, too ready a sanction;—partly, at first, from complaisance to a Government which they thought inclined to do right, and partly, afterwards, from fear of a people whom they saw goaded into doing wrong. Even Mr. Grattan himself but faintly, if at all, opposed a measure,¹ which, a few years after, in a Petition from the Whig Club, attributed to his pen, he thus strongly characterised: ‘They then proceeded,’ he says, speaking of the Government of this period, ‘to a system of coercion to support their corruption, and to dragoon the people, as they had bought the Parliament. They began that system by an Act which tended, in a qualified manner, to disarm his Majesty’s subjects, under certain regulations, named a Gunpowder Bill, and which had principally in view to put down the Irish Volunteers; and, to check the discontent which grew from this measure, further measures of violence, and new causes of discontent, were resorted to.’

¹ The Gunpowder Bill.

It was on the discussion of the Act here specified, the Gunpowder Bill, that Lord Edward, as I have already intimated, stood forth, almost alone, against the Government, condemning, particularly, the clause imposing penalties on the removal of arms from one place to another, and pronouncing the whole bill to be, from beginning to end, a penal law.

The Convention Bill, another of the coercive Acts of this session, the sole effect of which was, by producing still deeper discontent, to render measures of still more searching severity necessary, was, it is true, combated, with his usual vigour, by Mr. Grattan in every stage.¹ But he found but feeble support from the remainder of his party. Only three lords—the Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Charlemont, and the Earl of Arran—voted against the bill in the House of Peers, while Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Grattan formed part of a minority of but 27 to 128, that recorded their reprobation of it in the House of Commons.

¹ 'This bill, sir,' said that great man, 'I pronounce to be the boldest step that was ever yet made towards introducing a military government.'

CHAPTER XVII

Home life in Ireland—Lord Edward's letters to his mother, 1793-94.

I SHALL now give some letters written by his lordship in the course of this and the succeeding year.

April, 1793.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I have been very idle, and so has my dear little wife ; but I hope you will forgive us—she is afraid you are angry with her. The truth is, the sitting up so late has made us late in the morning, and we get on so agreeably, and chatter so much in the morning, that the day is over before we know where we are. Dublin has been very gay—a great number of balls, of which the lady misses none. Dancing is a great passion with her : I wish you could see her dance, you would delight in it, she dances so with all her heart and soul. Everybody seems to like her, and behave civilly and kindly to her. There was a kind of something about visiting with Lady Leitrim, but it is all over now. We dined there on Sunday, and she was quite pleasant, and Pamela likes her very much.

We have not been able yet to go to Castletown to stay, but intend going there next week. I had one very pleasant

day with dear Aunt Louisa, and had a long talk about you, which was not the least pleasant part of it. We have been four or five times to Frescati ; but the weather has been too cold to enjoy it well : you know what a difference that makes in everything with me. Pray tell Ogilvie I have deferred speaking to Byrne till the spring was a little more advanced, to show it in beauty to him. If the weather comes mild I shall go and stay there, for I long for a little country and a little fine weather.

There is nothing going on in the House, and I believe *our Reform* will not take us long, so that I suppose Dublin will soon be empty. I find by your letter that people are as violent about politics in London as they are here, which is pretty well. My differing so very much in opinion with the people that one is unavoidably obliged to live with here does not add much, you may guess, to the agreeableness of Dublin society. But I have followed my dear mother's advice, and do not talk much on the subject, and when I do, am very cool. It certainly is the best way ; but all my prudence does not hinder all sorts of stories being made about both my wife and me, some of which, I am afraid, have frightened you, dearest mother. It is rather hard that when, with a wish to avoid disputing, one sees and talks only to a few people, of one's own way of thinking, we are at once all set down as a nest of traitors. From what you know of me, you may guess all this has not much changed my opinions ; but I keep very quiet, do not go out much, except to see my wife dance, and, in short, keep my breath to cool my porridge.—Your affectionate son,

E. F.

FRESCATI, *April 27, 1793.*

Ogilvie will have glorious weather for his journey ; I

shall be delighted to see him ; he does quite right to come : I believe Lord W——¹ only waits to see him to settle about Frescati. Mrs. S——, whom I saw yesterday, told me he was now determined on taking it. He has been shillishally about it lately, but is now fixed ; this makes me at last look about me. I have heard of a place in the county of Wicklow which I think will do for me : a Mr. Magennis had it, and the description he gives of it is delightful : in a beautiful country between Wicklow and Arklow, a small house with forty acres of land, some trees upon it near the seaside, evergreens the most beautiful growing among the rocks, the rent £90 a year. We are going to see that and some other places that are to be set to-morrow. We go to Newbridge, twenty-six miles from this, and mean to stay three days there to look about us.

I have heard a beautiful description of that part of the county of Wicklow, and everything sets cheaper than about the parts we know. I think I shall like anything in the county of Wicklow better than Leinster Lodge or Kildare, the country is so much more beautiful ; and when one is to settle, why not choose a pretty spot and pretty country ? I think it is worth while paying a little more rent, and, if necessary, curtailing in other things, as in servants or houses. I own also I like *not* to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald, 'the county of Kildare member,' etc. etc.—to be bored with 'this one is your brother's friend'—'that man voted against him,' etc. In short, by what I hear of this place, I shall be very quiet—not a gentleman nearer me than six miles, except a young Mr. Tighe, whom I like.

I am a little ashamed when I reason and say to myself,

¹ [The nobleman here referred to is Lord Westmoreland, one of the worst Viceroy's Ireland ever had.—ED.]

'Leinster Lodge would be the most profitable. Ninety persons of one hundred would choose it, and be delighted to get it.' It is, to be sure, in a good country; plentiful, affords every thing a person wants, but it has not mountains and rocks, and *I do* like mountains and rocks, and pretty views, and pretty hedges, and pretty cabins—ay, and a pleasanter people. In short, I shall certainly, I think, fix on the Wicklow place—that is, if I like it. If not, I shall take some place that is to be let for the summer, or by the month, to go to from here.

Poor Frescati! I shall be sorry to leave it. I look at all the trees and places with regret. I hope, however, to see everything blossom before I go; for two or three days more will bring all the lilacs completely. My dear little wife is very well—goes on delightfully. I never saw her look so well: she grows both broad and long. Indeed, she has quite taken a fit of growing.

FRESCATI, *May 6, 1793.*

DEAREST MOTHER,—Wife and I are come to settle here. We came last night, got up to a delightful spring day, and are now enjoying the little book-room, with the windows open, hearing the birds sing, and the place looking beautiful. The plants in the passage are just watered; and, with the passage door open, the room smells like a green-house. Pamela has dressed four beautiful flower-pots, and is now working at her frame, while I write to my dearest mother; and upon the two little stands there are six pots of fine auriculas, and I am sitting in the bay window, with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the singing birds, the pretty wife, and Frescati gives me—with your last dear letter to my

wife before me—so you may judge how I love you at this moment. Yes, dearest mother, I am delighted at the Malvern party, and am determined to meet you there, or wherever you are. I dote on being with you anywhere, but particularly in the country, as I think we always enjoy one another's company there more than in town. I long for a little walk with you, leaning on me—or to have a long talk with you, sitting out in some pretty spot, of a fine day, with your long cane in your hand, working at some little weed at your feet, and looking down, talking all the time. I won't go on in this way, for I should want to set out directly, and that cannot be, so I shall give you some account of what we have been doing. We were here a fortnight with the Henries, and were very pleasant : we——

May 8.

MY DEAREST, — I was stopped in my letter by my dear wife being taken very ill : she is now much better, and is going on as well as possible. She has not kept her bed, by the doctor's advice, but lies on a couch in the book-room. I was frightened a good deal the first day at her great weakness, but she is much stronger to-day, and I feel quite comfortable about her. Emily says she will write to you, and tell you everything about her better than me. We have luckily had two of the finest days that ever were, so we have all the windows open. Not to be far from her, I am amusing myself dressing the little beds about the house, and have had the little green full mowed and rolled ; the little mound of earth that is round the bays and myrtle before the house, I have planted with turfs of gentianellas and primroses, and lily of the valley, and they look beautiful, peeping out of the dark evergreen : close to

the root of the great elm I have put a patch of lily of the valley. I have got the beds well dressed, and the whole thing looks beautiful, and I mean to keep it as neat as possible while here: in short, dearest mother, at this moment I only want you here, and little wife well; for, in the midst of the feelings of the fine weather, I want her to enjoy them with me.

Pray, when shall you be at Malvern? I shall wish to give her a month or three weeks' sea-bathing;—so I expect to be ready to meet you in the beginning or middle of June. Emily, who is here, says the Henries set out on Sunday: we shall miss them terribly. Lady H—— has been kinder than I can say about my wife,—everything I could wish,—and that is saying a great deal.

Give my love to all the dear girls and Ogilvie; tell them I long to see them. I hope dear Ciss is quite well, and takes good long rides. I know she dotes on a fine spring ride. I was in hopes Pamela would have been able to ride with her, when we met; but I am afraid we must give that up. Tell her we got the bracelets, and thank her very much. Pamela is as bad about writing as me,—but I will make one excuse,—she has, of late, had no time, for I kept her out all day, and took up her time to dissipate her, and prevent her thinking on, and vexing herself about, all these French affairs, which have distressed her very much. Good-bye, dearest mother, I have said all my say,—so bless you a thousand times. The dear little, pale, pretty wife sends her love to you.—Your

EDWARD.

FRESCATI, *June 11, 1793.*

DEAREST MOTHER,—We returned here yesterday from Castletown, where we had been a week. We had pro-

mised to go there a long time, but could not prevail on ourselves to leave this sweet place, where we are so comfortable. However, we at last took a good resolution, and when once there, passed a very pleasant week ; but were delighted to return here yesterday evening, and enjoy this place, which is now in perfection. All the shrubs are out, lilac, laburnum, syringa, spring roses, and lily of the valley in quantities, four pots full now in the book-room,—in short, the whole thing is heavenly. I believe there never was a person who understood planting and making a place as you do. The more one sees Carton and this place, the more one admires them ; the mixture of plants and the succession of them are so well arranged. We went to the cottage from Castletown ; it is in high beauty, in spite of neglect and contrivance to spoil it. The Leinsters are all in the country settled, and intend to enjoy it, they say. We shall pay them a visit after my wife has had a fortnight's bathing.

Our Parliament did business yesterday. What is to be done was partly told us,—a new arrangement of the revenues, a Pension Bill, and a Place Bill,—but the sums not mentioned. I am afraid we shall have only *form*, not *substance* ; no saving of expense, no abolition of places, and a great increase of taxes. Ogilvie will explain it all to you if you wish to know it. What is to be done, though, will, I believe, take a good deal of time. I do not think we shall be up these six weeks, which I am vexed at, as it will delay us seeing you, dear, dear mother :—but we shall enjoy Frescati. I wish Ogilvie was here now, and in Parliament ; he would be of use. I think we shall be bamboozled or deceived in this arrangement. I do not think our people understand well what they are about.

Tell Ogilvie how much I thank him for subscribing for me to Charles Fox's business ; I will pay him the half of it this June.

DUBLIN, *Saturday, 27th December 1793.*

We arrived here last night,¹ after a good passage of thirty-nine hours, all well, and not much tired. We intend to go to Carton to-morrow, stay a day there, and go from thence to Castletown. Our journey was pleasant enough, the weather favourable. We eat your pie on board ship,—it was excellent. I am not yet accustomed to be away from you, and think of dear Malvern with great regret,—so cheerful and so pleasant. After I got into the carriage, I recollected I had not bid Ogilvie good-bye. I hope he saw that it was from my hurry to get the parting over, and not from being careless about leaving him ; for really, I was very sorry, and must have been ungrateful if I had not, for he was as pleasant and kind as possible to me and my wife the whole time ; but I was vexed with myself that my hurry should have given me an appearance of neglect, where my heart spoke directly contrary. God bless you, dear, dear mother, and believe me, your affectionate, etc.

DUBLIN, *Jan. 23, 1794.*

I beg pardon for putting off answering your two dear letters so long, but the hurry of Castletown (what with balls, and hunting, and sitting after dinner), took up all one's time. We left Castletown last Monday, to make our Carton visit, where we stay till next week, and then go to

¹ His lordship and Lady Edward had been passing some time with the Duchess of Leinster at Malvern,

Frescati, the quiet of which I long for. I regret our dear quiet Malvern, and no party will ever be so pleasant to me. My dear little wife has, upon the whole, been cheerful and amused, which, of course, pleases me. I never have received an answer from her mother, so that Pamela is still ignorant of what has happened.

Politics do not go on well, I think. The leaders of opposition are all afraid of the people, and distrusted by them of course. Leinster really is the only man who seems fair and honest, and not frightened; but as he sees himself not supported by the rest of the party, and does not approve of their ways of thinking, he means to keep quiet, and entirely out of the business. Conolly is the same as usual,—both ways; but determined not to support Government. His militia has frightened him: he swears they are all republicans, as well as every man in the North. He concludes all his speeches by cursing presbyterians: he means well and honestly, dear fellow, but his line of proceeding is wrong. Grattan I can make nothing of. His speech last night on the Address was very bad, and the worst doctrine ever laid down,¹ viz. that this country is bound, right or wrong, without inquiry, to support England in any war she may undertake. There was no division on the Address, but I believe there will be something done to-night. If there is not, I shall not go to Parliament again during the session. It is in vain to look to that quarter for anything; and if the people don't help themselves, why, they must suffer. There is not a person that doesn't abuse this war, yet no man will take measures to

¹ In his war politics Mr. Grattan was at least consistent, the last great speech he ever made having been in favour of the war with France in 1815.

stop it. It will stop itself at last, but I am afraid with very bad consequences.

I won't bore you any more about our politics : you may see I am not in great good-humour about them. If we do anything to-night to support Charles Fox and his friends against the war, I shall be in better humour. I own altogether I am greatly provoked at them all, when I see every man acting in the very manner calculated to bring on those ills they say they are so afraid of;—but no more on this subject.

I don't know whether Aunt Louisa wrote you word that Conolly wants to give me his lodge at Kildare, all furnished and ready. However, I don't think I shall take it : indeed I am determined *not* ;—it is *too much* to accept as a present ; but I have some thoughts of borrowing it for next summer, trying if I like it, and if it will suit me, I will then take it off his hands, and pay him what it is worth. I understand it is worth about £3000 as it stands, furniture and all. The situation certainly is advantageous for me : six miles from Kilrush, across the Curragh ; not too large, and the country round pleasant. If I want a farm I can have one on my own estate : if I don't choose to undertake a farm, and wish to leave the country for any time, the place is so small it can be taken care of by one person, at little expense. I think I may try it for some time.

I own that though I feel so much inclination to settle quietly and turn farmer, I dread anything that would oblige me to stay long from my dearest mother, which a great farm might do,—unless I had somebody whom I could depend on to look after it while I am away. If one pays attention to it, I understand by all I hear, that a grass farm is certainly a profitable thing. Now I think by taking

Conolly's place for a year or so, and my farm on my own estate, which only pays me £14 a year, I may try my hand safely, and not risk much when I leave it ; and perhaps, in the course of carrying it on, find somebody I could trust to manage my business while away. I am constantly turning all this over and over in my head, and have time to consider, as Leinster Lodge cannot be had till November, and I shall in the meantime enjoy dear Frescati. I shall take a turn from there in April, and show my wife the two places. She at present inclines to the small house, as I do myself. I do like a small place so much better than a large one.

FRESCATI, *Feb. 6th, 1794.*

I have got an under-gardener (myself) to prepare some spots for flowers, and to help Tim. I have been hard at work to-day and part of yesterday (by-the-by, weather so hot, I go without coat, and the birds singing like spring), cleaning the little corner to the right of the house, digging round roots of trees, raking ground, and planting thirteen two-year-old laurels and Portugal laurels. I have also trimmed the rose-trees. The flowers and shrubs had all got out of the little green paling ;—I am now putting them inside, and mean only to have a border of primroses and polyanthus outside, if I have any. I mean from thence to go to the rosery, and then to the little new-planted corner. I am to have hyacinths, jonquils, pinks, cloves, narcissuses, etc., in little beds before the house, and in the rosery. Some parts of the long round require a great deal of pruning, and trees to be cut ; if you trust me, I think I could do it prudently, and have the wood laid by. There are numbers of trees quite spoiling one another.

God bless you, dear mother, I am now going to make

my gardener work, for he does nothing if I am not with him. Pamela sends you her love ; hers and mine to all the rest. Bless you all : this is too fine a day to stay longer writing. I wish to God you were here. If you want anything done, tell me ; if you like what I am doing, tell me ; if you like the part of the house we have taken, tell me.'

FRESCATI, *Feb. 19th, 1794.*

I live here constantly. Pam has not been in town since we came. She goes to the manufacturers' ball on Friday. She is quite well, eats, drinks, and sleeps well ; she works a great deal, and I read to her. I have left off gardening, for I hated that all my troubles should go for that vile Lord Westmoreland, and my flowers to be for aides-de-camp, chaplains, and all such followers of a lord-lieutenant.¹

¹ The nobleman here alluded to had, at this time, some idea of taking Frescati.

CHAPTER XVIII

Lord Edward's home life—Letters to his mother, the Duchess of Leinster, continued—Contrast between the peacefulness of his present existence and the stormy career on which he is about to embark.

KILDARE, *June 23rd, 1794.*

DEAREST MOTHER,—I write to you in the middle of settling and arranging my little family here.¹ But the day is fine, the spot looks pretty, quiet, and comfortable ; I feel pleasant, contented, and happy, and all these feelings and sights never come across me without bringing dearest, dearest mother to my heart's recollection. I am sure you understand these feelings, dear mother. How you would like this little spot ! it is the smallest thing imaginable, and to numbers would have no beauty ; but there is a comfort and moderation in it that delights me. I don't know how I can describe it to you, but I will try.

After going up a little lane, and in at a close gate, you come on a little white house, with a small gravel court before it. You see but three small windows, the court surrounded by large old elms ; one side of the house covered with shrubs, on the other side a tolerable large

¹ Mr. Conolly's Lodge in the town of Kildare, to which his lordship had now removed.

ash ; upon the stairs going up to the house, two wicker cages, in which there are at this moment two thrushes singing *à gorge déployée*. In coming into the house, you find a small passage-hall, very clean, the floor tiled ; upon your left, a small room ; on the right, the staircase. In front, you come into the parlour, a good room, with a bay-window looking into the garden, which is a small green plot, surrounded by good trees, and in it three of the finest thorns I ever saw ; and all the trees so placed that you may shade yourself from the sun all hours of the day ; the bay-window covered with honeysuckle, and up to the window some roses.

Going up-stairs you find another bay-room, the honeysuckle almost up to it, and a little room the same size as that below ; this, with a kitchen or servants' hall below, is the whole house. There is, on the left, in the court-yard, another building which makes the kitchen ; it is covered with trees, so as to look pretty ; at the back of it, there is a yard, etc., which looks into a lane. On the side of the house opposite the grass plot, there is ground enough for a flower-garden, communicating with the front garden by a little walk.

The whole place is situated on a kind of rampart, of a circular form, surrounded by a wall ; which wall, towards the village and lane, is high, but covered with trees and shrubs ; the trees old and large, giving a great deal of shade. Towards the country the wall is not higher than your knee, and this covered with bushes : from these open parts you have a view of a pretty cultivated country, till your eye is stopped by the Curragh. From our place there is a back way to these fields, so as to go out and walk, without having to do with the town.

This, dearest mother, is the spot as well as I can give it you, but it don't describe well ;¹ one must see it and feel it ; it is all the little peeps and ideas that go with it that make the beauty of it to me. My dear wife dotes on it and becomes it. She is busy in her little American jacket, planting sweet peas and mignonette. Her table and work-box, with the little one's caps, are on the table. I wish my dearest mother was here, and the scene to me would be complete.

I will now answer some of your dear letters.

Pam is as well as possible, better than ever ; the only inconvenience she finds is great fulness, for which she was bled this morning, and it has done her a great deal of good. I can't tell you how delighted she was with your china, and how it adds to the little *ménage* ; it is beautiful, and your dear way of buying and giving it goes to my heart. What would I give to have you here drinking tea out of it ! Ogilvie flattered us with the prospect the last day we dined with him. If you do not come, we will go to you, when you think Pamela will bear it. I don't know how nursing and travelling do, but I should think, if the child should prove strong, it won't mind it.

Parting with poor dear Frescati did make me melancholy, as well as the idea of your settling away from us ; but, certainly, there are good reasons for it. If you can once recover your money for Frescati, it will be a great object, and not be missed ; and then, after parting with it, I don't think you would like Ireland. I have tired you by

I paid a visit to this spot some months since, and could trace only a few of the general features here described. Of the Lodge itself there are no remains, and the whole place is in a state of desolation [1830].

this long scrawl. I have not said half I feel, for it is one of those delightful days when one thinks and feels more than one can say or write.

KILDARE, *July 19th, 1794.*

Thank you for your account of the Henrys. I had read the account of the eruption in the paper, and had been just saying to Pamela how lucky they were to be near Naples at that time, not thinking they had been in danger. I suppose, now the danger is over, they are glad to have seen it ; and by the public accounts, I see very few people have been killed or hurt—not so many as in a trifling skirmish in Flanders. I am glad you are enjoying yourself at Boyle farm. I daresay poor Henry thought of it in his fright, and wished himself there.

I have not stirred from this place since we came. I intend paying a visit for a day to Castletown or Carton next week. We have been busy here about the militia ; the people do not like it much—that is, the common people and farmers—and even though Leinster has it, they do not thoroughly come into it, which I am glad of, as it shows they begin not to be entirely led by names. I am sure, if any person else had taken it, it could not have been raised at all. It has required all his exertion to bring the people into it, in any manner, and they are not at all cordial to it. We are by no means so eager in this vile war as the people in England ; and if it is not soon put a stop to in England, I am in hopes we shall take some strong measures against it here. Besides its wickedness and injustice, it is the very height of folly and madness, and at present there is much more likelihood of the French getting to Amsterdam than the combined armies to Paris.

I hear there is a talk of a change here in the ministry, but I do not know anything for certain. Leinster comes here to-day, he will perhaps know something. It is said Ponsonby is to come in, and that there is to be a total removal of all the old set, with an offer to all the Opposition. When I see Leinster, I shall soon find how the wind sets in his quarter. I trust, though, that he will be stout, and have nothing to say to any of them. I know if he goes over, I shall *not* go with him; for my obstinacy or perseverance grows stronger every day, and all the events that have passed and are passing, but convince me more and more that these two countries must see very strong changes, and *cannot* come to good, unless they do. I won't bore you any more with politics, dear mother, as I know you don't like them.

1794.

DEAREST MOTHER,—

I ought to thank you for all your kind thoughts about us at this moment,—for your present of the *requisites*, which really helped us a great deal, and which you were quite right in supposing we had not thought of. Pam is going on as well as possible, strong, healthy, and in good spirits. We drive and walk every day: she never thinks of what is to come, I believe, or if she does, it is with great courage; in short, I never saw her, I think, in such good spirits. Seeing her thus makes me so, and I feel happy, and look forward with good hope. Thank God! I generally see all things in the best light.

I had a delightful letter from the girls at Hastings, one of the best letters I ever read,—so full of fun, wit and

humour, and everything so well told. I have not answered it yet, and am almost afraid,—mine must be so stupid : for I confess Leinster House does not inspire the brightest ideas. By-the-by, what a melancholy house it is ; you can't conceive how much it appeared so, when first we came from Kildare ; but it is going off a little. A poor country housemaid I brought with me cried for two days, and said she thought she was in a prison. Pam and I amuse ourselves a good deal by walking about the streets, which, I believe, shocks poor —— a little. Poor soul ! she is sometimes very low.

My little place will be charming next year ; this last month and the present would require my being there ; but I must take care of the little young plant that is coming, which will give me great pleasure, I hope. Believe me, dearest, best mother, your affectionate

EDWARD.

DUBLIN, *October 20, 1794.*

The dear wife and baby go on as well as possible. I think I need not tell you how happy I am ; it is a dear little thing, and very pretty now, though at first it was quite the contrary. I did not write to you the first night, as Emily had done so. I wrote to M^{me} Sillery that night and to-day, and shall write her an account every day till Pam is able to write herself. I wish I could show the baby to you all—dear mother, how you would love it ! Nothing is so delightful as to see it in its dear mother's arms, with her sweet, pale, delicate face, and the pretty looks she gives it.

By-the-by, dearest mother, I suppose you won't have

any objection to be its godmother, though I own I feel scrupulous, as you were so kind to her about her lying-in clothes, and I do hate taking your poor guineas for such foolish nonsense ; but still I like, as there are such things, that it should be you. Charles Fox and Leinster are to be the godfathers. Pray ask Charles Fox if he has any objection. Good-bye, dear mother. I am going to play a game of chess : there is a Sir George Shee here that plays very well : he and I play a good deal. Bless you, dear mammy. Love to the dear girls. Your, etc.

DUBLIN, *November 4th*, 1794.

Thank God ! you are relieved from your anxiety for our dear Lucy. She has had a bad attack, dear soul ; but I hope now she will soon recover, and be better than ever, which was the case after that fever she had once before at Boyle farm. You have had a severe time of it, dear mother, but I hope now you will be repaid by seeing her recover.

I am sure it will be some comfort to you to hear that my dear wife goes on charmingly ; a most excellent nurse, and the little boy thriving. I do not see much likeness in him to anybody : he has Pam's chin, the eyes blue, but not like either of ours. However, at present, one cannot say much, as he does not open them much. Pamela is to drive out the first fine day, and in two or three days after that we go to Carton. Little St. George and Edward are to be christened at the same time. Thank you for standing godmother. How I long to show you the little fellow ! and how I should like to be with you now, my dear mother, to comfort you and keep up your spirits, and occupy you a little by making you nurse my little boy !

There is no news here about our Lord Lieutenant, with which people were occupied for so long a while. For one, I was very indifferent about it, and, if anything, am glad Lord Fitzwilliam does not come, as perhaps it may make some of our Opposition act with more spirit and determination. I think any people coming into the government of this country at present will have a hard task of it. Your affectionate, etc.

DUBLIN, *November 17th, 1794.*

Our accounts of our dear Lucy to-day are very uncomfortable and distressing, though I think not alarming, as it is all the regular progress of that kind of fever of which the danger is over, though her re-establishment will be tedious. But if the accounts are distressing to us, how much must you suffer, who are a constant attendant on her, dear soul ! and who see all her sufferings, and all the changes of this tedious illness ! I do feel for you, my dearest mother, from my heart, and for Ogilvie, and the dear girls.

I have been busy these few last days, preparing to go to the country. I have sent off dear Pam and the baby to-day, and follow to-morrow : they are both well—have been both out walking. Pam gets strong, and the little fellow fat and saucy : he has taken such a fancy for the candle, that it is almost impossible to make him sleep at night. A cradle he don't like, and wants to have his cheek on his mamma's breast. He every day grows, I think, like me in his mouth and nose ; but the eyes I don't yet make out. Dearest mother, I try to give you details of things that will interest you, and if our dear Lucy is better, I know they will. It is terrible to have her thus : to have all that good-

nature, softness, and gaiety subdued by sickness goes to one's heart ; but I hope, while I write this, she is better. My dear mother, I should like to be with you, to comfort you and keep up your spirits. Your affectionate, etc.

CARTON, *November 25th, 1794.*

A thousand times I wish you joy of the great amendment in our dearest Lucy's health. Your letter took quite a load off my heart ; for though I was not frightened after Mosley and Warren said she was out of danger, yet the having her still so ill and suffering made me very melancholy. Thank God ! she is so much better, and of course my dear mother so much easier. Pray thank my dear Ciss for her letters. I will write in a day or two to her.

We have been here a week. Pamela was not well for a day, but it was only a little bilious attack, and a ride or two on the pony quite put her right ; she is now going on perfectly well, walks every day, gains her strength and good looks. The little fellow is delightful, improving every day, takes his walks, and, in short, is everything we could wish ; he must be taken great notice of, spoken to, and danced, or otherwise he is not at all pleased. We are to stay here another week, then go to Castletown for a week, and return here for the christening, which is to be the 8th of next month. This keeps us ten days longer from home than we intended, which I am sorry for ; but I did not like bringing the little fellow down to Kildare, and then having to change him again so soon as bringing him here on the 8th would have obliged me to do. So I make up the time between Castletown and this place ; though, to tell you the truth, longing to get home.

My little place is much improved by a few things I have

done, and by all my *planting*;—by-the-by, I doubt if I told you of my flower-garden—I got a great deal from Frescati. I have been at Kildare since Pam's lying-in, and it looked delightful, though all the leaves were off the trees—but so comfortable and snug. I think I shall pass a delightful winter there. I have got two fine large clumps of turf, which look both comfortable and pretty. I have paled in my little flower-garden before my hall door, with a lath paling, like the cottage, and stuck it full of roses, sweet-brier, honeysuckles, and Spanish broom. I have got all my beds ready for my flowers, so you may guess how I long to be down to plant them. The little fellow will be a great addition to the party. I think when I am down there with Pam and child, of a blustery evening, with a good turf fire, and a pleasant book—coming in, after seeing my poultry put up, my garden settled—flower-beds and plants covered, for fear of frost—the place looking comfortable, and taken care of, I shall be as happy as possible; and sure I am I shall regret nothing but not being nearer my dearest mother, and her not being of our party. It is indeed a drawback and a great one, our not being more together. Dear Malvern! how pleasant we were there: you can't think how this time of year puts me in mind of it. Love always your affectionate son,

E. F.

In reading these simple and—to an almost feminine degree—fond letters, it is impossible not to feel how strange and touching is the contrast between those pictures of a happy home, which they so unaffectedly exhibit, and that dark and troubled sea of conspiracy

and revolt into which the amiable writer of them so soon afterwards plunged ; nor can we easily bring ourselves to believe that the joyous tenant of this little Lodge, the happy husband and father, dividing the day between his child and his flowers, could be the same man who, but a year or two after, placed himself at the head of rebel myriads, negotiated on the frontiers of France for an alliance against England, and but seldom laid down his head on his pillow at night without a prospect of being summoned thence to the scaffold or the field. The government that could drive such a man into such resistance — and there were hundreds equal to him in goodness, if not in heroism, so driven—is convicted by this very result alone, without any further inquiry into its history.

Though his lordship had not at this time, nor, indeed, for a year or two after, connected himself with the United Irish Association any further than by a common feeling in the cause, yet that the Government had seen reason, even thus early, to suspect him of being implicated in the conspiracy, appears from a passage in the Report of the Secret Committee in 1799, where, among the persons who, it is stated, had, so early as the year 1794, rendered themselves obnoxious to such a suspicion, the name of his lordship is included.

Besides the well-known republican cast of his opinions, and the complexion of the society he chiefly lived with, there was also a circumstance, that no doubt came to the knowledge of those in authority, which may have had no small share in inducing this suspicion. At the beginning of 1793, soon after the declaration of war against England, the ruling party in France had despatched an agent to Ireland for the purpose of sounding and conferring with the chief leaders of the United Irishmen, and offering the aid of French arms for the liberation of their country. This emissary was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lord Edward, who, however, appears to have done nothing more towards the object of his mission than to make him known to Mr. Simon Butler, Mr. Bond, and a few others of the party, by whom his proposal was, after all, so little countenanced that he returned, without effecting anything towards his purpose, to France.

Very different was the feeling with which a proposal of the same kind was hailed in the present year, after an increased pressure of coercion had been, for some time, in operation upon the people, and in proportion to the sullen tranquillity, thus enforced over the surface of the public mind, was the condensed purpose of revenge and ripeness for explosion underneath. Nor was there a want, even then, of forewarning voices to prognosticate

the consequences of such a state of affairs ; and Sir Lawrence Parsons, among others, in urging upon ministers the necessity of being at least prepared for the event, told them with awful truth that they 'were sleeping on a volcano.' The person employed in this communication from France was the Reverend William Jackson, whose arrest soon after his arrival, while it put a stop to the immediate course of his mission, served its object in a way hardly less important by giving publicity to the purpose of his visit, and, for the first time, acquainting the people of Ireland, from any authentic source, that the eyes of France were upon them, and that the same powerful arm which was now, with restored strength and success, breaking asunder the chains of other lands, might before long reach theirs.

It does not appear that Lord Edward was among the persons whom Jackson, previous to his apprehension, conferred with ; nor does Theobald Wolfe Tone, who has given a detailed account of the whole transaction, and was himself deeply implicated in it, make any mention of his lordship's name. Even apart, however, from this negative evidence, we are fully warranted in concluding that he who, to the last, as is well known, regarded French assistance with apprehension and jealousy, must have been among the slowest and most reluctant to sanction the first recurrence to it.

His views, indeed, at the outset—as far as I have been able to collect from some of his earliest friends—did not extend so far as total separation from England. Connected as he was by blood with that country, and counting as it proved far too confidently on the present disposition of the English towards change and reform, he looked at first rather to concert with them in the great cause of freedom than to anything like schism; and would, at the commencement of the struggle, have been contented with such a result as should leave the liberties of both countries regenerated and secured under one common head. This moderation of purpose, however, gradually gave way, as the hopes by which alone it could be sustained vanished. The rejection of the motions of Mr. Grattan and Mr. Ponsonby for Reform had shut out all expectation of redress from the Irish government; while the tameness with which England, in her horror of Jacobinism, was at this moment crouching under the iron rule of Mr. Pitt, gave as little hope of a better order of things dawning from that quarter.

CHAPTER XIX

'The United Irishmen'—Driven to desperation by the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam—Change in their constitution—Become secret and militant—Lord Edward joins them—Rencontre with some English officers—Negotiations between the United Irishmen and the French Directory—Theobald Wolfe Tone.

IN the meantime the United Irish Society of Dublin, whose meetings hitherto had been held openly, were, under the sanction of one of the new coercive measures, dispersed as illegal; and the whole body, thus debarred from the right of speaking out as citizens, passed naturally to the next step of plotting as conspirators. Even yet, however, it does not appear that the last desperate expedient of recurring to force or to foreign aid, though urged eagerly by some, and long floating before the eyes of all, had entered seriously into the contemplation of those who were afterwards the chief leaders of the struggle; nor can there, indeed, be any stronger proof of the reluctance with which these persons suffered themselves to be driven to such extremities than the known fact that, at the commencement

of the year 1796, neither MacNevin, nor Emmet, nor Arthur O'Connor, nor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, had yet joined the ranks of the United Irishmen.

But a juncture was now at hand when, in the minds of all embarked in the cause, there could no longer remain a doubt that the moment had arrived when between unconditional submission and resistance lay their only choice, and when he who thought the rights they struggled for worth such a risk must 'set his life on the cast,' as there was no longer any other chance of attaining them. The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam was the event which at once brought the struggle to this crisis ; and never, assuredly, was there a more insulting breach of faith flung deliberately in the face of a whole people. As if to render still more mischievous the disappointment that was about to be excited, all the preliminaries of the great measure of justice, now announced to the Catholics, were allowed to be proceeded in ; nor was it till Mr. Grattan, under the full sanction of Government, and with hardly a murmur of dissatisfaction from any part of the country, had obtained leave to bring in a bill for the complete enfranchisement of the Roman Catholics, that the British minister stretched forth his hand and dashed the cup from their lips. In vain did Lord Fitzwilliam set forth the danger—and he might have added

perfidy—of now retracting the boon, and declare that ‘he, at least, would not be the person to raise a flame which nothing but the force of arms could put down.’ The dark destiny of Ireland, as usual, triumphed. With the choice before them of either conciliating the people or lashing them up into rebellion, the British Cabinet chose the latter course,¹ and Lord Fitzwilliam was, in evil hour, replaced by Lord Camden.

The natural effect of this change was to reinforce instantly the ranks of United Irishmen with all that mass of discontent generated by such a defiance of the public will; and we have it on the authority of the chief rebel leaders themselves, that out of the despair and disgust of this moment arose an immediate and

¹ That a Union was the ultimate object of this policy, the Duke of Portland at the time clearly avowed, declaring it as his opinion, in recommending Lord Fitzwilliam to retrace his steps on the Catholic question, that ‘it would be a means of doing a greater good to the British empire than it had been capable of receiving since the Revolution, or, at least, *since the Union*.’ With respect to the means through which they had made up their minds to wade to this measure, though not avowed at first, the design was, at a later period, acknowledged without scruple. ‘It has been said,’ remarked Mr. Grattan, in his speech on the subject of General Lake’s proclamation, ‘that it were better the people should proceed to violence; nay, it has been said in so many words, “It were to be wished they did rebel.” Good God!—wished they would rebel! Here is the system and the principle of the system. From corruption to coercion, and so on to military execution, accompanied with a declaration that it were to be wished the people would go into rebellion!’ The avowal, too, of Lord Castlereagh, in his examination of Dr. MacNevin before the Secret Committee, that ‘*means were taken to make the United Irish system explode*,’ is no less conclusive evidence of the same disgraceful fact.

immense accession of strength to their cause. Nor was it only in the increased numbers of the malcontents that the operation of this policy showed itself, but in the more daring extension of their plans and elevation of their aims. The Protestant reformer, whom a democratic House of Commons¹ and the Emancipation of his Catholic countrymen would once have satisfied, now driven to take a more advanced position in his demands, saw, with the Presbyterian, no chance but in separation and a republic; while the Catholic, hitherto kept loyal by the sort of 'gratitude that is felt for favours to come,' and, between his new hopes and his

¹ 'We thought,' said Dr. MacNevin, 'one aristocratic body in the state sufficient.' It must be owned, however, that with such a system of representation as was proposed by the United Irishmen, no monarchy could go on. The following are some of the general provisions of their plan:—

That the nation, for the purpose of representation solely, should be divided into three hundred electorates, formed by a combination of parishes, and as nearly as possible equal in point of population.

That each electorate should return one member to Parliament.

That every male of sound mind, who has attained the age of 21 years, and actually dwelt or maintained a family establishment in any electorate for six months of the twelve immediately previous to the commencement of the election (provided his residence, or maintaining a family establishment be duly registered), should be entitled to vote for the representative of the electorate.

That the votes of all electors should be given by voice, and not by ballot.

That no property qualification should be necessary to entitle any man to be a representative.

That representatives should receive a reasonable stipend for their services.

That Parliaments should be annual.

old resentments, being as it were half courtier and half rebel, now baffled and insulted, threw his strength into the confederacy—prepared doubly for mischief both by what had been given and what had been refused, the former arming him with power and the latter leaving him revenge.

Having traced thus far, as compendiously as my subject would admit of, the course of that rash and headlong current of events which marks this whole period of Irish history, and which could not otherwise than lead to the catastrophe we are now approaching, I shall, through the short remainder of my story, confine myself as much as possible to those public occurrences more immediately connected with Lord Edward himself, and with the part taken by him in that deep-laid and formidable conspiracy with which, about the period we have now reached, he for the first time connected himself;—a conspiracy which, however judgments may vary as to the justifiableness of its grounds or aims, can admit, I think, but of one opinion with respect to the sagacious daring with which it was planned, and the perseverance, fidelity, and all but success, with which it was conducted.

From any great insight into the details of his private life we are henceforth shut out; as, from the moment he found himself embarked in so perilous an enterprise,

he, as a matter of conscience, abstained from much communication with his family, feeling it to be quite a sufficient infliction to keep them in alarm for his safety, without also drawing upon them suspicions that might endanger their own. After his arrival from England, he, for a short time, lived in some degree of style, keeping a fine stud of horses, and, as I have been told, displaying the first specimen of that sort of carriage, called a curricie, which had yet appeared in Dublin. On his removal, however, to the little Lodge at Kildare, he reduced his establishment considerably; and small as was his income—never, I believe, exceeding eight hundred a year—it would have been, for a person of his retired habits and temperate wants, amply sufficient. But the engrossing object that now engaged him—to which safety, peace of mind, and, at last, life was sacrificed—absorbed likewise all his means; the advances he found it necessary to make for the exigences of the cause not only drawing upon his present resources, but also forcing him to raise supplies by loans with which his property was left encumbered.

It was about this time that there took place, on the Curragh of Kildare, a well-known rencontre between his lordship and some dragoon officers, which—like most other well-known anecdotes that the biographer has to inquire into—receives from every new relater a wholly

different form. The following, however, are, as nearly as possible, the real circumstances of the transaction. Mr. Arthur O'Connor being at that time on a visit to his noble friend, they rode together, one of the days of the races, to the Curragh—Lord Edward having a green silk handkerchief round his neck. It was indeed his practice at all times (contrary to the usual custom of that day) to wear a coloured silk neckcloth,—generally of that pattern which now bears the name of Belcher; but, on the present occasion, he chose to wear the national and, at that time, obnoxious colour, green.

At the end of the race, having left the stand-house in a canter, to return home, the two friends had not proceeded far before they found themselves overtaken by a party of from ten to a dozen officers, who, riding past them at full gallop, wheeled round, so as to obstruct their passage, and demanded that Lord Edward should take off his green cravat. Thus accosted, his lordship answered coolly, 'Your cloth would speak you to be gentlemen, but this conduct conveys a very different impression. As to this neckcloth that so offends you, all I can say is,—here I stand: let any man among you, who dares, come forward and take it off.' This speech, pronounced calmly and deliberately, took his pursuers by surprise, and for a moment they looked puzzled at each other,

doubtful how to proceed ; when Mr. O'Connor, interposing, said, that if the officers chose to appoint two out of their number, Lord Edward and himself would be found, ready to attend their summons, at Kildare. The parties then separated, and during the two following days, Lord Edward and his friend waited the expected message. But no further steps were taken by these military gentlemen, on whose conduct rather a significant verdict was passed at a Curragh ball, shortly after, when it was agreed, as I have heard, by all the ladies in the room not to accept any of them as partners.

It would appear to have been about the beginning of 1796 that Lord Edward first entered into the Society of United Irishmen. That he went through the usual form of initiation by an oath is not, I think, probable ; for, as in the case of Mr. Arthur O'Connor they dispensed with this condition, it is to be concluded that the same tribute to the high honour and trustworthiness of their initiate would be accorded also to Lord Edward. In the preceding year, as has been already mentioned, a great change had taken place, both in the spirit and framework of the system of Union ; or, rather, an entirely new system was at that time constructed, on such remains of the old society as had, in the North and elsewhere, survived the operation of the

Convention Act. The secrecy with which they were now obliged to invest their meetings made it necessary to add the solemn obligation of an oath to the simple test which had hitherto bound them together ; while an equally significant change was the omission of certain words from that test, which had seemed to limit their views to a Reform '*in Parliament.*' The oath, as at present framed, pledged every member 'to persevere in his endeavours to obtain an equal, full, and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland,' thus leaving free scope for those more extended projects of change which no less their confidence in themselves than their despair of their rulers now suggested to them. The system, as hitherto constituted, had consisted but of individual societies, communicating with each other by delegates ; nor had they, before this time, carried their organisation any farther than to the appointment of a Committee for the county of Antrim which acted, occasionally, as Executive.

On the remodelling, however, of the association, in 1795, the new impulse given to its principle by the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and the consequent increase of its numbers, called for a plan of organisation more commensurate with the advance of the cause ; and, for all the purposes, as well of secrecy as of concert and uniformity of action, it would be difficult, perhaps, to devise

a plan more efficient than that which they adopted. In order to avoid the mixture of persons unknown to each other, it was fixed that no society should consist of more than twelve persons, and those, as nearly as possible, of the same street or neighbourhood. By each of these societies of twelve, a secretary was chosen, and the secretaries of five such societies formed a Committee, called the Lower Baronial. The next step in the scale was the Upper Baronial Committee, to constitute which ten Lower Baronials sent each a member; and above this rose again the District or County Committee, composed of one member chosen from each Upper Baronial.

Having provided, by these successive layers, as it were, of delegated authority—each exercising a superintendence over that immediately below it—for the organisation of the several counties and populous towns, they next superadded, in each of the four provinces, a Provincial Committee, composed of two or, sometimes, three members elected from each of the County Committees; and lastly, came the Executive—the apex of the system—which consisted of five persons, chosen in such a manner from the Provincial Committees as to leave the members of the latter in entire ignorance as to the individuals selected. Over the whole body thus organised, the Executive possessed

full command, and could transmit its orders with but little risk through the whole range of the Union—one member of the Executive communicating them to one member of the Provincial Committee, and he again to the secretary of the County Committee, who, in like manner, passed them down through the secretaries of the Baronials, and these on to the secretaries of the subordinate societies.

The facility with which it was found that this plan, though designed, at first, for a purely civil organisation, could be transferred, without change of its structure, to military purposes, rendered it a doubly formidable engine in the hands that now directed it. The secretary of each subordinate society of twelve was transformed easily into a sergeant or corporal; the delegate of five societies to a Lower Baronial became a captain with sixty men under his command, and the delegate of ten Lower Baronials to a County or District Committee took rank as a colonel at the head of a battalion of six hundred men.¹

Though there had been, from time to time, since the breaking out of the war with France, attempts made by individuals who passed secretly between the two

¹ The new system of organisation had not, as yet, been carried into complete effect anywhere but in Ulster, the Executive Committee of which province, holding its sittings at Belfast, managed at this time the interests of the whole Union.

countries to bring about an understanding between the United Irishmen and the French Directory, it was not till early in the year 1796 that any regular negotiation was entered into for that purpose ; and the person who then took upon himself the office—an office, unluckily, not new in diplomacy—of representing the grievances of Ireland at the court of England's enemy, was Theobald Wolfe Tone, the banished Secretary of the Catholic Committee, who had, early in the year, sailed from America to France on this mission, and whose *Diary* of the whole course of his negotiations has been some time before the public. To this book I must refer the reader for particulars, adding only my opinion, that there are few works, whether for the matter or the manner, more interesting ;—the character of the writer himself presenting the most truly Irish mixture of daring in design and light-heartedness in execution ; while the sense of awe with which it is impossible not to contemplate a mission pregnant with such consequences, is for ever relieved by those alternate flashes of humour and sentiment with which only a temperament so national could have enlivened or softened such details. The whole story, too, is full of ominous warning to Great Britain, as showing how fearfully dependent upon winds and waves may, even yet, be her physical hold upon Ireland, unless timely secured by

those moral ties which good government can alone establish between a people and their rulers.

In consequence of Tone's representations of the state of feeling in Ireland, confirmed and enforced by more recent intelligence, it was, in the spring of the present year, intimated to the person then directing the Irish Union, that the French Government were disposed to assist them by an invasion of Ireland, in their plan of casting off the English yoke and establishing a Republic. Having taken this proposal seriously into consideration, the Irish Executive returned for answer that 'they accepted the offer, on condition that the French would come as allies only, and consent to act under the direction of the new Government, as Rochambeau did in America; that, upon the same principle, the expenses of the expedition must be reimbursed, and the troops, while acting in Ireland, receive Irish pay.' This answer was despatched to Paris by special messenger, who returned with the Directory's full assent to the terms, and a promise that the proffered succours should be sent without delay.

NOTE TO CHAPTER XIX

PITT'S THREE EXPEDITIONS AGAINST FRANCE

It may be well to remind the reader, in connection with the armed expeditions projected by Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald in aid of the Irish insurgents, that not only had the French monarchy sent their armies under Rochambeau and Lafayette to assist the American colonists in their successful struggle against British domination, but that Pitt himself had been one of the most eager organisers of such expeditions against neighbouring states. Moore has already narrated (chapter xiii.) how Pitt himself had offered the command of such an expedition (then projected against Spain) to Lord Edward in 1790; and the following brief particulars of three subsequent expeditions launched, at enormous cost, and with unvarying ill-success, against the shores of France by the same hand, may show that the eagerness of that country to attack England by an alliance with her discontented subjects was but by way of reprisal for former acts of hostility of the same nature. These expeditions were :—

- (1) That to Toulon in August 1793, when Lord Hood, in command of the fleet, landed 1500 of his men, and General O'Hara two foot regiments from the garrison at Gibraltar. These were joined by a large number of the Royalists of the South of France. The English fleet lay in two harbours surrounded on three sides by heights. General Dugommier commanded the French army drawn up round Toulon, but he had under him Bonaparte, then a young captain of artillery, to whom Carnot had confided the direction of that arm. Napoleon saw at once the weak point of the defence, and before the English commanders were aware of his intention, he obtained possession of the promontory which commanded the two harbours, and thus had the town at his mercy. General O'Hara was wounded and taken prisoner during an attempt by night to recover possession of the promontory. After holding this important post for a very short time the English and Spaniards were obliged to re-embark; but they managed before leaving to burn all the stores and nine French vessels, and to take away with them most of the Royalists who had found refuge in the town. This was Pitt's first French expedition,

- (2) The expedition under Lord Moira to the coast of Normandy took place a little later in the same year. It proved, however, wholly ineffectual, as when it arrived off the coast of Normandy the General found that De la Roche Jacquelin and his 80,000 Vendéens—after having failed in their attempt to take Grandville on the 14th of November—had left the neighbourhood ten days before the arrival of the English forces.
- (3) The descent made on the coast of Brittany, in 1795, to assist the Chouans and the insurgents of Brittany. A French gentleman, M. de Puisaye, was the instigator of this attempt, just as Tone was of the one undertaken by France in reprisal. He proposed that French Royalist troops should accompany it with a French prince of the blood. The French prince, however, preferred not to come, and the English fleet, provided with a war-chest, 1800 stands of arms and uniforms, supplies of all kinds, and 3000 French troops, sailed without him. Admiral Sir John Warren commanded. Pitt had taken an immense interest in all the arrangements. At sea the fleet obtained their first and only success, engaging and capturing three French ships of the line; but the land operations were disastrous. From the 27th of June, when they landed the troops on the peninsula of Quiberon, nothing went well. The chiefs could not agree. The Chouans wanted to know where the prince of the blood was. Time was wasted in sending for instructions to London. Eventually General Hoche was down on them; and just as de Puisaye had received a letter of congratulation from Pitt for some slight early success, the small force found itself obliged to lay down its arms. After that, all who remained alive—amongst them two hundred gentlemen of the best blood in France—were shot in detachments. The butchery continued for fifteen days in spite of the protests of Hoche. De Puisaye escaped; all the other Royalist chiefs were shot. A meadow near the small town of Auray is pointed out as the scene of these butcheries. H.R.H. the Duke of Artois, who arrived late with another English fleet, took possession of the island of Belle-Isle, where he remained inactive for five weeks, and then sailed back with the squadron to England.—[ED.]

CHAPTER XX

The Insurrection Act—Lord Edward's declaration in the Irish Parliament—His secret embassy to the French Directory—At Hamburg—The projected expedition—A dangerous travelling companion—Hoche and Wolfe Tone—Arrival of part of the French fleet in Bantry Bay—Failure of the expedition—Leaders of United Irish men attempt to obtain relief from Parliament.

AFTER tracing, as I have done briefly, some few pages back, the progress of Ireland's struggles for Emancipation and Reform down to the period when all moderation was evidently cast off by both parties, and a course of warfare commenced between the State and the people, it was my intention, as I have there stated, not to enter into any of those further measures of the Government which were, in fact, but a continuation of the same system of coercion they had begun, only increasing, with each new turn of the screw, the intensity of the pressure. A Bill, however, brought in this session—the memorable Insurrection Act—must, from the part Lord Edward took in its discussion, receive a passing notice. In opposing (Feb. 2nd) one of the Resolutions on which the

Bill was to be founded, his lordship declared it to be his opinion, that 'nothing would tranquillise the country but the sincere endeavour of the Government to redress the grievances of the people. If that was done, the people would return to their allegiance;—if not, he feared that neither Resolutions nor Bills would be of any avail.'¹

In order to settle all the details of their late agreement with France, and, in fact, enter into a formal treaty with the French Directory, it was thought of importance, by the United Irishmen, to send some agent, whose station and character should, in the eyes

¹ The language of others (who, however, luckily for themselves, went no farther than language—who 'spoke daggers, but used none') was yet more strong. Mr. Ponsonby declared that the Insurrection Bill, if continued, would be the grave of the Constitution. Sir Lawrence Parsons, in speaking of the clause against persons selling seditious papers, said, 'that if the most arbitrary spirits through the whole kingdom had been brought together, with the most studious selection, to compose an arbitrary law against the liberty of the press, they could scarcely have devised anything more destructive than this: and yet this was but a subordinate part of the present Bill.' Mr. Duquerry, at a later period of the year, accused the ministers of 'goading the people into resistance'; and Mr. Grattan, in adverting to an assertion of Mr. Secretary Pelham, 'that the exclusion of Catholics from the Parliament and the State was necessary for the Crown and the connection,' said, 'Eternal and indefeasible proscription! denounced by a Minister of the Crown against three-fourths of his Majesty's subjects. . . . But, the member may rely on it, the Catholic,—the Irish will not long submit to such an interdict; they will not suffer a stranger to tel us on what proud terms English Government will consent to rule in Ireland, still less to pronounce and dictate the incapacity of the natives as the terms of her dominion, and the base condition of our connection and allegiance.'

of their new allies, lend weight to his mission ; and to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the no less delicate than daring task was assigned. It being thought desirable, too, that he should have the aid, in his negotiations, of the brilliant talents and popular name of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, they requested likewise the services of that gentleman, who consented readily to act in concert with his friend.

About the latter end of May, 1796, accompanied only by his lady, who was then not far from the period of her confinement, Lord Edward set out from Dublin on his perilous embassy,—passing a day or two in London, on his way, and, as I have been informed by a gentleman who was of the party, dining, on one of those days, at the house of Lord ——,¹ where the company consisted of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and several other distinguished Whigs—all persons who had been known to concur warmly in every step of the popular cause in Ireland, and to whom, if Lord Edward did not give some intimation of the object of his present journey, such an effort of reserve and secrecy was, I must say, very unusual in his character. From London his lordship proceeded to Hamburg, and had already begun to treat with Rheynhart, the French agent at that place,

¹ [Probably Lord Holland, who was a cousin of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, is here indicated.—ED.]

when he was joined there by Mr. O'Connor. Seeing reason, however, to have some doubts of the trustworthiness of this person, they discontinued their negotiation with him, and, leaving Lady Edward at Hamburg, proceeded together to Basle, where, through the medium of the agent Barthélémi, they opened their negotiation with the French Directory.

It was now known that General Hoche, the late conqueror and pacificator of La Vendée, was the officer appointed to take the command of the expedition to Ireland; and the great advantage of holding personal communication, on the subject, with an individual on whom the destinies of their country so much depended, was fully appreciated by both friends. After a month's stay at Basle, however, it was signified to them that to Mr. O'Connor alone would it be permitted to meet Hoche as a negotiator—the French Government having objected to receive Lord Edward, ‘lest the idea should get abroad, from his being married to Pamela, that his mission had some reference to the Orleans family.’ Independently of this curious objection, it appears to have been strongly impressed upon Lord Edward by some of his warmest friends that he should, on no account, suffer his zeal in the cause to induce him to pass the borders of the French territory.

Leaving to Mr. O'Connor, therefore, the management

of their treaty with Hoche, whom the French Directory had invested with full powers for the purpose, Lord Edward returned to Hamburg—having, unluckily, for a travelling companion, during the greater part of the journey, a foreign lady who had been once the mistress of an old friend and official colleague of Mr. Pitt, and who was still in the habit of corresponding with her former protector. Wholly ignorant of these circumstances, Lord Edward, with the habitual frankness of his nature, not only expressed freely his opinions on all political subjects, but afforded some clues, it is said, to the secret of his present journey, which his fellow-traveller was, of course, not slow in transmitting to her official friend.

After his interview with Mr. O'Connor, Hoche hastened, with all privacy, to Paris, to inform the Directory of the result; and the zeal with which his own ambitious spirit had already taken up the cause being still more quickened by the representations of the state of Ireland he had just received, an increased earnestness and activity were soon visible in every branch of the preparations for the expedition. It was at this time that the indefatigable Tone first saw the destined leader of that enterprise which had, for so long a time, been the subject of all his thoughts and dreams—that Avatar to which he had so long looked for the

liberation of his country, and which was now, as he thought, to be accomplished in the person of this chief. The conversations that passed between them are detailed in Tone's *Diary*; and it is not unamusing to observe how diplomatically the young general managed to draw from Tone all that he knew or thought, concerning Lord Edward and Mr. O'Connor, without, in the least degree, betraying his own recent negotiation with them. 'Hoche then asked me,' says Tone, "'did I know Arthur O'Connor?" I replied, "I did, and that I entertained the highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism." He asked me, "Did he not some time ago make an explosion in the Irish Parliament?" I replied, "He made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that ever was made in that House." "Well," said he, "will he join us?" I answered, "I hoped, as he was *foncièrement Irlandais*, that he undoubtedly would." Hoche then went on to say, "There is a Lord in your country (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing, as I do, what stuff our Irish peers are made of)—he is son to a Duke; is he not a patriot?" I immediately recognised my friend Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave Hoche a very good account of him.'

Hoche had pledged himself that, in the course of the autumn, the expedition should sail; and, as far as the

military part of the preparations was concerned, it appears that in the month of September all was ready. But, from various delays and difficulties, interposed chiefly by the Department of the Marine, it was not till the 15th of December that this noble armament sailed from Brest, consisting of 17 sail of the line, 13 frigates, and an equal number of transports, making in all 43 sail, and having on board an army of near 15,000 men.

It was the opinion of Napoleon, as recorded somewhere in his conversations, that had Hoche landed with this fine army in Ireland, he would have been successful: and, taking into account the utterly defenceless state of that country, as well as the certainty that an immense proportion of the population would have declared for the invaders, it is not too much to assert that such would, in all probability, have been the result. For six days, during which the shattered remains of their fleet lay tossing within sight of the Irish shore, not a single British ship-of-war made its appearance; and it was also asserted, without being met by any contradiction in the House of Commons, that such was the unprotected state of the South at that moment that, had but 5000 men been landed at Bantry,¹ Cork must have fallen.

¹ There were, *after* this event, batteries erected at Bantry; but, owing to the great extent of the bay, it appears that no batteries, without the aid of a considerable force, could prevent a landing at this

But while, in all that depended upon the foresight and watchfulness of their enemy, free course was left to the invaders, both by sea and land, in every other point of view such a concurrence of adverse accidents, such a combination of all that is most thwarting in fortune and in the elements, no expedition since the Armada had ever been doomed to encounter. Not to mention the various difficulties that for near a month delayed their embarkation, during the whole of which time the wind blew direct for Ireland, on the very first night of their departure a seventy-four of the squadron struck upon the rocks and was lost ; and, at the same time the frigate *La Fraternité*, on board which, by an inexplicably absurd arrangement, were both the General-in-Chief of the army and the Admiral, was separated from the rest of the squadron, and saw no

point. It was the opinion of Sir Ralph Abercrombie that the Shannon and Galway were the most assailable parts of the island ; and the same opinion as regards Galway had been before advanced in a curious pamphlet *On the Defence of Ireland* (by Colonel Keating, I believe), published in 1795. 'Of the many parts,' says this writer, 'of the island where landing in great force is possible, Galway is the most practicable, because the navigation is most favourable, as also that the enemy could keep us longer in suspense as to his real point of attack ; besides the peculiar advantages that bay offers, the excellent posts its shores afford, and the peculiar facility with which an advance into and conquest of first the province of Connaught, and subsequently of the whole kingdom might be effected.'

Dr. MacNevin, in his memoir laid before the French Directory, recommended Oyster Haven as the best place of debarkation in the South, and Lough Swilly in the North.

more of them till their return to Brest. To the inauspiciousness of this commencement every succeeding day added some new difficulty till, at length, after having been no less than four times dispersed by fogs and foul weather, the remains of the armament found themselves off Bantry Bay, the object of their destination, reduced from 43 sail to 16, and with but 6500 fighting men on board.

Even then, had some more daring spirit presided over their movements,¹ a landing with the force that remained would have been hazarded, and, considering the unguarded state of the country at the moment, with every chance of success. Fortunately, however, for the rulers of Ireland, General Grouchy, who had succeeded Hoche in the command, hesitated at such a responsibility;² and, after a day or two lost in idly cruising off the Bay, such a tremendous gale set in, right from shore, as rendered a landing impracticable, and again scattered them over the waters. Nothing was left, therefore, but to return how they could to France; and, of all this formidable armament, but four ships of

¹ 'Si, du moins la présence d'esprit des commandans secondaires pouvait suppléer à l'absence du Chef. Mais non; éloignés de Hoche, ils semblent avoir perdu toutes leurs facultés.'—*Vie de Lazare Hoche*.

² At this anxious moment, Tone, who was on board, writes in his *Diary*:—'At half after one the *Atalante*, one of our missing corvettes, hove in sight, so now again we are in hopes to see the General. Oh, if he were in Grouchy's place, he would not hesitate one moment.'

the line, two frigates, and one lugger arrived together at Brest ; while Hoche himself, who in setting out had counted so confidently on the success of the expedition, that one of his last acts had been to urge on the Directory the speedy outfit of a second,¹ found himself obliged, after an equally fruitless visit to Bantry Bay, to make his way back to France, not having seen a single sail of his scattered fleet the whole time, and being at last indebted to a small chaloupe for putting him on shore in the middle of the night about a league from La Rochelle.

This narrow escape, not alone of invasion but perhaps actual conquest, for which Ireland was now indebted to chance and the elements, would, if read aright, have proved a warning, as useful as it was awful, to each of the two parties on whose heads rested the responsibility of having drawn down on their country so fearful a visitation. That confidence in the inviolability of their shores which the people of the British Isles had, under the guardianship of their navy, been so long accustomed to indulge, was now startled from its security by the incontestable fact that, with two British fleets in the Channel and an Admiral stationed

¹ 'Sa dernière pensée, en quittant la terre, est toute remplie déjà du désir de la seconde expédition—tant il est sûr du succès de la première. Sa dernière parole au Directoire est pour recommander à sa sollicitude le second départ.'—*Vie de Hoche*,

at Cork, the coasts of Ireland had been a whole fortnight at the mercy of the enemy. With such a proof before their eyes of the formidable facility with which the avenger could appear at the call of the wronged, it was, even yet, not too late for the Government to pause in the harsh system which they had adopted—to try whether concession might not make friends of those whom force could hardly keep subjects, and thus disarm of his worst terrors the enemy from without by depriving him of his alliance with the malcontent within.

On the other hand, that large portion of the nation so long at issue with their rulers, whose impatience under insults and wrongs—some of them of the date of centuries—had thus driven them to seek the arbitrament of a foreign sword, could not but see in the very shape which this interposition had assumed enough to alarm them as to the possible consequences of the alternative they had chosen. Instead of the limited force which they had asked—a limitation which Lord Edward, among others, would have made the condition of their accepting any aid whatever—they saw a powerful armament sent forth under one of the Republic's most aspiring generals—one equal to Napoleon himself in ambition and daring, and second only to him in the endowments that ensure to these qualities success ;

nor could those among them, who sought singly and sincerely the independence of their country, refrain from harbouring some fear that auxiliaries thus presenting themselves came not so much to befriend a part of the population as to make a conquest of the whole.

Such were the considerations and warnings which must now have occurred to the minds of thinking men of both parties, and which ought to have disposed them earnestly to avail themselves of whatever sense of their common danger had been awakened, to bring about such a compromise of their differences as should benefit alike both the governing and the governed, and by making the people more free render the throne more secure. And it is to the honour of those whose cause, however mixed up with a 'worser spirit,' was still essentially the great cause of freedom and tolerance,¹ and had on its side the inextinguishable claims of right against wrong, that by them alone were any steps at this juncture taken towards such a reconciliation of the State and the people to each other. After the failure of the expedition, the chief leaders of the United Irishmen, acting no doubt upon such views of the crisis as I have

¹ In conversing once with Mr. Flood on the subject of the civil war between Charles I. and his people, Lord Chatham said: 'There was mixed with the public cause in that struggle, ambition, sedition, and violence; but no man will persuade me that it was not the cause of liberty on one side and of tyranny on the other.' The same may be said, with no less truth, of the struggle in Ireland at this period.

above supposed, held a communication with the principal members of Opposition in Parliament, and professed their readiness to co-operate in affording the Government one more chance of reclaiming even yet the allegiance of the people, by consenting to even so modified a measure of Reform as their legitimate representatives in Parliament might think it prudent to propose.

A Bill to this effect was in consequence prepared by Mr. Ponsonby,¹ and we have it on the authority of the rebel leaders engaged in the transaction, that 'if, in the

¹ The leading features of this plan of Reform are contained in the following resolutions :—

'That it is indispensably necessary to a fundamental Reform of the Representation that all disabilities on account of religion be for ever abolished, and that Catholics shall be admitted into the legislature and all the great offices of State in the same extent, etc., as Protestants now are.

'That it is the indispensable right of the people of Ireland to be fully and fairly represented in Parliament.

'That in order that the people may be fully enabled to exercise that right, the privilege of returning members for cities, boroughs, etc., in the present form, shall cease; that each county be divided into districts, consisting of 6000 houses each, each district to return two members to Parliament.

'That all persons possessing freehold property to the amount of forty pounds per annum; all possessed of leasehold interests of the value of _____; all possessed of a house of the value of _____

_____ ; all who have resided for a certain number of years in any great city or town, following a trade; and all who shall be free of any city, etc., by birth, marriage, or servitude, shall vote for members of Parliament.

'That seats in Parliament shall endure for _____ number of years.'

[The blanks left to be filled up at the discretion of the House.]

course of that effort for Reform, it had not become evident that success was hopeless, it was the wish of many among them, and they believe the Executive would have gladly embraced the opportunity, to decline holding any further intercourse with France, except sending a messenger there to tell them that the difference between the Government and the people had been adjusted, and that they would have no business a second time to attempt a landing.'¹

¹ Memoir delivered to the Irish Government by Messrs. Emmet, O'Connor, and MacNevin.

CHAPTER XXI

Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and martial law—The eloquence of Grattan ineffectual—United Irishmen appoint an accredited agent to the French Government—Lord Edward despatched to London to confer secretly with French agent—One hundred thousand Ulstermen in the ranks of the United Irishmen—A new expedition fitted out at the Texel—The French fleet destroyed off Camperdown—Author's personal reminiscences—Robert Emmet.

I HAVE dwelt thus long on the circumstances connected with this first attempt at invasion, both on account of the share taken by Lord Edward in the negotiations which led to it, and because the hope of a reconciliation that then so fleetingly presented itself afforded a brief resting-place whereon we might pause and contemplate the relative positions of the two parties engaged in the struggle. It was soon seen that all hopes of a change of policy in the Government, except from bad to worse, were utterly fallacious. Whether conciliatory measures might yet have averted the conflict must be a question of mere conjecture; but that the reverse

system drove the country into rebellion, and nearly severed it from England, has become matter of history. In the train of the Insurrection Act and the Indemnity Bill, soon followed, as the natural course of such legislation, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, inquisitorial tribunals under the name of Secret Committees, and, lastly, martial law, with all its frightful accompaniments of free quarters, burnings, picketings to extort confession, and every other such infliction.

To talk of Reform to a government launched in such a career seemed little less than mockery. But, as a last assertion of principles which, had they been acted upon, would have saved all this ruin, the Opposition party in Parliament thought it due to themselves to bring forward their measure.¹ Once more was the wise eloquence of Grattan heard above the storm—

¹ That the Present is seldom more than a mere echo of the Past is a remark of which the following passage from Mr. Grattan's Answer to a Pamphlet of Lord Clare affords strong illustration. The same objections to Reform, and the same answers to them, are as rife and ready in 1831 as in 1797. 'It was objected, first, that the plan did not give satisfaction, in that the most vehement partisans of Parliamentary Reform had signified their disapprobation; secondly, that the plan opened the way to another plan, or to the project of personal representation. It became highly expedient, therefore, before any other plan was submitted to the consideration of Parliament, to be able to assure that august body, that such plan would give general satisfaction, and put an end to the project of personal representation. The persons concerned in the forming that plan did accordingly obtain from the North of Ireland, and, moreover, from the advocates of personal representation, authority to declare in Parliament that, if the plan of 1797 should pass, they would rest satisfied.'

but as unavailingly as folly itself, in its hour of triumph, could desire. 'First subdue and then reform' was the sole answer he received from those, who, he well knew, could only be trusted for the *former* of these two processes. After a firm and final protest against the whole system now pursued, this illustrious man, followed by the small minority that yet remained, withdrew in disgust from the House, leaving the Government—as now reprobate beyond all hope—to itself, and thus adding his own and his party's despair to that of the nation. The effects of this secession upon the minds of the people were rendered still more impressive by the refusal of Mr. Grattan and Lord Henry Fitzgerald to stand candidates at the ensuing election; and such language as the following, which occurs in one of Mr. Grattan's addresses on the subject,¹ shows that, to whatever degree he may have blamed some of the acts of those leagued against Government, his every feeling went thoroughly and unreservedly with their cause. 'When the country is put down, the press destroyed, and public meetings, for the purpose of exercising the right of petition, are threatened and dispersed, I agree

¹ It was from this address that Mr. Isaac Corry read some extracts in the course of that violent speech which gave rise to the duel between him and Mr. Grattan in 1800, arguing that they 'preached the doctrine of insurrection under the name of liberty, and led to the rebellion that followed.'

with you that a general election is no more than an opportunity to exercise, by permission of the army, the solitary privilege of returning a few representatives of the people to a House occupied by the representatives of boroughs.'

In the meantime, while these events were taking place, negotiations had been again opened between the government of France and the chiefs of the United Irishmen; and the latter, thinking it expedient, for the purpose of more regular communication, to have a resident representative in Paris, despatched thither, in the spring of this year, Mr. E. J. Lewines, with powers to act as their accredited minister to the French Republic. This gentleman was also instructed to negotiate, if possible, a loan of half a million or £300,000 with either France or Spain.

Somewhat later in the year an agent was, it appears, sent over by the French Directory to collect information respecting the state of Ireland; but being unable, for want of the necessary passports, to proceed any further than London, he wrote to request that some confidential member of the Union should be sent thither to meet him, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as being most competent to give intelligence respecting the military preparation of the country, was the person despatched with that view.

So impatient were the people of the North at this moment to rise, that it was with difficulty the chiefs of the Union succeeded in restraining them; and it was only by assurances of a speedy aid from France, such as should put success beyond peril, that the United Irishmen of Ulster, amounting then to no less than 100,000 men, organised and regimented, could be prevented from rising. To press, therefore, the despatch of the succours from France was now the great object of the Irish Executive, and, in the month of June, one of the most active of their body, Dr. MacNevin, set out on a special mission to Paris for that purpose. He found the French authorities, notwithstanding the delusive negotiations which, with the professed object of peace, they were about to enter into with England, fully disposed to second his most hostile views. It was, however, by the Batavian Republic that the honour had now been claimed of taking the lead in an expedition for the invasion of Ireland; and a powerful armament had been accordingly collected at the Texel, consisting of fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, and twenty-seven sail of transports, carrying a land force to the amount of near 14,000 men. And here again we see the good genius of England interposing to avert from her the deserved consequences of her own Tory counsels.

Had this great armament been in readiness but a few weeks sooner, when the mutinies of the English fleets had left the sea open, and even a part of the very squadron now watching off the Texel had deserted to the mutineers—could the invader have taken advantage of that most critical moment, when not only a rebel army would have received him on the shores of Ireland, but a mutineer fleet, most probably, joined him in her waters—what a change might then have been wrought in the destinies of the British Empire!

Fortunately, however, for that empire the chances determined otherwise. Having let pass the favourable moment which the difficulties of England presented, the Dutch fleet was, from the beginning of July, locked up by a long course of adverse winds in the Texel; till, at length, the provisions laid in for the expedition being nearly exhausted, it was found necessary to disembark the troops; and the Dutch government having, by a rashness of resolve for which no intelligible motive has ever been assigned, ordered their admiral to put to sea and engage the British fleet, that memorable action ensued, off Camperdown, which terminated, as is well known, in one of the most splendid victories that have ever adorned the annals of Great Britain.

Meanwhile affairs in Ireland were hurrying to their

crisis ; and events and scenes crowded past, in fearful succession, of which—if personal feelings may be allowed to mingle themselves with such a narrative—so vivid is my own recollection, I could not trust myself to dwell upon them. Though then but a youth in college, and so many years have since gone by, the impression of horror and indignation which the acts of the Government of that day left upon my mind is, I confess, at this moment far too freshly alive to allow me the due calmness of a historian in speaking of them. Not only had I myself, from early childhood, taken a passionate interest in that struggle which, however darkly it ended, began under the bright auspices of a Grattan, but among those young men whom, after my entrance into college, I looked up to with most admiration and regard, the same enthusiasm of national feeling prevailed. Some of them, too, at the time of terror and torture I am now speaking of, were found to have implicated themselves far more deeply in the popular league against power than I could ever have suspected ; and these I was now doomed to see, in their several ways, victims—victims of that very ardour of patriotism which had been one of the sources of my affection for them, and in which, through almost every step but the last, my sympathies had gone along with them.

One—considerably my senior, and *not* in the university—who, by his industry and taste in collecting old Irish airs, and the true, national expression with which he performed them on the flute, contributed to nurse in me a strong feeling for our country's music, is now, if he be still alive, languishing in exile.¹ Another, whose literary talents and mild, manly character gave every promise of a bright, if not splendid career, was, under the ban of a collegiate sentence which incapacitated him from all the learned professions, driven to a line of employment the least congenial to his tastes, where, through the remainder of a short, amiable life, his fine talents lay useless; while a third, young Emmet, but escaped with the same branding sentence to be reserved for that most sad but memorable doom to which despair, as well of himself as of his country, at last drove him.²

¹ When, in consequence of the compact entered into between Government and the chief leaders of the conspiracy, the State prisoners, before proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid a visit to this gentleman in the jail of Kilmainham, where he had then lain immured for four or five months, hearing of friend after friend being led out to death, and expecting every week his own turn to come. As painting was one of his tastes, I found that, to amuse his solitude, he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, representing that fancied origin of the Irish harp, which, some years after, I adopted as the subject of one of the Melodies :—

' 'Twas a Syren of old,' etc.

² As, in England, by a natural and, at one time, no very calumnious mistake, the term 'rebel' is looked upon as synonymous with 'Catho-

Of this latter friend, notwithstanding his own dying entreaty that the world would extend to him 'the charity of its silence,'¹ I cannot deny myself the gratification of adding a few words, conscious that, at least, the *spirit* of his wish will not be violated in them. Were I to number, indeed, the men, among all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine, in the greatest degree, pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet. Wholly free from the follies and frailties of youth—though how capable he was of the most devoted passion events afterwards proved—the pursuit of science, in which he eminently distinguished himself, seemed, at this time, the only object that at all divided his thoughts with that enthusiasm for Irish freedom which, in him, was a hereditary as well as

lic,' it may be as well to mention that these three young men were (like most of the leading persons of the conspiracy) Protestants.

¹ 'The grave opens to receive me ; all I ask of the world is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph ; for, as none who know my motives dare justify them, so let none who are ignorant of them dare to asperse them. Let my tomb remain uninscribed till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory.' I quote these sentences from recollection, and the noble speech of which they form a part was delivered by him, before receiving sentence, in his most animated and energetic manner, after having stood through a harassing trial of twelve hours' duration.

To the passage of this speech just quoted (and *not*, as is sometimes supposed, to anything connected with Lord Edward Fitzgerald), the Irish Melody, beginning 'Oh, breathe not his name,' was intended to allude.

national feeling—himself being the second martyr his father had given to the cause.

Simple in all his habits, and with a repose of look and manner indicating but little movement within, it was only when the spring was touched that set his feelings and—through them—his intellect in motion, that he, at all, rose above the level of ordinary men. On no occasion was this more peculiarly striking than in those displays of oratory with which, both in the Debating, and the Historical Society, he so often enchained the attention and sympathy of his young audience. No two individuals, indeed, could be much more unlike to each other than was the same youth to himself, *before* rising to speak, and *after*;—the brow, that had appeared inanimate and almost drooping, at once elevating itself in all the consciousness of power, and the whole countenance and figure of the speaker assuming a change as of one suddenly inspired.

Of his oratory, it must be recollected, I speak from youthful impressions; but I have heard little since that appeared to me of a loftier or (what is a far more rare quality in Irish eloquence) purer character; and the effects it produced, as well from its own exciting power, as from the susceptibility with which his audience caught up every allusion to passing events, was such as to attract at last seriously the attention of the

Fellows ; and by their desire one of the scholars, a man of advanced standing and reputation for oratory, came to attend our debates expressly for the purpose of answering Emmet, and endeavouring to neutralise the impressions of his fervid eloquence.

Such, in heart and mind, was another of those devoted men, who, with gifts that would have made them the ornaments and supports of a well-regulated community, were yet driven to live the lives of conspirators and die the death of traitors, by a system of government which it would be difficult even to think of with patience, did we not gather a hope from the present aspect of the whole civilised world, that such a system of bigotry and misrule can never exist again.

With Lord Edward I could have no opportunity of forming any acquaintance, but remember (as if it had been but yesterday) having but once seen him, in the year 1797, in Grafton Street, when, on being told who he was, as he passed, I ran anxiously after him, desirous of another look at one whose name had, from my school-days, been associated in my mind with all that was noble, patriotic, and chivalrous. Though I saw him but this once, his peculiar dress, the elastic lightness of his step, his fresh, healthful complexion, and the soft expression given to his eyes by their long dark eyelashes, are as present and familiar to my memory

as if I had intimately known him. Little did I then think that, at an interval of four-and-thirty years from thence—an interval equal to the whole span of his life at that period,—I should not only find myself the historian of his mournful fate, but (what to many will appear matter rather of shame than of boast) with feelings so little altered, either as to himself or his cause.

Trusting that I shall meet with pardon from my reader, not so much for the digressiveness of these last pages—which can hardly, perhaps, be said to have much wandered from the subject—as for the more than due share of their contents that relate personally to myself, I shall now proceed with the narrative which I had been thus tempted to interrupt.

NOTE TO CHAPTER XXI

ROBERT EMMET AND SARAH CURRAN

The following interesting incident is drawn from Dr. Stokes' *Life of Petrie*, published in 1868 :—

Of the events of 1798, as well as those of 1802, he (Petrie) preserved lively recollection. His father, though a Royalist, was yet on friendly terms with a number of the prominent political characters of the time, whose portraits he painted. Among them are those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmet, Curran, and others, all most valuable for their truthfulness and excellent style of handling.

After the execution of Emmet, he (Petrie's father) was requested to paint a portrait of him from memory, with the aid of such studies of the head and face as he had by him. It is needless to say from whom this order came. When the work was finished, the artist wrote to Miss Curran, requesting her to come to see it; he was out when she called, but she entered his study notwithstanding. Petrie, then a little boy, was sitting in a corner of the room, when he saw a lady, thickly veiled, enter and walk straight to the easel on which the work rested. She did not notice the child, and thought herself alone with the picture of her buried love. She lifted her veil, stood long in unbroken silence gazing at the face, then, suddenly turning, she moved with an unsteady step to another corner of the room, and, bending forward, pressed her forehead against the wall, heaving deep sobs, her whole frame shaken with a storm of passionate grief. How long this agony lasted the boy could not tell; it appeared to him to be an hour, and then with a sudden effort she controlled herself, pulled down her veil, and as quickly and silently left the room as she had come into it. She was unaware of his presence, unconscious of the depths of silent sympathy she had awakened in the heart of the child, whose sensitive and delicate nature kept him from intruding on her grief.—[ED.]

CHAPTER XXII

Plan of the North for an immediate rising—Favoured by Lord Edward Fitzgerald—Declined by the revolutionary leaders in Dublin—Consequences of their vacillation—Tone's opinion—Northern fervour begins to cool—Causes—Large numbers uninfluenced—Military committee—Arrest of Arthur O'Connor and Quigley—The *Press* newspaper seized by Government—Treachery—Thomas Reynolds, the informer—His revelations—Arrest of Bond, and others—Lord Edward eludes pursuit.

TOWARDS the close of 1797 the fervour of the insurrectionary spirit had, in the great seat of its strength, the North, visibly abated, and to the enforcement of martial law throughout Ulster, during the summer, that party, whose panacea for the ills of Ireland had been, at all times, and under all circumstances, the bayonet, were anxious to attribute this change. But though the seizure, under General Lake's Proclamation, of so large a quantity of arms, must have a good deal weakened the means of the United Irish in that quarter, it is also evident that there were still arms enough in their possession to give them confidence in their own strength, as their first impulse was to rise and employ them against their despoilers. This

desire, indeed, seems to have sprung up, in the very wake of Martial Law, throughout the whole province, and the objections and obstacles raised by most of the Dublin leaders—from a conviction, as they themselves state, that, without French aid, such an attempt would be unavailing—first caused that discordance of views between the Ulster and Leinster delegates, which continued from thenceforth to embarrass the counsels of the conspiracy, and, at last, contributed to its failure.

Notwithstanding the dissent, however, of their Dublin brethren, some of the more sanguine leaders of the North still persisted in their endeavours to force a general rising, and Lowry, Teeling, and others proceeded to Dublin to concert measures for that purpose.¹ A plan of insurrection—in drawing up which, it is said some Irish officers, who had been in the Austrian service, assisted—had already been agreed upon, and, what was far more important, some of the regiments then on duty in Dublin, having received intimation of the intended design, a deputation of sergeants from the Clare, Kilkenny, and Kildare militias waited upon the Provincial Committee of Dublin with an offer to seize, in the name of the Union, the Royal Barrack and the Castle, without requiring the aid or presence of a single citizen.

¹ [Among these 'others' was 'Samuel Turner, the Hamburg spy.' See Additional Chapter ii., p. 406 *et seq.*—ED.]

This proposal was immediately laid before the Executive, and Lord Edward most strenuously urged, as might be expected, their acceptance of it. But, after a long and anxious discussion, their decision was to decline the offer, as involving a risk which the present state of their preparations would not justify them, they thought, in encountering. The whole design was therefore abandoned, and the chief instigators, Messrs. Lowry, Teeling, and Tennant—the first a member of the Executive Committee of Ulster—were forced to fly to Hamburgh.

To popular ardour, when at its height, the postponement of action is a check seldom recovered from, and it is the opinion of those most conversant with the history of the conspiracy, that the Leinster leaders, by their want of enterprise and decision at this moment, let pass a crisis far more pregnant with chances of success than any other ever presented to them.¹ The people of the North who had been induced to curb their first impulse by an assurance of the speedy arrival

¹ That such was Tone's view of their conduct, as far as he could judge from the reports of the fugitives who had joined him at the Texel, will appear from the following passage in his *Diary*:—'August 1797.—By what Lowry and Tennant tell me there seems to have been a great want of spirit in the leaders in Dublin. I suspected it very much from Lewine's account, though I saw he put it the best side out; but I am now sure of it. However, I did not say so to them, for the thing is past, and criticising it will do no good, but the reverse. The people have been urgent more than once to begin, and, at one time,

of the French, when they now saw weeks pass away, without any appearance of the promised succours, began naturally to abate in their zeal, and even to suspect they had been deceived. From having been taught thus to look for aid to others, they lost confidence in themselves, and an interval of grace being, at the same time, proclaimed by the Government, within which those who submitted and gave up their arms were to receive full pardon, the good effects of such rarely tried policy were manifested by the numbers that, in all parts of the North, hastened to avail themselves of it.

To these causes of the abatement of fervour among the Northerners must be added another of a still deeper and more important kind, which began to come into operation about the middle of 1797, and from that time continued not only to moderate their enthusiasm

eight hundred of the garrison offered to give up the barracks of Dublin, if the leaders would only give the signal ; the militia were almost to a man gained over, and numbers of these poor fellows have fallen victims in consequence. It is hard to judge at this distance, but it seems to me to have been an unpardonable weakness, if not downright cowardice, to let such an occasion slip. With eight hundred of the garrison and the barracks to begin with, in an hour they would have had the whole capital, and by seizing the persons of half a dozen individuals, paralysed the whole Government, and, in my opinion, accomplished the whole revolution by a single proclamation. But, as I said already, it is hard to judge at a distance. . . . I am surprised that Emmet did not show more energy, because I know he is as brave as Cæsar of his person. It seems to me to have been such an occasion missed as we can hardly ever see return.'

in the conspiracy, but materially influenced the character of the rebellion that followed ;—and this was the growing apprehension, both upon political and religious grounds, with which the more scrupulous among the Presbyterian republicans regarded that alliance, which the organisation of the Catholic counties was now admitting into their league. Already had there for some time existed, among the lower orders of Catholics, associations known by the name of Defenders, half political, half predatory, to which the chiefs of the Union had always looked as a sort of nursery for their own military force—the hardy habits of these freebooters (for such they had now become), and their familiarity with the use of arms, appearing to offer the kind of material out of which good example and discipline might succeed in making soldiers.

In the North the United Irishmen and the Defenders, though concurring in fierce enmity to the state, had been kept wholly distinct bodies, as well by the difference of their religious tenets as by the grounds, but too sufficient, which the latter had for considering all Presbyterians as foes. In most other parts of Ireland, however, the case was different. Wherever the bulk of the population were Catholics, the Defenders formed the chief portion of the United force ; or rather, in such places, the system of the Union degenerated into

Defenderism, assuming that character which a people, lawless from having been themselves so long outlawed, might have been expected to give it. Hence those outrages and crimes which, perpetrated under the name of United Irishmen, brought disgrace upon the cause, and alarmed more especially its Presbyterian supporters, who, not without reason, shrunk from the hazard of committing the interests of the cause of civil and religious liberty to such hands. Under this impression it was that the leading United Irishmen of the counties of Down and Antrim were anxious to inculcate the notion that the Presbyterians could dispense with Catholic aid; and so much had the repugnance of the two sects to act in concert manifested itself, that at a meeting of captains on the 31st of July at Downpatrick, strong fears were, we find, expressed 'that the Dissenters and Catholics would become two separate parties.'

But though this and the other causes I have adverted to had, at the commencement of the year 1798, a good deal checked the advance of the conspiracy in that region which had given it birth and strength, there were still immense numbers organised and armed throughout the North, who, under Protestant leaders—such as were at this time the great majority of the United chiefs—would have felt too confident in their own power of giving a direction to the revolution to

have any fears from the predominance of their outnumbering allies. Whatever of physical strength, too, might have been lost in the Union in Ulster had been more than a hundred-fold made up by the spread of the organisation elsewhere; and from the returns made in the month of February this year to Lord Edward, as head of the Military Committee, it appeared that the force at that time regimented and armed throughout Ireland amounted to little less than 300,000 men.

The object of the Military Committee just mentioned was to prepare a plan of co-operation with the invader, or of insurrection, if forced to it, before the invader came. The hope of succours from France, though so frequently frustrated, was still kept sanguinely alive, and to the arrival of an armament in April they, at the beginning of this year, looked with confidence—the strongest assurances having been given by M. Talleyrand to their agent at Paris, that an expedition was in forwardness, and would be ready by that time.

On the 28th of February Lord Edward's friend, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, was, together with Quigley,¹ the Irish priest, and others, arrested on their way to France at Margate; and a paper being found on Quigley addressed to the French Directory, inviting earnestly a

¹ [Also called Coigley. This arrest was made on information supplied by Samuel Turner, the treacherous friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.—ED.]

speedy invasion of England, the whole party were on the 6th of March committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason. In consequence of this arrest, the office of the *Press* newspaper—a journal which had been in the year 1797 established in Dublin for the express purpose of forwarding the views of the Union,¹ and of which Mr. O'Connor had lately become the avowed editor—was by order of the Government searched, and all the materials and papers belonging to the establishment seized. 'Among the persons,' says a ministerial newspaper of the day, 'who were in the house where the *Press* was printed, were found Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Councillor Sampson. Lord Edward seemed peculiarly affected by the visit of the magistrate, and interested himself much to comfort the woman of the house, who had been brought by mischievous delusions into embarrassment and trouble; and offered her and her family a residence in his own house as some compensation.'

It being now clear that with or without French aid the struggle must soon come, Lord Edward and his

¹ In this newspaper the author of the present *Memoirs* confesses to have made his first essay as a writer of prose, and among those extracts from its columns which are appended to the Report of the Secret Committee for the purpose of showing the excited state of public feeling at that period, there are some of which the blame or the merit must rest with an author who had then but just turned his seventeenth year.

colleagues urged on with redoubled zeal the preparations for the encounter. A revolutionary staff was formed, and an Adjutant-General appointed in each county to transmit returns to the Executive of the strength and state of their respective forces—to report the nature of the military positions in their neighbourhood, to watch the movements of the King's troops, and, in short, as their instructions¹ (drawn up by Lord Edward himself) direct, to attend to every point connected with the species of warfare they were about to wage.

In this formidable train were affairs now proceeding ; nor would it be possible, perhaps, to find in the whole compass of history—taking into account the stake, the odds, the peril, and the daring—another instance of a conspiracy assuming such an attitude. But a blow was about to fall upon them, for which they were little prepared. Hazardous as had been the agency of the

¹ One part of these instructions ran thus :—‘Those in the maritime counties are charged, on the first appearance of a friendly force upon the coast, but especially on the most certain information being had of the debarkation of our allies, to communicate the same, in the most speedy manner, to the Executive. They must then immediately collect their force and march forward with as many of the yeomanry and militia as possible, each man to be provided with at least three days’ subsistence, and to bring on all they can of carts, draft horses, horses harnessed and horses to mount cavalry, with three or four days’ forage ; taking care to seize nowhere the property of a patriot where an enemy can be found to raise contributions on.’ [See for the full text Appendix B, p. 479.]

chiefs at every step, and numerous as were the persons necessarily acquainted with their proceedings, yet so well contrived for secrecy was the medium through which they acted, and by such fidelity had they been hitherto fenced round, that the Government could not reach them. How little sparing those in authority would have been of rewards, their prodigality to their present informer proved. But few or none had yet been tempted to betray ; and, in addition to the characteristic fidelity of the Irish in such confederacies, the same hatred of the law which had made them traitors to the state kept them true to each other.

It is, indeed, not the least singular feature of this singular piece of history, that, with a government strongly intrenched both in power and will, resolved to crush its opponents, and not scrupulous as to the means, there should now have elapsed two whole years of all but open rebellion under their very eyes without their being able, either by force or money, to obtain sufficient information to place a single one of the many chiefs of the confederacy in their power. Even now, so far from their vigilance being instrumental in the discovery, it was but to the mere accidental circumstance of a worthless member of the conspiracy being pressed for a sum of money to discharge some debts, that the Government was indebted for the treachery that

at once laid the whole plot at their feet—delivered up to them at one seizure almost all its leaders, and thus disorganising, by rendering it headless, the entire body of the Union, was the means, it is not too much to say, of saving the country to Great Britain.

The name of this informer—a name in *one* country, at least, never to be forgotten—was Thomas Reynolds, and the information he gave that led to the arrests at Bond's on the 12th March will be most clearly set before the reader in the following extracts from his evidence :—

It was about the 25th February 1798, that in travelling with Mr. Cope to Castle-Jordan in order to obtain possession of some lands to which we were jointly entitled, I was induced by the persuasion of this gentleman, on whose friendship and honour I had the most implicit reliance, to disclose to him in part the extent of the conspiracy. I added that in order to enable Government to counteract it entirely, I would procure a man who could get to the bottom of it and detect the leaders. In consequence of this I did, in the name of a third person, communicate to Mr. Cope for Government all I knew of the plans and views of the United Irishmen, and particularly the proceedings of the meeting at Bond's of the 19th of February 1798, which I had got from Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the intended (Provincial) meeting of the 12th of March, also at Bond's, which meeting was in consequence apprehended.

In order to procure more certain knowledge of the intended meeting of the 12th of March, I applied to Bond,

at whose house Daly had said it was to be held ; and Bond referred me to John M'Cann as the man who was to regulate that part of the business, and to give any information that might be necessary about it. I accordingly applied to M'Cann, who said that unless I brought up the returns from the County Committee of Kildare, I could not be admitted to the Provincial, neither could he give me any information thereof, till I showed him said returns. On communicating this to Mr. Cope, he advised me to go down to my county, which I accordingly did on the Saturday week before the arrest of the meeting at Bond's. On the Sunday I went to Castledermott, where for the first time I met my officers, and settled returns of men and arms, etc., after which I called upon Daly at Kilcullen, who I knew was in possession of the returns, and who wrote a copy of them and gave it to me. On bringing this paper up to Dublin, I showed it to M'Cann, and asked him the time of the meeting of the Provincial ; when he said that it was very odd there was not any increase in the returns since the last meeting, and that the delegates must be in town on the Sunday evening. M'Cann then promised that he would breakfast with me on Sunday, 11th March 1798, at my house, No. 4 Cumberland Street, and tell me all particulars as to the time and place of the Provincial Meeting. Accordingly, M'Cann did come on the next morning, Sunday, to breakfast, but no particular conversation then took place, as Mrs. Reynolds was present.

After breakfast M'Cann and I walked to the bottom of Church Street, when he told me that, at ten o'clock on Monday morning, I must be at Oliver Bond's, and desired me to be punctual, as particular business would be done. Not wishing to be at the meeting, as I knew it was to be

arrested, I wrote a note to Bond, which I sent on Monday morning, stating that Mrs. Reynolds was taken very ill; that I could not consequently bring my money at the hour appointed, and begged him to make an apology for me to M'Cann on that account.

The above information being laid by Mr. Cope before Government, a warrant from the Secretary of State's office was placed in the hands of Mr. Swan, a magistrate for the county of Dublin, who, on the morning of Monday, 12th of March, repaired to Mr. Oliver Bond's house, attended by thirteen sergeants in coloured clothes, and by means of the password—'Where's M'Cann? Is Ivers from Carlow come?'—obtained ready admission to the meeting, and arrested all the persons there assembled.¹ Among the chief leaders mentioned in the warrant, there were—besides Oliver Bond himself, who was one of the most respectable and opulent merchants in all Ireland—Dr. MacNevin, Emmet, and Sampson, both barristers of eminence, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Of the four last-named, none happened to be present at the meeting; but separate warrants being

¹ Among the papers found at Bond's, consisting chiefly of returns from the officers of the Union, there was a list of toasts and sentiments, of which the following is a significant specimen:—'Mother Erin dressed in green ribbons by a French milliner, if she can't be dressed without her.'

instantly issued against them, MacNevin, Emmet, and Sampson were at no very long intervals after apprehended, and Lord Edward alone contrived to elude pursuit.¹

A good deal is said by Moore, in this chapter, as to how little the Government knew of what the United Irishmen had been doing during the two years of their secret organisation. It will be seen, however, from the Additional Chapters ii. and iii., given by the editor at the end of these *Memoirs*, that they were well acquainted at the Castle not only with what was passing, but with the name of every one of the leaders of the insurrectionary movement, although for their own purposes action was deferred. It may be that they were not in a position to make use of their knowledge in a court of law until they had purchased the evidence of Reynolds and Armstrong. Yet even this is doubtful, as they had already been able to convict Jackson—who poisoned himself in the dock before the judge had time to sentence him—and to convict and hang the priest, Quigley, on evidence which it is now known had long been in their possession. The fact is, the Anglo-Irish administration *nursed* the rebellion until they believed they could make use of it to effect the Union.—ED.]

NOTE TO CHAPTER XXII

INSTANCES OF REYNOLDS' VILLAINY

Two days after the arrests at Bond's on Reynolds' information (Lord Edward having escaped that peril by seeing Major Swan's party enter the house in time to draw back) he, Reynolds, visited Lord Edward at his place of concealment at Dr. Kennedy's in Aungier Street, as Moore has related. At this time, and for some time after, as will be seen also from the *Memoirs*, there was a great anxiety on the part of the Irish Government that Lord Edward might be induced to make his escape from the country because of the influence of his family, and orders for his arrest had not then been issued. Therefore Reynolds was instructed still to play the part of a sympathetic friend. On the occasion of this visit Reynolds discovered that Lord Edward had no arms of any kind, except a small dagger, and that he was quite unprovided with cash. Consequently, acting upon instructions, he called upon his noble friend on the following night, the 16th, at the same address, bringing with him fifty guineas in gold, which he had received from the Castle, and a pair of pistols, bullet-mould, etc., the bill for which is to be found duly entered in Sirr's 'Secret Service' accounts. 'Thus provided,' Reynolds' son proceeds to say, 'he, Lord Edward, took the pistols, threw a cloak over his shoulders, and left the house accompanied by Mr. Lawless. My father never saw him more.' Dr. Madden adds, commenting upon this: 'It was a particular feature of Reynolds' infamy, that he seems to have felt a gratification in witnessing the effects of his proceedings on the unfortunate families of his victims. A few days after the arrests at Bond's, he paid a visit of condolence to Mrs. Bond, and even caressed the child she was holding in her arms.'—[ED.]

CHAPTER XXIII

Lady Sarah Napier's Journal, March 5th to March 29th, 1798.

IT has been my good fortune to have intrusted to me, with liberty to make extracts from it, a short Journal which was, about this time, begun by Lady Sarah Napier,¹ for the kind purpose of preserving, during a severe illness of her husband, such particulars of the events then passing as it would most interest him, when convalescent, to know. The minute domestic details connected with her noble relative's fate which she has here so simply, but with so much feeling and strength of character, recorded, are such as could have been in no other way accessible, nor in any other shape half so interestingly conveyed.

Monday, March 5th.

News came from London this week that four or five men were taken up at Margate, trying to escape to France with some plot; for that, having come to Dover, they put

¹ Aunt to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and mother of the distinguished historian of the Peninsular War, to whose kindness I am indebted for the use of so precious a document.

their baggage on a cart, and followed it themselves on foot towards Margate—offered immense sums—seemed to know the way—that many odd things caused suspicion, and they were apprehended. One of them said he was Arthur O'Connor, and going abroad with the other gentlemen: that on the cart was found boxes with papers expressive of their being a sort of ambassadors, from the U.I.M.¹ to the Directory at Paris, to give assurances of the good reception the French would meet with in Ireland, and to *press* their immediate coming. The gentlemen denied the baggage was theirs. They were carried to the Privy Council, and put into the Tower.

This is all the substance I have gleaned from the little I have heard; and, on the other hand, it is *since* said that all these suspicious circumstances are a fabrication, and that nothing can be found against O'Connor of any sort. Yet Mr. Ogilvie writes me word, it is generally believed he will be hanged; but many at first said he would get off. I will try to be more mistress of the subject against you read this, which I have carefully kept from your hearing as long as I thought it dangerous to give your thoughts such serious grounds for working them on, which in your weak state is hurtful and retards recovery. I have since heard from Mr. Henry that Edward never was troubled about O'Connor, and said that he had nothing *odd* with him but 1200 guineas. . . . He is to be tried at the Kent Assizes.

March 1798.

It was fortunate I kept O'Connor's business from you, as it at first appeared linked with one much more interest-

¹ United Irishmen,

ing to us all ; but *I believe* I may say with truth, that it was the artful management of Government so to dispose the scenery, that the most knowing ones were taken in *at first* ; but that it is certain that an event which took place *here* is in no way whatever the consequence of this English business, but a mere repetition of Russell and Nelson's business, and will end the same way, to the disgrace of Government. However, here is the story :

(Mr. Pelham was dying, and therefore, poor man, is free from *this* business. Lord Castlereagh was sent for *express* from Dundalk, to do Mr. Pelham's business.)

Mails came from London, and a Council called, and *then* determined to take up many U.I.M. ; for early on Monday, 12th, messengers were sent to Oliver Bond's house, to take up all then sitting at a Committee ; when they entered the house, the table was full of papers ; a serjeant said, ' If you don't all hold up your hands, I will shoot you.' The papers seized were of the utmost importance, and carried to Council. Counsellor Emmet, Oliver Bond, Jackson the ironmonger, Sweetman the brewer, and others, were taken. Counsellor Sampson made his escape ; Dr. MacNevin was taken in his own house ; and report made a thousand stories of where Edward was. Some said at the Committee, others *at Dr. MacNevin's* ; that the sheriff, seeing him, said to the messengers, ' Is not Lord Edward in your warrant ?' ' No' ; upon which Edward walked in the streets ; and then heard a separate warrant was out for him, on which he disappeared, and has never been heard of since.¹

The separate warrant went by a messenger, attended by

¹ [Lord Edward was not present at the meeting at Oliver Bond's. See Note at the end of Chapter xxii.—ED.]

Sheriff Carlton, and a party of soldiers, commanded by a Major O'Kelly, into Leinster House. The servants ran up to Lady Edward, who was ill with the gathering in her breast, and told her ; she said directly, ' There is no help, send them up ' : they asked very civilly for her papers and Edward's, and she gave them *all*. Her apparent distress moved Major O'Kelly *to tears* ; and their whole conduct was proper. They left her, and soon returned (Major Boyle having been with two dragoons to Frescati, and taken such papers as were in their sitting-room, and not found Edward) to search Leinster House for him, and came up with great good-nature to say, ' Madam, we wish to tell you our search is in vain ; Lord Edward has escaped. Dr. Lindsay returning from hence went to Leinster House to her, and there found her in the greatest agitation, the humour quite gone back, and he was a good deal alarmed for her ; but, by care, she is, thank God, recovered.

Mrs. Pakenham wrote *that* night to my sister a letter I hope you will see, for it was trying to make the matter as light as she could to my poor sister, yet forced to say what, of course, she heard from Mr. P.¹ and Lord Castlereagh.

Tuesday, 13th.

My sister brought me the letter *in the greatest despair*. I was shocked at the *event*, but by no means alarmed at the description, and told her I was *sure* Edward ran off to avoid a prison *only*, and that it would all prove a second edition of Nelson's, etc. I said this, yet my mind sunk within me at the idea of its being from O'Connor's business.

Wednesday, 14th.

My sister went off early to town with Emmy to breakfast at Mrs. P.'s, appointing C. Fitzgerald to meet her, and

¹ Pakenham.

wishing to hear from him what he had done relative to my sister and the duke ; but instead of Charles she found Lord Castlereagh, who told her, ' though the two brothers differ, yet nature is strong, and Lord Charles was so overcome on Monday, hearing this event, that he set off early on Tuesday for the country, to get out of the way.'¹

Louisa then asked questions. Lord C. said, ' I fear I cannot answer your questions, for you know I am bound to secrecy ; but pray don't believe any reports you hear, for, upon my word, *nothing has yet transpired*. You may rely on the earnest wishes of Government to do all they can for Lord Edward, who is so much loved, and as he can't be found, no harm can happen to him. I pity Lady Edward most exceedingly, and will do all in my power to send her back her private letters.' Mr. P. spoke as usual, of Edward, *fine flummery*, and said he only hoped in God he should not meet him, as it would be a sad struggle between his *duty* and *friendship*. Louisa took all this, as it was intended she should ; but when she was out of the room, Emily heard Sir G. S. express *his hopes that Lord Edward would be caught*, and she did not *hear* or *see* anything like a contradiction to this wish from any of the company.

From thence Louisa went to Leinster House, where poor little Pamela's *fair, meek*, and pitiable account of it all moved her to the greatest degree, and gained my sister's good opinion of her sense and good conduct. My sister charged her not to name his name,—not to give a *soul* a hint of where he was, if she knew it, and to stay at Leinster House, seeing everybody that called, and keep strict silence,—to which Pamela agreed. Louisa went back

¹ [This brother of Lord Edward afterwards received a peerage.—ED.]

to the *set*, and told them how meek and gentle Pamela was; that she did not suppose any of the Government people would insult her, but underlings might; that she would, as soon as her breast admitted of it, see everybody who was so good as to call on her, to show she was not plotting mischief. *They* gave great praise to her sense and good conduct (though I hear, before this, Mr. P. had said her sickness was a sham), and my sister came home with Dr. Lindsay quite satisfied that, in this miserable business, Lady Edward was secure of his innocence and safety, and Government all good-nature; but still in such *horrors* about either his *having* invited the French, or his being punished for it, that she cannot bring herself to name the subject without *agony*.

By this time I had heard from *others*, that all Dublin was in consternation on Monday morning; that upon the papers being carried to Council, the Chancellor was sent for *at the courts* to attend it; that he dashed out in a hurry, and found a mob at the door, who *abused him*, and he returned the abuse by cursing and swearing like a madman. He met Lord Westmeath, and they went into a shop and came out with pistols, and the Chancellor *thus* went on *foot* to Council.

Thursday, 15th.

I heard from Mr. Berwick that Government had ordered no mention of this transaction should appear *in any paper*. He told me of the strange absurd reports of their having behaved so ill in the searches, etc., and I told him Lady Edward had written to thank Major O'Kelly for his humane conduct.

My sister had promised to go again, but did not. I heard daily from Lady Edward, and found she had

recovered her spirits in so sudden a manner, that everybody is convinced she knows where he is, and that he is safe and innocent. I sent her £20 in case she wanted ready money, but she returned it, and sent me word she had plenty,¹ for that they had some by them, and that she was going to take a house to get out of Leinster House, which was grown detestable to her, and to have a quiet home of her own to lie-in in. She bid me tell my sister Leinster to be *quite, quite* easy. To *write* would be folly in *her*, and indeed in *us*, *for all letters are opened now*; so I only wrote to Mrs. Johnston, and made a child direct it, desiring *her* to send for Mr. Ogilvie, and show it him. We know nothing yet of how my poor sister will take it—I fear very badly. Government intended a proclamation to take Edward, but thought better of it.

I was surprised by a visit from Captain M——. *He* began about Edward: I said I was sure he was innocent, though he made no secret of his opinions, but that nobody dreaded a Revolution more, from the goodness of his heart, and that he only ran off, I was sure, from the dread of prison. ‘But,’ said M., ‘surely he knew the consequence of sitting at a Committee?’ ‘I believe he never was there.’ ‘Oh! I beg your pardon,’ said M., ‘he was seen there, as I understand.’ ‘I am sure,’ said I, ‘you think your authority good, very naturally, but *I doubt* every authority.’ ‘But surely,’ said he, ‘they would not dare to take him up without sufficient grounds?’ ‘If I had not *seen it done* twice here, I should think as you do; but I know all their ways too well, and you will see that I am right.’ We then

¹ [According to Reynolds’ deposition it was on this evening, or the evening after, that Lady Edward complained to him of being in want of money.—ED.]

talked of poor Doyle, of M——'s own situation, who is aide-de-camp to Lord Clanricarde, with whom he was in Corsica, and whom he likes of all things. He spoke with the greatest regard of you, came down on purpose to inquire about you, and says he will come whenever you are able to see him. He told me of a servant of Mr. Lee's being killed by a soldier's bayonet the day before in the streets, because some men, among whom was this servant, were seducing soldiers; that Lord Tyrawly came among them, and tried to send them away. This servant was impertinent to him: he drew his pistols, and a soldier struck the man, who died on the spot.

Friday, 16th.

Captain M—— seemed to think ill of the U.I. Men and laugh at the farce of everybody going armed with pistols, saying, '*he* never had been attacked—out at all hours of the night.'

Saturday, 17th.

St. Patrick's Day. All *quiet*.

The same day came the surveyor that lived with Plaw, merely to acknowledge his obligations to you; he has been in the North with Lord Downshire, and, being in Dublin, could not resist his wish to see you.* Mr. Swinburne came, as you know, merely to inquire after you. I suspect he avoided seeing me on account of Edward's business.

Saturday, 24th.

Captain Armstrong¹ came for the third time and you saw him. From *him* I heard that the prisoners would come off well; that there was no Committee, only some of them

¹ This Captain Armstrong was *not* the informer, as has been supposed.

assembled to consider what was to be done about the *Press*. That the report of a *dreadful map*, found in Lady Edward's care, was one of Dublin, with notes written by a clever gunmaker, who had marked the weak parts, and who had sent it to Lord Edward. That no sooner had this man heard of the noise it made, than he went to Government and said it was *his*, which he had shown to Lord Edward. They asked him for what purpose he had drawn it? 'For my amusement,' said he. So that by Armstrong's account, nothing would come of all this business, and by Lady Edward's and others, I was in hopes it would prove so. Reports say Edward was seen in a post-chaise with his brother Charles at Newry, but it is false, I fancy; others, that he is at Leinster House, and at Carton—all false, I believe.

When Mrs. P—— came on Tuesday, Mr. Conolly was setting off. Louisa said she would go and fetch Lady Edward to Castletown, and he *forbid* it. From Dundalk he wrote, 'There will not be the same objections in June to her coming to Castletown.' We cannot guess what *that* means. All Saturday we were in expectation of the Naas prisoners' return, and anxious to know their fate.

Sunday, 25th.

This morning, being in your room, my sister¹ came, and I saw she looked disturbed. . . . I took no notice of her looks, but she gave me a letter from Mr. Ogilvie, saying, my poor sister² was supported by her confidence in Edward not deserving *anything* by word or deed, but that Sophia and Lucy³ were terribly affected. He

¹ Lady Louisa Conolly.

² The Duchess Dowager, Lord Edward's mother.

³ No doubt; they were in the secret. See Additional Chapter ii.

also said that the poor little duchess¹ was given over by all who came from Bristol, but that he, the duke, did not see it. This letter accounted to me for her low looks. As she was going, she beckoned me out, and said that she must tell me a secret, though she had reasons not to reveal it; but since I had determined to sit up this night, it was necessary to tell me not to be alarmed if, early in the morning, I should hear a bustle, for that an officer, she thinks a Mr. Longfield, came from Naas, and asking for Mr. Conolly, seemed disappointed. He then asked to speak to Colonel Napier, and hearing that he was ill, asked if any gentleman was in the house, and at last begged to speak to Louisa herself, who went down to him. He told her that an order was given in General Wilson's district, including *this* place, to search for arms, and *disarm everybody*. She asked if officers were included; he said he believed not ultimately, but that no exclusion was made in the order which he showed her, signed by General Hewitt, and it is very strict. He asked how many arms she had: she guessed *twenty*. He said, 'Have you *twenty* servants to use them?' 'Yes.' 'Then we won't trouble you. For it was the fear of alarming you with all the military that will be about to-morrow *early* that brought me, and we won't come here, as it is only meant for the disaffected, and others must go through the ceremony.' Louisa said, 'Pray, sir, don't let your civility interfere with your duty—search the house, if you choose it.' 'That must depend on the magistrates,' said he, 'for Sir Ralph Abercrombie's new Order hampers us sadly now. I wish I knew who were disaffected—can you tell me?' 'No,' said Louisa, 'I can tell you who are *not*, but I don't

¹ The Duchess of Leinster.

know who *are* ; but may I beg to know if you *must* go to Colonel Napier, for he is so ill, it may alarm him to hear a bustle.' 'Yes, I suppose we must, but of course we shall give a receipt for the arms, and he will know where to find them.'

Thus did my dear sister so *alter her nature*, that she submitted to be *disarmed*, and leave her house a prey to vagabonds—and she was *not* glad the prisoners were released.¹ What perversion in the noblest nature may be compassed by cunning, by nerves, and by habits of hearing terror rung in her ears for years ! I had neither time nor thoughts to answer, argue, or try to convince her. I thanked her for the notice, and rejoiced to be *prepared* ; and on reflection, I *now* determined to refuse to allow the search, or to give up the arms. And I am *well awake* in the expectation of these *offenders*, who want to leave us to *Defenders*. *N.B.*—The Naas prisoners all returned to Celbridge at six o'clock.

In the interim I return to Mr. Henry's conversation in the morning before my sister came. He told me that O'Connor would be tried *soon*, and he understood nothing would be done to him, though Mr. Ogilvie wrote me word he would be hanged. Henry also says, *entre nous*, there *was* a Committee, and that Government say they knew of it a month ago ; that the delegates of each province send *their* delegates to Dublin, and that Edward was to order for Leinster how they were to proceed—*as is said*. That he stayed in Dublin some days, and foolishly was visited by many, and at last removed for fear of being found out.

¹ This alludes to Lady Louisa having, the day before, checked some of her sister's children who were expressing their joy at the liberation of the prisoners tried at Naas.

That Government made a furious noise for two days, but dropped it in a moment, and that he believes they wish him to escape, but that he (Henry) fears Edward will be tempted to draw the sword and throw away the scabbard, for that they (I don't know who Henry includes in *they*) all say that if Edward is taken or touched, they *won't bear it*.

Now what am I to think of all this? How far can I rely on Henry's opinion? who does he take it from? He also told us Lord Ormond and Sparrow made themselves constables, searching for Edward with two dragoons, the latter vowing he would bring him dead or alive; but all this vapouring ceased soon. Henry also told me Government *abused Sir Ralph Abercrombie*, who was going to *resign*; but that as the King and Dundas were fond of him, it was expected to make a dust first.

You asked me to-day if something was not the matter with me. I think with such a load of interesting things on my mind, I fight a good battle with myself, and keep very equal in my attendance and manner to you. What will not affection do, when what we adore may suffer from the least inadvertence? I made a little trial of your wish about the arms, and your answer decided me, for I am your representative in this instance.

Among these things, I forgot to mention a trifling thing, comparatively speaking, but which agitated me a good deal. On Sunday, 4th, Farrell rode Sam to town for Lindsay, and going into Coyle's, a soldier of the Fermanagh pushed the horse *out of his way*. Farrell was endeavouring to do the same, when another soldier, of the same regiment, stuck his bayonet in the horse's flank, and wounded him. Farrell called out; but instantly giving the horse to Coyle's people, he ran to examine the man,

and marked him in his memory, then returned, attended to the horse, and called everybody to witness it. An officer of Frazer's saw it all, and said he would write to you ; but hearing you were ill, told Farrell to tell you, when well, that he would vouch for his good conduct. Farrell, not content, went to look for Mr. P. to make his complaint ; but not finding him, would not risk being late, and came home gently with Sam, who I hear is quite well, it being only a flesh wound. All my children and servants were *up* about this, and I ready to cry for vexation ; but I foresaw that a *fuss* about it might bring on unpleasant stories, such as your horse being stabbed, and then the soldier's revenge at Farrell, and in short many things to annoy you in your convalescence, so I forbade *all talk*, and took it all on *me*. I sent to Mr. Kempland, and had the whole told *him*, desiring the soldier might be properly punished for being a *brute* to a poor horse, and not because it was a colonel's horse, but a horse. In some days after Mr. Kempland came to fetch Farrell to be witness against the man, at a court-martial, after having kept him in the black-hole a week. I begged to be allowed to obtain his pardon, upon condition he would promise never to hurt *any* horse again, and to have him told that I forgave him, in hopes it would make him more sorry for his fault than if I got him punished. Mr. K. seemed much pleased with my commission, and I hope it will meet with your approbation, as I did it exactly as I thought *you would do*. Since that I send my horses to Mrs. P. or Moira House.

I forgot to tell you that Captain Hamilton brought me a letter from General N., by which I see poor Mrs. Oswald is dead, and your poor aunt in the greatest affliction.

Thursday, 29th March.

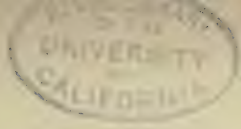
I now return to the *arms*, which you know the sequel of.¹ It cost me very uneasy nights, I own, expecting a domiciliary visit daily. We have heard from my sister Leinster, and she shows so much sense, firmness, and resignation to whatever may be the event, that I am charmed with her elevated and spirited character, and trust it will save her from many hours of misery which poor Louisa passes so unnecessarily for want of using her reason. As I mean to show you this to-morrow, I shall stop.

¹ Her ladyship refused to deliver up the arms, and there was no further step taken about them.

CHAPTER XXIV

Lord Edward in hiding—Reynolds the informer—His depositions—
How Lord Edward came to know him—Interviews with Lord
Edward while in concealment—Duly reported to the Castle—
Address of the Leinster Committee to the United Irishmen.

THE reader has seen from the Journal (which forms the subject of the preceding chapter) that, after the arrests of the 12th of March, neither Lord Edward's brother or aunts were at all aware of what had become of him. Whether it had been his intention to attend the meeting at Bond's does not appear from the evidence, but that he was one of those whom the officers expected to find there was manifest. On the issuing of the separate warrant against him, they lost no time, as we see, in putting it into execution, and were actually in Leinster House, making their search, when, having hastened home, hearing of the arrests, he was on the point of entering it. His faithful Tony, however, being on the look-out for him, he received notice of what was going on in time to escape. It is difficult, however fruitless such a feeling must be, not to mingle a degree of painful regret with the reflection that, had



he happened, on this day, to have been one of the persons arrested at Bond's, not only might his own life, from the turn affairs afterwards took, have been spared, but much of the unavailing bloodshed that was now to follow have been prevented.

Another striking part of the fatality which seems to have marked his every step, was, that he himself should have been the chief cause of the informer Reynolds' promotion to those posts of honour and trust in the confederacy which gave him ultimately so much the power of betraying it. His lordship had, it appears, taken a kind and active part in some negotiation relative to a lease between Reynolds and the Duke of Leinster, and being deceived, in the course of this transaction, by an appearance of honesty and respectability in the man, was induced, in the unsuspectingness of his own nature, to place entire confidence in him. To what an extent he carried this reliance, the following extracts from Reynolds' depositions will show:—

In the month of November, 1797, Lord Edward Fitzgerald called upon me, at my house in Park Street, and said that he came to request me to become a Colonel for the Barony of Kilkea and Moon, in which Barony I had then purchased a place. I at first hesitated, but he used many arguments, and I at length agreed to accept the command.

Lord Edward then said, 'That there was an honest man in the county of Kildare, Matthew Kennaa, who would call and speak to me about my election to be colonel,'

About the latter end of January, 1798, Matthew Kennaa came to me, and asked whether I would stand my election for colonel, on which I told him that I would, as Lord Edward had been speaking to me about it. Kennaa then said that he knew his lordship had been speaking to me on the subject, and adding, that it was intended I should hold a civil as well as military employment, asked me which I should prefer, being a treasurer or a secretary. To this I answered that I would rather be a treasurer.

About the 24th of February I went down to the Black Rock with Cummings and M'Cann of Grafton Street to dine with Lord Edward, where I found Hugh Wilson. It was after dinner on that day that Lord Edward gave me the Resolutions and Returns of the National Committee,¹

¹ These papers were all in Lord Edward's handwriting. The Returns will give some notion of the force which he might have been able to rally round him had he lived.

National Committee, 26th Feb. 1798.

'Ulster and Munster made no new returns this time, but state their former returns again of last Monday.

	Armed men.	Finances in hand.
Ulster,	110,990	£436 2 4
Munster,	100,634	147 17 2
Kildare,	10,863	110 17 7
Wicklow,	12,895	93 6 4
Dublin,	3,010	37 2 6
Dublin City, . . .	2,177	321 17 11
Queen's County, . .	11,689	91 2 1
King's County, . .	3,600	21 11 3
Carlow,	9,414	49 2 10
Kilkenny,	624	10 2 3
Meath,	1,400	171 2 1
	<hr/> 279,896	<hr/> £1485 4 9'

Among the Resolutions was the following, alluding to some conciliatory motion which was then about to be brought forward by Lord Moira:—'Resolved, that we will pay no attention whatever to any

with copies of which I furnished Mr. Cope for the Government.

I expressed some doubts to Lord Edward whether the United Men could stand in battle before the King's troops, but he replied to me, 'That would not be altogether necessary, as assistance from France was expected; that then some of the United Men would certainly join in the French lines, and of course would soon become disciplined; but as to the multitude, all they would have to do would be to harass the escorts of ammunition, cut off detachments and foraging parties, and, in fine, make the King's troops feel themselves in every respect in an enemy's country, while the actual battles would be left to the foreign troops.'

The very day before the arrest of the meeting at Bond's, a conversation, which we find thus detailed by the informer himself, took place between him and his noble patron:—

About four o'clock, on Sunday the 11th of March, I called at Leinster House upon Lord Edward Fitzgerald. I had a printed paper in my hand, which I had picked up somewhere, purporting to be directions or orders signed by Counsellor Saurin to the Lawyers' Corps. These required them, in case of riot or alarm, to repair to Smithfield, and such as had not ball-cartridge were to get them at his house, and such as were going out of town and did not think their arms safe were to deposit them with him; and there was a little paper inside which mentioned that attempts that may be made by either House of Parliament, to divert the public mind from the grand object which we have in view, as nothing short of the complete emancipation of our country will satisfy us.'

their orders were to be kept secret. Lord Edward Fitzgerald upon reading this paper seemed greatly agitated: he said he thought Government intended to arrest him, and he wished he could get to France to hasten the invasion, which he could do by his intimacy with Talleyrand Perigord, one of the French ministers. He said he would not approve of a general invasion at first, but that the French had some very fine fast-sailing frigates, and that he would put on board them as many English and Irish officers as he could procure to come over from France, and as many men as were capable of drilling, and stores and ammunition of different kinds, and run them into some port in this country; he said he thought Wexford might do: that it would be unsuspected, and if they succeeded they could establish a rallying-point until other help should come.

Lord Edward, after this conversation, walked up and down the room in a very agitated manner: 'No,' said he, 'it is impossible, Government cannot be informed of it; they never have been able to know where the Provincial meet.' Shortly after this the servant came and asked was he ready for dinner. I went away; he wanted me to stay dinner, but I would not.

In making his terms with the Government, it was one of the conditions insisted upon by Reynolds that the channel through which the information came should remain for some time a secret—a stipulation in which his employers were no less interested than himself, as, by wearing still the mask of a friend, he could retain still the confidence of those he was betraying, and

whatever victims his first aim had missed might, from the same ambush, be made sure of afterwards. In pursuance of this policy, we find him, as he himself admits, paying a friendly visit to Mrs. Bond, two or three days after he had marked her husband for death ; and even to Lord Edward, whose place of concealment at this moment was kept secret, as we have seen, from his own family, this man, under the trust reposed in him, found ready admittance ; and, again abusing the frank confidence he had inspired, was enabled to return to his employers armed with fresh proofs, which, though unavailing, as it turned out, against the noble Edward himself, were reserved for the posthumous revenge of disinheriting his offspring. The following is Reynolds' own account of what passed on this occasion ; and it would be a task worthy, I think, of a great painter to consign to canvas his conception of what an interview between two such persons, under such circumstances, must have been ; doing justice at once to the ardour, the gallant bearing, the elevation above all guile and suspicion, that characterised one of the parties, and the cool purpose of deceit, yet consciousness of degradation, which to any eye, perhaps, but his victim's, must have been visible through the plausibility of the other :—

I saw Lord Edward Fitzgerald the Wednesday night

after in Aungier Street, at Dr. Kennedy's, having been brought to his place of concealment there. I had little conversation with him at that time, but he desired me to come to him the following evening at the same place. I did so, and he brought me upstairs, and gave me a paper, which he desired me to deliver as an Address from him to the County, desiring them not to mind what had passed, as it signified nothing ; but to fill up the vacancies occasioned by the arrest at Bond's as soon as possible, as the time was at hand when they should be called into action, and they might rely on his being in his place on the day of need.

He also told me that he had in his hands £13 as Treasurer to the Barony of Offaly, and £32 as Treasurer to the county of Kildare, which two sums he would take care to have handed over to me. Lord Edward then went away from the house in disguise, under care of a gentleman whom I believe to have been a Mr. Lawless, a surgeon.¹

That Reynolds promptly gave information to his employers of the place and circumstances of this interview there can hardly be any doubt ; and that they should have let pass such an opportunity of seizing their noble prey can only be accounted for either by his quick change of place, which baffled their pursuit, or more probably by that wish to afford him a chance of quitting the country, which, it is well known, *one*, at least, of the powerful members of the Cabinet at this

¹ [Some additional particulars connected with this interview are given in Note at the end of Chapter xxii.—ED.]

time entertained. The thought of abandoning, however, for a single moment the post of peril assigned to him had never once entered into Lord Edward's dauntless mind. The very calamity that had just befallen the cause but bound a spirit like his more ardently to its service. To repair the breaches made in the organisation by these arrests—there having been no less than three members of the Leinster Executive¹ seized at Bond's—was now the first great object of his lordship and his friends; and with such promptitude was this effected that on the very evening of the arrests three other persons were found to fill the vacant places. So anxious, indeed, were they to have it supposed by the people that this discovery had but little deranged their plans, that we find shortly after one of the delegates, in his report to an Ulster meeting, assuring them confidently that the Leinster Committee had recovered wholly from their shock, and that within four days after the arrests the whole province had been again completely organised.

In order to calm, too, the minds of their followers, and prevent either the panic of some, or the premature violence of others, from having any injurious con-

¹ Towards the close of the year 1797, instead of the affairs of the Union being, as before, under the control of one supreme Directory sitting in Dublin, there was an Executive Committee established for each of the four Provinces.

sequences, they drew up handbills, in styles suited to their various readers, and had them distributed among the initiated. From one of these the following ably-written paragraphs are extracted :—

For us the keen but momentary anxiety, occasioned by the situation of our invaluable friends, subsided on learning all the circumstances of the case into a calm tranquillity, a consoling conviction of mind, that they are as safe as innocence can make men now ; and to these sentiments were quickly added a redoubled energy, a tenfold activity of exertion which has already produced the happiest effects. The organisation of the capital is perfect. No vacancies existing, arrangements have been made, and are still making, to secure for our oppressed brethren, whose trials approach, the benefit of legal defence : and the sentinels whom you have appointed to watch over your interests stand firm at their posts, vigilant of events, and prompt to give you notice and advice, which on every occasion at all requiring it you may rely on receiving.

This recital, Irishmen, is meant to guard those of you who are remote from the scene of the late events against the consequences of misrepresentation and mistake. The most unfounded rumours have been set afloat, fabricated for the double purpose of delusion and intimidation. Your enemies talk of treachery, in the vain and fallacious hope of creating it ; but you, who scorn equally to be their dupes or their slaves, will meet their forgeries with dignified contempt, incapable of being either goaded into untimely violence, or sunk into pusillanimous despondency. Be firm, Irishmen, but be cool and cautious ; be patient yet a while ; trust to no unauthorised communications ; and

above all we warn you, again and again we warn you, against doing the work of your tyrants, by premature, by partial or divided exertion. If Ireland shall be forced to throw away the scabbard, let it be at her own time, not at theirs.

DUBLIN, *March 17th*
(*St. Patrick's Day*), 1798.

CHAPTER XXV

Lord Edward's place of concealment—Secret meeting with his wife and child—The faithful old servant—Lord Edward's indifference to danger—His gaiety—The Leinster family—The Irish Government offer to connive at his escape—Lord Clare and Mr. Ogilvie—Lord Edward refuses—The Portobello retreat menaced—Removed to Murphy's in Thomas Street—Government panic—Proclamation—Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Lord Carhampton—Prospects of French assistance—Hoche dead—Bonaparte indifferent.

WHILE putting in train all these measures for the retrieval of their affairs, another essential object with the United Irishmen was to procure, somewhere near Dublin, a place of concealment for their noble leader, till circumstances should require his presence in the capital. With this view Mr. Lawless—the gentleman mentioned in Reynolds' evidence—applied to a friend of his, a widow lady, who occupied a retired house on the banks of the canal, in the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin; and who, besides being known not to entertain sentiments unfriendly to the popular cause, was a person of that strong character of mind and generosity of spirit which alone can qualify women to be heroines in such exigencies. To her sympathy Mr.

Lawless felt assured his appeal in behalf of his friend would not be vain. Though knowing nothing more of Lord Edward than what fame brought to every ear, she consented, perilous as was such hospitality, to afford him the shelter of her roof; and it was to this lady's house that, on the night of the Thursday after the arrests at Bond's, he was conveyed in disguise by Mr. Lawless—having contrived to see Lady Edward and his children before he went.¹

Her ladyship had, immediately on the disappearance of Lord Edward, removed from the Duke of Leinster's to a house in Denzil Street, taking with her an attached female servant and her husband's favourite, Tony. The two latter believed—as did most people—that their master had fled to France, and it was therefore with no small surprise that the maid-servant (as she herself told the person from whom I heard the anecdote²) saw, on going into her lady's room late in the evening, his Lordship and Lady Edward sitting together by the light of the fire. The youngest child had, at his desire, been brought down out of his bed for him to see it, and both he and Lady Edward were, as the maid thought, in tears.

¹ [For further particulars of this lady, Mrs. Dillon, at whose house Lord Edward found a secure shelter at this time for about five weeks, see Note following the present chapter.—ED.]

² [This person, as appears from Moore's *Diary*, was Lord Edward's daughter, Lady Guy Campbell.—ED.]

The name he went by while at the house of the widow lady was 'Jameson,' and an old and faithful maid-servant of the family was the only person allowed to wait upon him. He had not, however, been more than two days in the house, when one of those slight accidents, which seem to defy all caution, made the secret known to the whole family. A pair of his boots having been left outside his door to be cleaned, the manservant to whom they had been given for that purpose told his mistress afterwards that he knew 'who the gentleman upstairs was;—but that she need not fear, for he would die to save him.' He then showed her Lord Edward's name written, at full length, in one of the boots. Thinking it possible that, after such a discovery, her guest might deem it dangerous to remain, Mrs. [Dillon] mentioned the circumstance to him. But his fears were not easily awakened:—'What a noble fellow!' he exclaimed; 'I should like to have some talk with him.' In the hope that it might be an incitement to the man's fidelity, the lady told him his lordship's wish; but he answered, 'No—I will not look at him—for, if they should take me up, I can then, you know, swear that I never saw him.'

Though Mr. Lawless had requested shelter but for a few days for his friend, he continued to remain in this unsuspected retreat near a month; and as it was feared

that, to one accustomed so much to exercise, confinement might prove injurious, he used to walk out most nights along the banks of the canal, accompanied generally by a child, who became a great favourite of his, and whom it was his amusement sometimes to frighten by jumping into the boats that were half-sunk in the reservoir or basin of the canal. So light-hearted, indeed, and imprudent was he at times, that Mrs. [Dillon], who, during his absence on these walks, was kept in a constant state of anxiety and suspense, used often to hear him at a considerable distance laughing with his young companion, and more than once went out to meet them, and try to impress upon Lord Edward the necessity of more caution.

Another subject of merriment between him and his young playfellow arose from a large bed of orange lilies which grew at the bottom of the garden, and which they had conspired together to root up some day when Mrs. [Dillon] should be from home.

Among the kind and attaching qualities by which her noble guest was distinguished, none struck Mrs. [Dillon] more forcibly than the affectionate solicitude with which he never ceased to think of Lady Edward and his children ; and, in order to tranquillise his anxieties on this head, she herself went more than once to Denzil Street,—taking every precaution, of course, against

being watched or tracked,—to make inquiries about his family. She found Lady Edward, who always ran to embrace her, as if they had been the oldest friends, full of gratitude for the attentions bestowed upon her husband; and she also, in the course of these visits, saw the faithful Tony, who lamented to her that ‘his unfortunate face prevented him from going to see his dear master.’

Of the feelings of his lordship’s family, during this interval, wholly uncertain as they were all left respecting his fate, the following letter to Lord Henry Fitzgerald from one of his relatives may afford some notion. Lord Henry was at the time at Boyle Farm, his villa on the Thames.

HANOVER SQUARE, *21st March 1798.*

MY DEAR HENRY,—I have been making all possible inquiry, and find that no further accounts respecting Edward have arrived. There is a mail to-day from Waterford, which, I understand, mentions that several families have fled to Bristol. I find your family here are easy, and satisfied with the accounts they have received. I wish they may have reason to be so, but I hear reports so very different, and from such authority, that I cannot entirely disbelieve them. I confess I should not have the least reliance on Lady Edward’s story, as I believe it to be a fact that a pocket-book of great consequence is now in the hands of the Duke of Portland, and which was taken from her.

It is said that his escape will probably be connived at, though I believe that to be very far from the wishes of our ministers in England. If I hear anything, you may depend upon my letting you know immediately. Let me hear if you intend being in town this week, or soon. I most sincerely feel for all, and hope that, before it is long, you will have accounts that will set your minds at ease. I returned from Bulstrode yesterday. I hope our party there may still take place shortly. Remember me kindly to Lady Henry. Assure her, I pity her sincerely for being drawn into a fatal connection with such a nest of Jacobins.—Adieu. Ever yours,

C. L.¹

I have already mentioned that there was, about the time of the arrests at Bond's, a very sincere wish, on the part of one of the principal members of the Irish Cabinet, that Lord Edward's friends might be able to induce him, by timely flight, to avert the fate which, it was then evident, hung over him; and, however strong the abhorrence in which I must ever hold Lord Clare's political conduct, it gives me, for more than one reason, no ordinary pleasure to be able so far to do justice to the kindlier feelings of his nature, as to state that it was by him this truly humane and generous wish was entertained.²

¹ [The writer of this letter, Mr. Charles Locke, was married to Lord Edward's half-sister Cecilia. Her name as 'Sissy' occurs frequently in his letters.—But what a message to give to his brother is that with which this letter concludes!—ED.]

² [Without giving quite so much credit to Lord Clare's tenderness of heart as Moore does here, it may very well have been that the

A short time before the arrests of the 12th of March, when the Government were already furnished with full proof against Lord Edward, Mr. Ogilvie, who had been himself but too painfully aware of the extent to which his young relative had committed himself in the conspiracy, hurried over to Dublin, for the purpose of making one more effort to impress upon him the fearfulness of his position, and endeavour to detach him from the confederacy. In an interview which he had, shortly after his arrival, with Lord Clare, that nobleman expressed himself with the most friendly warmth on the subject, saying, 'For God's sake get this young man out of the country: the ports shall be thrown open to you, and no hindrance whatever offered.'

Lord Edward was, however, immovable: at the very time when Mr. Ogilvie called upon him, there was a meeting of the chief conspirators in the house, and his lordship came out of the room where they were assembled to speak with him. In vain did his adviser try every means of argument and persuasion: though as alive as ever to the kindness of his old friend, the noble Chief could only answer, 'It is now out of the question: I am too deeply Government, for reasons due rather to policy than to any more generous inducement, were anxious to connive at Lord Edward's escape. All the Leinster family except himself were on their side.—ED.]

pledged to these men to be able to withdraw with honour.'¹

It is right to add, that as the plans of the plot became further unfolded, the alarm of the Government for their own existence superseded every other thought, and all considerations of mercy were lost in their fears. At the period, therefore, where we are now arrived, the search after his lordship was, by the emissaries of authority, pursued with as much eagerness as political zeal, urged by fear and revenge, could inspire.

As it would have been difficult to find a retreat more suited to his purpose, he would, no doubt, have remained at Mrs. [Dillon]'s some time longer, had not a circumstance which now occurred awakened some fears for his safety. During the absence, one day, of the lady of the house, the maid-servant came in alarm to tell him that she had just seen a guard of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, pass on the other side of the canal. 'And I, too,' said Lord Edward, 'have observed, within these ten minutes, a man whom I know to be a police-officer looking up earnestly at the house.' The maid, whose terrors were

¹ [This meeting between Lord Edward and his old guardian took place at Moore's house in Thomas Street, and gave rise to an utterly groundless suspicion that Ogilvie had betrayed him. When Miss Moore heard of this stupid rumour, she exclaimed: 'If so, I know not whom to trust. I saw Lord Edward take a ring from his finger and press it on Mr. Ogilvie as a keepsake. Tears fell from Ogilvie's eyes as he grasped Lord Edward's hand.'—*Traditions of the Moore Family*.—ED.]

naturally increased by the responsibility now thrown upon her, made him instantly put on a lady's night-dress and get into bed ; then, darkening the room, as for a person indisposed, she placed a table, with medicine bottles upon it, beside the bed. In this situation he remained for two hours,—but neither policeman nor soldiers again made their appearance ; and the scene served but as a subject of mirth for the evening's conversation. It excited, however, some fears ;—even his own sense of security was disturbed by it, and his friends thought it most prudent that he should, for a time at least, remove to Dublin, where, in the house of a respectable feather-merchant, named Murphy, in Thomas Street, he was to be allowed to lie concealed for some days.

While the noble fugitive was thus evading their toils, the Government, whose apprehensions still increased, in proportion as fresh disclosures every day revealed to them the extent to which the foundations of their authority had been undermined, made the whole country at length participators of their panic by a Proclamation, which appeared on the 30th of March, declaring the entire kingdom in a state of rebellion ; and at the same time with this Proclamation appeared an Order signed by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, authorising

the troops to act without waiting for the authority of a civil magistrate.¹

As this revival of the famous Order of Lord Carhampton, in 1797, gave full loose to all the licence of the soldiery, while by Indemnity Bills the magistracy were no less encouraged to pass the bounds of the law, those who know what an Orange magistrate was in those times of terror, and recollect Sir Ralph Abercrombie's own description of the army then under him, that 'it was in a state of licentiousness that rendered it formidable to every one but the enemy,' may be left

¹ It was on finding himself, as he thought, compelled by a sense of obedience to affix his name to this Order, in opposition to all his own expressed opinions both in public and in the council, that Sir R. Abercrombie wrote to request that he might be recalled from his command. There could scarcely, indeed, be any severer comment upon the acts of the Irish Government at this period than what a record of the opinions entertained of it, both by Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Sir John Moore, would furnish. Called to act, as they were, in this frightful struggle, at a time when its last convulsion was so near, and when—if ever—the violence of the Government might seem to be justified by its danger, these humane and sensible men yet saw too clearly how the danger had been brought about to feel much sympathy for the party whose own injustice had provoked it, nor, while loyally assisting the authorities in their present measures of self-defence, could they forget that a little more tolerance and justice would have rendered such measures unnecessary. Neither was it so much to the Government as to the gentry of the old dominant party that the mischiefs which they saw, both actual and to come, were attributed by them; for it is known that Sir John Moore, in reporting to the Lord Lieutenant the state of quiet to which, in the summer of 1798, the county of Wicklow had been reclaimed by him, added that 'though the presence of the troops might perhaps be necessary for some time longer, it would be more to check the yeomen and Protestants than the people in general.'

to picture to themselves some of the horrors to which, between bench and camp, the people of Ireland were now systematically delivered up by their rulers. That it was done on system has been since avowed—the professed object being to goad the wretched multitude into revolt before the arrival of a French force should render their outbreak more formidable ; and with such over-zeal and efficacy was this work of torture performed that, in the county of Wexford, where the United Irish system had but little extended itself, the effects of the floggings and burnings now introduced there by the loyalists was to convert it into one of the worst hot-beds of the rebellion that followed.

While such was the plan of the Government, upon Lord Edward and his friends, whose policy it was to prevent a premature rising, fell the far more difficult task of reining in the impatience of the maddened people, so as not, at the same time, to break their spirit or allow them to fancy themselves deceived. To effect this purpose, all the influence of the executive was now directed—weakened, however, as that influence had, to a considerable extent, become, as well from the necessary disappearance of Lord Edward himself from the scene,¹ as from the far inferior intel-

¹ That he was not lost sight of, however, in the 'mind's eye' of the people appears from passages such as the following, in the publications of the day :—'And thou, noble-minded youth, whose princely virtues

lects that had now joined him at the helm ; Mr. Lawless¹ being the only man of real ability whom the late seizure of the other Chiefs had left remaining by his side. All was done, however, that, under such circumstances, could be effected, to sustain the hopes of the people ; and, early in April, we find delegates despatched to the North and elsewhere, to spread the intelligence that all was in readiness in the French ports for invasion, and that about the middle of the month it was expected the troops would be on board.

But while holding forth this expectation to their followers, the Chiefs themselves could not but be well aware that their chance of any effective assistance from France was now considerably diminished. At no time, indeed, among a purely military people like the French, could a species of warfare so much dependent upon

acquire new splendour from a fervent zeal for your country's rights—oh, may the Genius of Liberty, ever faithful to its votaries, guard your steps!—may the new Harp of Erin vibrate its thrilling sounds through the land to call you forth and hail you with the angelic cry of the Deliverer of our Country !' (March 27, 1798.) In another address we find—'When an O'Connor is hunted from his country for the crime of loving Ireland, when Fitzgerald is a fugitive for sacrificing the prejudices of birth to accelerate the happiness of his native land,' etc. etc.

¹ This gentleman, whom I knew slightly, and who was a person of that mild and quiet exterior which is usually found to accompany the most determined spirits, made his escape to France at the time of the apprehension of the Sheares's, and rising afterwards to be a General in the French service, lost a leg in one of the engagements at Walcheren.

naval tactics for its success have been expected to be very popular ; and the result of the two experiments, on a grand scale, against Ireland was not such as could tend to remove their indisposition to such enterprises. The gallant Hoche, who alone felt sanguinely on this subject, was now no more ; and the great man who was, at this time, beginning to direct the fortunes of France, looked with no favouring eye either upon the Irish or their cause.

At the time, indeed, when the termination of his glorious campaign in Italy left Bonaparte at leisure to turn his attention to this subject, the number of fugitives from Ireland in Paris had very much increased ; and the indifferent characters of some, with the mutual jealousies and bickerings of almost all—each setting himself forth as more important and trustworthy than the others—brought discredit both on themselves and on the country of which they were the self-elected organs. Neither can it be at all doubted that Bonaparte, at this period of his career, when already he saw the imperial crown glimmering in the distance, had begun to shrink from the contact of revolutionists and levellers, and to view with feelings anticipatory, as it were, of the future Emperor, those principles out of which his own power had sprung ; well knowing that these principles were even more potent to overturn than

to elevate, and that he had henceforth no choice but be their victim or their master. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a race like the Irish, among whom rebellion had, he knew, been handed down from age to age, as a sort of birthright, should be regarded by the candidate for empire with no very friendly eye, or that the energies of France, which he now wielded, should be diverted to objects more consonant with his designs. Had he happened to view Ireland and her cause with Hoche's eyes, who can say what might have been the result? That he himself, in his latter days, repented of not having played the game of ambition otherwise, appears strongly from his own avowal at St. Helena:— 'If instead,' he is represented to say, 'of the expedition to Egypt, I had undertaken that against Ireland, what could England have done now?—On such chances do the destinies of Empires depend!'¹

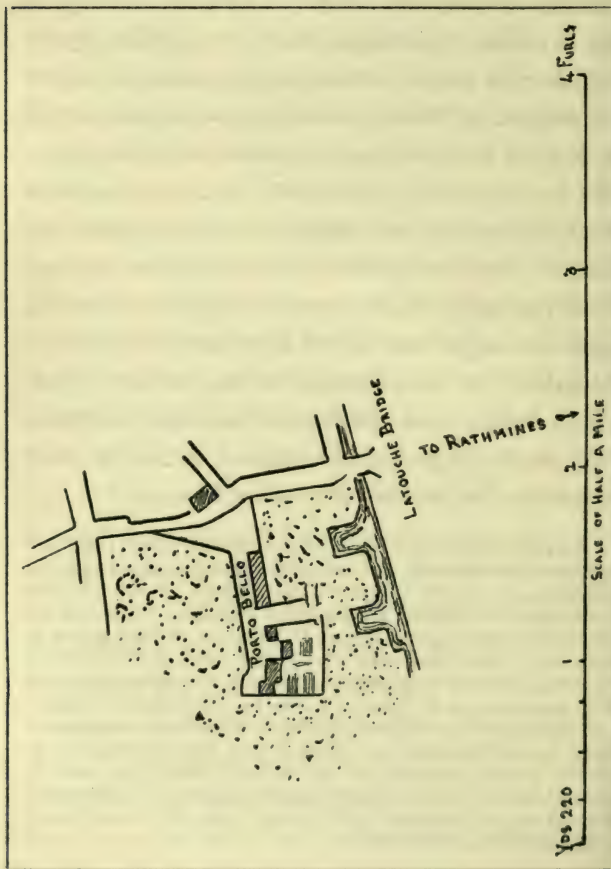
¹ Si au lieu de l'expédition de l'Egypte, j'eusse fait celle de l'Irlande—si de légers dérangements n'avaient mis obstacle à mon entreprise de Boulogne, que pourrait l'Angleterre aujourd'hui? A quoi tiennent les destinées des Empires!—*Mémoires de Les Cases*. If there be not some error in reporting this remark of Napoleon, it would appear to imply, that Ireland was, after all, the real object of the Boulogne armament.—See, for some remarks upon this subject, the acute and able *Commentary on the Memoirs of Tone* by Colonel Roche Fermoy.

So ill-protected was the South of Ireland at this time, notwithstanding all the warnings that had been given, that when Sir Ralph Abercrombie made a calculation of the number of troops that could be collected, in case the enemy should appear at Bantry or the Shannon, he found that, in the course of four or five days, six thousand would be the utmost he could muster.

NOTE TO CHAPTER XXV

MRS. DILLON'S HOUSE AT PORTOBELLO

The following plan, taken from a map of Dublin published in 1797, shows the position of Mrs. Dillon's house.



PLAN No. 2.—Showing position of Mrs. Dillon's house near the Canal Bridge, at Portobello.
Taken from 'A Plan of the City of Dublin, engraved for the use of the Divisional Justices,' London and Dublin, Jan. 2nd, 1797.

Portobello was not, as now, the name given to a suburb, but only o the half-dozen houses of which Mrs. Dillon's was the one standing in the recess. They stood almost alone on the outskirts of the city, and, of course, there were not then any barracks in the vicinity, or Lord Edward would not have been able to play his pranks, or make his laughter heard as he strolled along the banks of the canal at night with his youthful companion. The place was quiet and retired, and no traffic, save that of the canal boats, ever disturbed it. Mrs. Dillon must have been a woman of singular courage, as well as fidelity; and the affectionate feeling she entertained for Lord Edward was shown many years afterwards, when Moore visited her for the purpose of collecting her reminiscences. This is his note of the visit :—

'Sept. 26, 1830. — Accompanied by Kate Berrill (Mrs. Dillon's granddaughter) proceeded to Bray. Day delightful. Mrs. Dillon, a fine specimen of an old patriotic Irishwoman, between seventy and eighty, has lost her eyesight, but the mind and the rebel spirit as fresh as ever. Her enthusiasm in talking of Lord Edward: "Ah," she exclaimed, "the sweet fellow!" . . . Have set down elsewhere memorandums of what she and her daughter told me.'—Moore's *Diary*.

CHAPTER XXVI

A fortnight at Murphy's—Second visit to Pamela—Result—At Cormick's and Moore's, in Thomas Street, till the beginning of May—Lord Edward's rashness—Hughes's evidence—French assistance despaired of—Resolution to take the field unaided—Motives which determined Lord Edward's decision—Message from agent in Paris—The people goaded to madness by the Government—End of May fixed as date for the rising—Gaining over the militia—Plan of proposed operations.

WE left Lord Edward on his way from Mrs. [Dillon]'s to take refuge in the house of Mr. Murphy of Thomas Street, whither he was brought by his friend Lawless, wrapped up in a countryman's greatcoat, and, in order the more completely to disguise him, wearing a pig-tailed wig. Though his host had seen him frequently before, he was now, for the first time, made known to him as an acquaintance. During the fortnight his lordship passed with him at this period, he lived much the same sort of life as at Mrs. [Dillon]'s, walking out often at night, along with his host, by the canal, and receiving the visits but of two or three persons, among whom

were, if I am rightly informed, Major Plunket¹ and another military gentleman, of the rank of colonel, named Lumm. To this latter officer Lord Edward had despatched a note, immediately on his arrival, by Murphy, who returned, attended by Colonel Lumm, to Thomas Street, taking the precaution to walk before him all the way.

As it was now more than a month since he had seen any of his family, he could no longer restrain his impatience for an interview with them, but, insisting that Mr. Murphy should dress him in woman's clothes, went, attended by his host, in that disguise, to Denzil Street. The surprise, however, had nearly proved fatal to Lady Edward. Some friend being with her at the moment, the servant came to say that there was a lady in the parlour waiting to see her; and on Lady Edward discovering who it was, and that he meant to remain till next night, her alarm at his danger, and her anxiety about his return, brought on a premature confinement, and her second daughter, Lucy, was then born.

From the house of Mr. Murphy, his lordship, at the end of a fortnight, was removed to Mr. Cormick's, another feather merchant, in the same street; and,

¹ To this gentleman, who had been in the Austrian service, I find the following allusion in the *Personal Narrative of the Rebellion* by Mr. Charles Teeling: 'Plunket, that intrepid soldier of fortune, whose fame will be recorded while Buda or the Danube are remembered.

between this and the residence of Mr. Moore, but a few doors distant, contrived to pass his time safe from detection till about the first week in May. As the connections of Cormick and Moore, both men of extensive trade, lay chiefly among that class of persons who were most likely to be implicated in the conspiracy, their houses were of course the resort of most of those individuals with whom it was of importance that Lord Edward should communicate upon the business he had in train—a convenience which, while it facilitated his plans of concert with his followers, at the same time endangered his safety, by putting in the power of so many more persons the secret of his concealment. It is, indeed, suspected by those best acquainted with his position at this period, that it was among the company he so rashly permitted to be collected around him at Cormick's and Moore's, that he met the person whose imprudence or treachery afterwards betrayed him.¹ How unguardedly his life was placed at the mercy of every chance visitor will be seen by the following extracts from the evidence of a person of the name of Hughes, taken before a Committee of the Lords, in August, 1798:—

Deponent went to Dublin on the 20th of April, and remained there about nine days. He called on Samuel Neilson,

¹ [Counsellar Magan, the hired villain who sold Lord Edward's life, was a friend of the Moore family.—ED.]

and walked with him to Mr. Cormick, a feather merchant in Thomas Street. He was introduced by Neilson to Cormick, in the office. Cormick asked them to go upstairs; he and Neilson went upstairs, and found Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Lawless, the surgeon, playing at billiards. He had been introduced to Lord Edward, about a year before, by Teeling;¹ he was a stranger to Lawless; stayed about an hour; no particular conversation; was invited to dine there that day, and did so; the company were, Lord Edward, Lawless, Neilson, Cormick, and his wife. The conversation turned upon the state of the country, and the violent measures of Government, in letting the army loose. The company were all of opinion, that there was then no chance of the people resisting by force with any success.

Notwithstanding the opinion here reported, it had at this time become manifest, both to Lord Edward himself and the greater number of those who acted with him, that the appeal to arms could not be much longer delayed, and that, there being now little hope of the promised aid from France, by Irish hands alone must the cause of Ireland be lost or won. Among those who had, from the first, insisted on the necessity of French aid, one or two still strongly deprecated any unassisted effort, and even withdrew from the meetings of the conspiracy, on learning that such a course was to be pur-

¹ [Charles Hamilton Teeling, the author of the *Personal Narrative*, who lived to an advanced age, and was the first to discover the genius of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.—ED.]

sued. Well intentioned, however, as were the views of these persons, Lord Edward could not but recollect, that to the prevalence of the same timid advisers, in the year 1797, was owing the loss of one of the most precious moments for action that fortune had ever presented to them—when their Union was still in full strength and heart, and treachery had not yet found its way into their councils. Even granting, too, that to refrain from action would have been the true policy at this moment, such a course, in the present headlong temper of the people—goaded, as they were, by every torment that tyranny could devise—had become wholly impracticable. It was not for those, therefore, who had cheered them to the combat, to let them now plunge into it alone, nor, however desperate the prospect of success, to shrink from sharing the worst with them. Such, at least, were the generous views that determined Lord Edward to take his chance with his fellow-countrymen, and the event was not far from proving, that there was almost as much policy as generosity in his resolution.

That, at the same time, too, he was not unmindful of what these more prudent persons counselled, appears from a letter which, about the beginning of May, reached him at Cormick's, in answer to a request made through the Irish agent at Paris, that a force not ex-

ceeding 5000 men should be sent instantly to their succour. The communication of the agent, expressed in ambiguous phrase, was as follows:—‘I have just received a letter from L.,¹ who has made applications to the trustees for the advance of £5000 upon your estates, which they refused, saying they would make no payment short of the entire, and that they would not be able to effect that for four months.’

To wait the performance of this promise—a delusory one, as events afterwards proved—was now considered impossible; no alternative being any longer left to the people but either to break out into revolt or throw themselves on the mercy of their tormentors. The goading system had done its work; discontent had been ripened into rage; and the half-hangings and the burnings, the picket and the scourge, had left little more to the leaders of the infuriated multitude than to direct that rage which their rulers had roused. To enter into details of the cruelties perpetrated at this period is beyond the scope of my work. But it may be sufficient to say, that if, out of the great mass of uneducated Catholics, by whom, disorganised and without leaders, the partial rebellion that broke out afterwards was sustained, there were some guilty of atrocities that have left a stain on the Irish name, they therein showed

¹ [Lewine, who was then acting for the United Irishmen at Paris.—ED.]

themselves but too apt learners of those lessons of cruelty which their own Government¹ had, during the few months previous to the insurrection, taught them.

It seems to have been about the first week in May that the resolution was finally taken to prepare for a general rising before the end of that month. Intelligence of the design was transmitted through all parts of the Union, and arrangements made with the Executives of the three other Provinces, so as that the news of the risings of their respective districts should reach Dublin on the same day the rebellion broke out there. Of such importance was it thought to prepare the South for this simultaneous movement, that the younger Sheares, who was now one of the most active members of the Leinster Executive, proceeded early in May to Cork, to lay the train for explosion in that quarter.

To the momentous object of gaining over the militias, among whom disaffection had already spread to a great extent, they now applied themselves with a degree of zeal, or rather of headlong rashness, of which the trial of the unfortunate Sheareses discloses a striking example; and such a footing had they, at this time, obtained in the most of the regiments, that we find Lawless, early in May, holding a conference on the subject of the rising with

[It is incorrect to call the government of Pitt, Camden, Clare, and Castlereagh—when referring to the Irish nation—‘their own government.’—ED.]

a meeting of delegates from almost all the militias in Ireland. By the plan of operations for Leinster, where Lord Edward was to raise his standard, it was arranged that the forces of the three counties of Dublin, Wicklow, and Kildare should co-operate in an advance upon the capital, taking by surprise the camp at Lehaunstown, and the artillery at Chapelizod, and crowning their enterprise by the seizure of the Lord Lieutenant, and the other members of the Government, in Dublin.

CHAPTER XXVII

Lord Edward returns to Portobello—His unguarded conduct there—Betrayal of the Sheareses—£1000 reward offered—Date for rising fixed—Reconnaissance by Lord Edward and Neilson—Narrow escape—Frequent change of place—Night conflict—At Murphy's house again—His uniform—He is betrayed and captured—Desperate resistance—Wounded—Carried to the Castle—News taken to Lady Edward—Effect on the populace—*Note* to Chapter, containing recent revelations.

As it was now known that the pursuit after Lord Edward was becoming every day more active and eager, his friends felt at last the necessity of having him removed to some fitter place of concealment; and as none offered that seemed to combine so many advantages, both of security and comfort, as his former asylum at Mrs. [Dillon]'s, to that lady's house he was again, at the beginning of May, conveyed. Being uncertain as to his coming on the evening first named, Mrs. [Dillon] had gone to the house of a neighbour, having left word at home that she should be sent for 'if Miss Fitzgerald, from Athy, arrived.' Though so fully

prepared to expect him, yet such was her sense of the risk and responsibility she so heroically took upon herself, that when the servant came, between eleven and twelve at night, to say that 'Miss Fitzgerald, from Athy, had arrived,' so agitated was she by the announcement that she actually fainted.

Lord Edward's conductors, Messrs. Cormick and Lawless, had themselves experienced some alarm on the way, having heard voices behind as they came along the canal from Thomas Street, which appeared to them like those of persons eagerly in pursuit. In their anxiety they persuaded his lordship, who was, all the while, laughing at their fears, to lay himself down in a ditch by the roadside till these people (who, after all, proved to be only labourers returning home) should have passed by; and the plight in which, after having been covered up to the chin in mud, he made his re-appearance among his old friends was to himself a source of much jest and amusement.

The guarded privacy in which, during his first visit here, he had lived, was now no longer observed by him, and scarcely a day elapsed without his having company—sometimes six or seven persons—to dine with him. Fearless as he was by nature, his familiarity of late with danger had rendered him still more reckless of it: the companions of his hours at Cormick's and Moore's,

being now in the secret of their Chief's retreat, felt no less pride than pleasure in being numbered among his visitors; and, though he himself was far too temperate to be what is called convivial, that excitement of spirits natural on the eve of any great enterprise led him to relish, no doubt, the society of those who were so soon to share his dangers. To his kind, watchful hostess, however, this unguarded mode of living was a constant source of apprehension and disquiet; nor did his friend Lawless fail earnestly to represent to him the great danger of admitting so many visitors—more especially a visitor so inconsiderate as Neilson, who, well known as was his person, used to ride out frequently, in full daylight, to call upon him.

While matters were thus verging towards a crisis, another fatal bolt fell, and almost as unexpectedly as the former, among the conspirators. Through the means of an officer of the King's County Militia, named Armstrong, who, by passing himself off as a person of republican principles, gained the confidence of the two brothers, John and Henry Sheares, the Government had obtained an insight into the movements of the conspiracy, of which, quickened as was now their vigilance by their fears, they lost no time in vigorously availing themselves; and, as a first step, on the 11th of this month a Proclamation was issued, offering a

reward of £1000 for the apprehension of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. How far this measure, and the ulterior ones it seemed to portend, had any share in hastening the moment of explosion does not appear; but it was now announced by the Chiefs to their followers that on the night of the 23rd inst. the general rising was to take place.

The awful fiat being thus sent forth, it was seen that, for the purpose of concerting measures with his colleagues, the presence of Lord Edward himself would be necessary in the capital during the week previous to the great event, and he was, accordingly, about the 13th, removed from [Portobello] to Dublin, leaving his hostess under the impression that he went but to attend some of the ordinary meetings of the Union. In taking leave of her he spoke with his usual cheerfulness, saying that, as soon as these meetings were over, he would return; nor, aware as were all then present of the perils of his position, was it possible for them, while looking at that bright, kindly countenance, to associate with it a single boding of the sad fate that was now so near him.

A night or two after his leaving Mrs. [Dillon]'s, it appears that he rode, attended only by Neilson, to reconnoitre the line of advance, on the Kildare side, to Dublin—the route marked out on one of the papers found upon him when arrested—and it was on this occasion that he

was, for some time, stopped and questioned by the patrol at Palmerstown. Being well disguised, however, and representing himself to be a doctor on his way to a dying patient, his companion and he were suffered to proceed on their way.

It was thought advisable, as a means of baffling pursuit, that he should not remain more than a night or two in any one place; and among other retreats contemplated for him, application had been made, near a week before, to his former host Murphy, who consented willingly to receive him. Immediately after, however, appeared the proclamation offering a reward for his apprehension, which so much alarmed Murphy, who was a person not of very strong mind or nerves, that he repented of his offer, and would most gladly have retracted it, had he but known how to communicate with the persons to whom he had pledged himself.

On the 17th, Ascension Thursday, he had been led to expect his noble guest would be with him; but, owing most probably to the circumstance I am about to mention, his lordship did not then make his appearance. On the very morning of that day¹ the active Town-Major, Sirr, had received information that a party of persons, supposed to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald's bodyguard, would be on their way from

¹ The date is inexact. See Sequel at p. 317.

Thomas Street to Usher's Island at a certain hour that night. Accordingly, taking with him a sufficient number of assistants for his purpose, and accompanied also by Messrs. Ryan and Emerson, Major Sirr proceeded, at the proper time, to the quarter pointed out, and there being two different ways (either Watling Street, or Dirty Lane), by which the expected party might come, divided his force so as to intercept them by either road.

A similar plan having happened to be adopted by Lord Edward's escort, there took place, in each of these two streets, a conflict between the parties; and Major Sirr, who had almost alone to bear the brunt in his quarter, was near losing his life. In defending himself with a sword which he had snatched from one of his assailants, he lost his footing and fell; and had not those with whom he was engaged been much more occupied with their noble charge than with him, he could hardly have escaped. But their chief object being Lord Edward's safety, after snapping a pistol or two at Sirr, they hurried away. On rejoining his friends in the other street the Town-Major found that they had succeeded in capturing one of their opponents; and this prisoner, who represented himself as a manufacturer of muslin from Scotland, and whose skilfully assumed ignorance of Irish affairs induced them, a day or two after, to

discharge him as innocent, proved to have been no other than the famous M'Cabe, Lord Edward's confidential agent, and one of the most active organisers in the whole confederacy.

Of the precise object or destination of this party I have not been able to make out anything certain; but if, as is generally supposed, Lord Edward was at the time on his way to Moira House, it was for the purpose, no doubt, of once more seeing Lady Edward (to whom the noble-minded mistress of that mansion had, since his concealment, paid the most compassionate attention) before his final plunge into a struggle, the issue of which must, even to himself, have been so doubtful.¹

On the following night ² he was brought from Moore's to the house of Mr. Murphy, Mrs. Moore herself being his conductress. He had been suffering lately from cold and sore throat, and, as his host thought, looked much altered in his appearance since he had last seen him. An old maid-servant was the only person in the house besides themselves.

Next morning, as Mr. Murphy was standing within his gateway, there came a woman from Moore's with a bundle which, without saying a word, she put into his hands, and which, taking for granted that it was for

¹ [For a full account of Lord Edward's movements immediately preceding his betrayal and capture, see the Sequel to this chapter.—ED.]

² [This is an error: it was on the same night, that of May 18th.]

Lord Edward, he carried up to his lordship. It was found to contain a coat, jacket, and trousers of dark green edged with red, together with a handsome military cap of a conical form. At the sight of this uniform, which, for the first time, led him to suspect that a rising must be at hand, the fears of the already nervous host were redoubled ; and, on being desired by Lord Edward to put it somewhere out of sight, he carried the bundle to a loft over one of his warehouses, and there hid it under some goatskins, whose offensiveness, he thought, would be a security against search.

About the middle of the day an occurrence took place, which, from its appearing to have some connection with the pursuit after himself, excited a good deal of apprehension in his lordship's mind. A sergeant-major, with a party of soldiers, had been seen to pass up the street, and were, at the moment when Murphy ran to apprise his guest of it, halting before Moore's door.¹ This suspicious circumstance, indicating, as it seemed, some knowledge of his haunts, startled Lord Edward, and he expressed instantly a wish to be put in some place of secrecy ; on which Murphy took him out on the top of the house, and laying him down in one of the valleys formed between the roofs of his warehouses,

¹ [See Sequel already referred to, where the cause of this incident is explained.—ED.]

left him there for some hours. During the excitement produced in the neighbourhood by the appearance of the soldiers, Lord Edward's officious friend, Neilson, was, in his usual flighty and inconsiderate manner, walking up and down the street, saying occasionally, as he passed, to Murphy, who was standing at his gateway, 'Is he safe?'—'Look sharp.'

While this anxious scene was passing in one quarter, treachery—and it is still unknown from what source—was at work in another. It must have been late in the day that information of his lordship's hiding-place reached the Government, as Major Sirr did not receive his instructions on the subject till but a few minutes before he proceeded to execute them. Major Swan and Mr. Ryan (the latter of whom volunteered his services) happened to be in his house at the moment; and he had but time to take a few soldiers in plain clothes along with him, purposing to send, on his arrival in Thomas Street, for the pickets of infantry and cavalry in that neighbourhood.

To return to poor Lord Edward. As soon as the alarm produced by the soldiers had subsided, he ventured to leave his retreat and resume his place in the back drawing-room—where, Mr. Murphy having invited Neilson to join them, they soon after sat down to dinner. The cloth had not been many minutes

removed, when Neilson, as if suddenly recollecting something, hurried out of the room and left the house ; shortly after which, Mr. Murphy, seeing that his guest was not inclined to drink any wine, went downstairs. In a few minutes after, however, returning, he found that his lordship had, in the interim, gone up to his bedroom, and, on following him thither, saw him lying, without his coat, upon the bed. There had now elapsed, from the time of Neilson's departure, not more than ten minutes, and it is asserted that he had, in going out, left the hall door open.¹

Mr. Murphy had but just begun to ask his guest whether he would like some tea, when, hearing a trampling on the stairs, he turned round and saw Major Swan enter the room. Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy describes him, 'like a tiger,' from the bed, on seeing which, Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect ; and then, turning round short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier who had just then entered, 'Take that fellow away.' Almost at the same instant Lord Edward

¹ [The wording of this paragraph aroused a feeling of great indignation, at the time of its appearance, in the minds of Neilson's friends ; as it implied a suspicion on the part of Moore that Neilson was the traitor. It is now known that there was no ground whatever for the suspicion.—ED.]

struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had had in the bed with him ; and, immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword-cane, entered the room.¹

In the meantime, Major Sirr, who had stopped below to place the pickets round the house, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw within the room Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor weltering in his blood, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened as he was with a fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire, and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right arm near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him ; but, as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door, Major Sirr called up the soldiers ; and so desperate were their captive's struggles, that they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him before he could be disarmed or bound so as to prevent further mischief.

¹ It appears from a letter written by one of this gentleman's friends, on the morning after the encounter—a copy of which his son, Mr. D. F. Ryan, has kindly furnished me with—that immediately on entering the room Mr. Ryan made a thrust of his sword at Lord Edward, but with no other effect, from the blade bending on his breast, than that of causing his lordship to fall on the bed ; in which position Mr. Ryan grappled with him, and, in the course of their struggle, received the desperate wound of which he died.—[*Second Edit.*]

It was during one of these instinctive efforts of courage that the opportunity was, as I understand, taken by a wretched drummer to give him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight, yet from its position contributed not a little to aggravate the uneasiness of his last hours. There are also instances mentioned of rudeness, both in language and conduct, which he had to suffer while in this state from some of the minor tools of Government, and which, even of such men, it is painful and difficult to believe. But so it is,

‘Curs snap at lions in the toils, whose looks
Frighten them, being free.’

It being understood that Dr. Adreen, a surgeon of much eminence, was in the neighbourhood, messengers were immediately despatched to fetch him, and his attention was called to the state of the three combatants. The wounds of Major Swan, though numerous, were found not to be severe; but Mr. Ryan was in a situation that gave but little hope of recovery. When, on examining Lord Edward’s wound, Adreen pronounced it not to be dangerous, his lordship calmly answered, ‘I’m sorry for it.’

From Thomas Street he was conveyed, in a sedan-chair, open at the top, to the Castle, where the papers found upon him—one of them containing the line of

advance upon Dublin from the county of Kildare—were produced and verified. On hearing that he was at the Castle, the Lord Lieutenant sent his private secretary, Mr. Watson, to assure him that orders had been given for every possible attention being shown to him, consistently with the security of his person as a State prisoner.

By the gentleman who was the bearer of this message I have been favoured with the following particulars—as honourable to himself as they cannot but be interesting to others—of the interview which, in consequence, he had with the noble prisoner:—

I found Lord Edward leaning back on a couple of chairs, in the office of the Secretary in the War Department, his arm extended, and supported by the surgeon, who was dressing his wound. His countenance was pallid, but serene; and when I told him, in a low voice, not to be overheard, my commission from the Lord Lieutenant, and that I was going to break the intelligence of what had occurred to Lady Edward, asking him, with every assurance of my fidelity and secrecy, whether there was any confidential communication he wished to be made to her ladyship, or whether I could undertake any other personal act of kindness in his service—he answered merely, but collectedly, ‘No, no—thank you—nothing, nothing; only break it to her tenderly.’

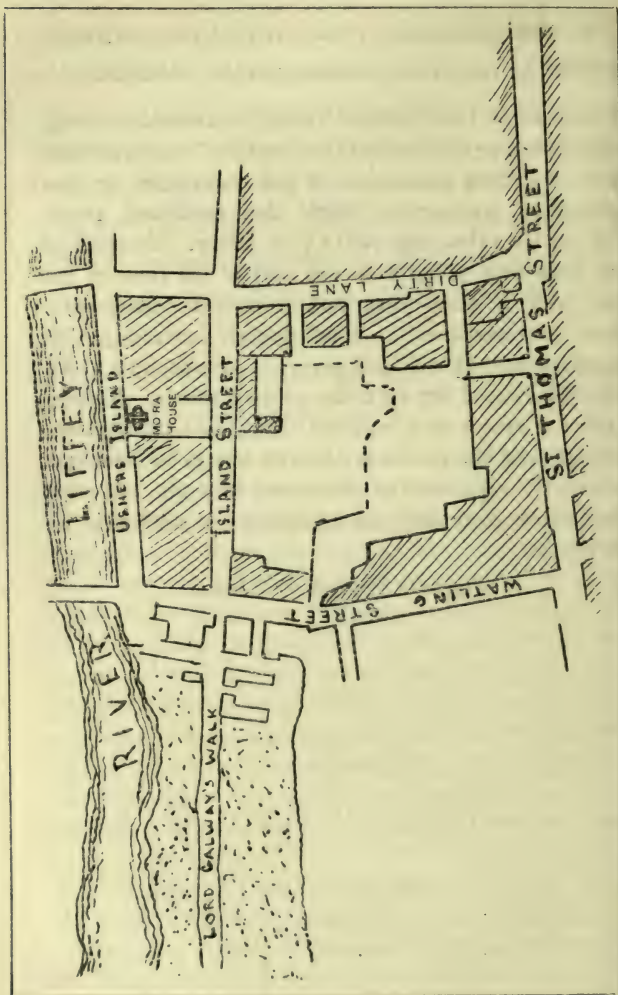
When I called at Lady Edward’s house, this being in the evening, and after dark, I found that she was absent, at a party at Moira House: I therefore communicated to two of her female attendants the events of the evening.

The effect produced by this event is thus strikingly described by one of the historians of the Rebellion:—¹

The arrest of Lord Edward visibly occasioned a strong sensation among the mass of the people in Dublin, as their hopes of getting possession of the metropolis, on the approaching insurrection which they meditated, rested much on his valour and skill as an officer. Numbers of them were seen going from one part of the town to the other, with a quick pace and a serious countenance. Others were perceived, in small parties, conversing with that seriousness of look and energy of gesticulation which strongly indicated the agitation of their minds. A rising to effect a rescue was expected that night; the yeomen, therefore, and the garrison, which it was to be lamented was very thin, remained on their arms all night, and were so judiciously disposed as to prevent the possibility of an insurrection.

¹ Musgrave's *History of the Rebellion*.

MAP OF THE LOCALITIES MENTIONED IN THE ENSUING NARRATIVE



PLAN, showing route taken by Lord Edward Fitzgerald on the night of May 17th from Moore's house.
 Taken from the Map of Dublin, already referred to, published in 1797.

SEQUEL TO CHAPTER XXVII

THE BETRAYAL OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

It will have been seen, from the events narrated in the foregoing chapter, that Moore was able to trace with accuracy the course of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's fugitive existence in his attempts to baffle the vigilance of the Irish Government up to the hour when he left the house of Moore the wool merchant in Thomas Street, on the evening of the 18th of May. What happened after that date, or how or why he unexpectedly reached Murphy's house in the same street on that night, are facts which have only recently been discovered. They form part of the history of the betrayal of Lord Edward, which, after lying hidden for sixty-one years, have been revealed and placed beyond dispute by the late Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick in the works cited below.¹ Any reader who desires to make himself acquainted with some of the infamous agencies employed in 1798 by the British Government will do well to consult these works. . . . We will now continue our author's narrative by the light of the information thus obtained.

In the first place, it appears that the author was inaccurately informed as to Lord Edward's intended destination when he left the shelter of Moore's house, 119 Thomas Street, on the evening in question. He was not going to Moira House, nor to visit his wife (who is believed, indeed, to have been stopping with Lord Cloncurry's sisters in a different part of Dublin at the time); but, as we now know, to the residence of Mr. Francis Magan, a Catholic barrister, who lived at No. 20 Usher's Island. The story, as confided to Mr. Fitzpatrick by the representative of the Moore family (herself an actor in it) is as follows:—

'A carpenter named Tuite was at work in one of the apartments of Mr. Secretary Cooke's office on May 18, 1798. While repairing the floor within the recess of a double door, he distinctly heard Mr. Cooke say that the house of James Moore, 119 Thomas Street, should be forthwith searched for pikes and traitors. Tuite, who was under some obligations to Moore, with great presence of mind noise-

¹ (a) *A Note to the Cornwallis Papers*, embracing, with other revelations, a narrative of the extraordinary career of Francis Higgins, who received the Government reward for the betrayal of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. By William John Fitzpatrick. Dublin, 1859. (b) *The Sham Squire, The Rebellion in Ireland*, and *The Informers of 1798*. Dublin, 1866. (c) *Secret Service under Pitt*. London, 1892.

lessly wrenched off the hinge of the outer door, and asked permission to leave the Castle for ten minutes, in order to purchase a new hinge in Kennedy's Lane. Leave was given; but instead of going to the ironmonger's, Tuite ran with immense speed to James Moore, in Thomas Street, gave the hint, and returned to his work. Moore, who was deeply implicated, and had a commissariat for five hundred men on his premises, fled to the banks of the Boyne, near Drogheda, previously telling his daughter to provide for the safety of Lord Edward, who was at that moment upstairs.' . . . Now comes the important part of the story. . . . 'Miss Moore had a high respect and friendship for Mr. Francis Magan and his sister, who resided at 20 Usher's Island. Magan was a Roman Catholic barrister, and, as Miss Moore must have known, a United Irishman, who, although openly professing to have quitted the body, secretly attended their meetings, and was acquainted with all their plans. . . . Miss Moore obtained an interview with Mr. Magan, and unbosomed her anxiety to him. Mr. Magan, at no time an impassioned or impulsive person, seemed moved; *he offered his house as a refuge for Lord Edward.* The proposal was accepted with gratitude, and it was thereupon arranged that Lord Edward, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Moore, with two trusty attendants, should proceed that evening from Moore's in Thomas Street, to Magan's on Usher's Island (see Map). *It was further astutely suggested by Mr. Magan,* that as so large a party, knocking at his hall-door, might attract suspicion, he would leave ajar his stable-door in Island Street, which lay immediately at the rear, and thus open access through the garden to his house. . . . Lord Edward, while under Moore's roof, passed as the French tutor of Miss Moore, who had been educated at Tours, and they never spoke unless in French. On the pretext of being about to take a stroll through Galway's Walk ¹ adjacent, then a popular lounge, Miss Moore, leaning on Lord Edward's arm, walked down Thomas Street at about half-past eight o'clock on the evening of May 18. They were preceded by Mrs. Moore, Palmer and Gallagher, the latter a confidential clerk in Moore's employ, a man of herculean frame, and one of Lord Edward's most devoted disciples.' . . . Coming now to the hurried note of Mr. Secretary Cooke, which conveyed to Major Sirr his orders for this evening, it will be noticed that all Lord Edward's movements were known beforehand and provided for :—

Lord Edward will be this evening in Watling Street. Place a watch in Watling Street, two houses up from Usher's Island; another towards Queen's Bridge; a third in Island Street at the rear of the stables near Watling Street,

and which leads up to Thomas Street and Dirty Lane. At one of these places Lord Edward will be found, and will have one or two with him. They may be armed. Send to Swan and Atkinson as soon as you can.

‘EDWARD COOKE.’

Evidently the person who gave this information had received from Magan the exact data of time and place (known only to himself and to Miss Moore), and had at once communicated them to Cooke. We know also who that intermediate person was—Francis Higgins,¹ the proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*. Now we perceive why Magan wanted to leave *his stable-door open*. It was, that the *fracas* which was anticipated might take place in the obscure street at the back of his house, and Lord Edward's capture be effected without implicating *him*. This is the meaning of the cold-blooded expression used by Cooke to Castlereagh that Higgins was the man ‘who got ——’ (the blank stands for Magan) ‘to *set* Lord Edward Fitzgerald.’

Returning to the night of the 18th, according to particulars furnished to Moore in 1830 by Major Sirr, the major appears to have come upon Lord Edward's party in Watling Street (his two associates being on the other side of the street), and to have engaged them single-handed. He, however, appears only to have come into collision with the powerful Gallagher, despatched usually about forty yards in advance, who probably knocked Sirr down, the latter's two assistants having made off. While Sirr was on the ground, Gallagher, who carried a sword (mentioned also by Sirr), gave the major seven stabs, none of which penetrated a coat of mail which he wore under his clothes; in some way the major obtained possession of the weapon and gave Gallagher an ugly cut on the leg, which afterwards served as a mark for his identification. Meanwhile, seeing the struggle which was taking place, Lord Edward was hurried back into Thomas Street—not to Moore's house, but to Murphy's, which was the nearer of the two, and he there remained, having for the moment eluded pursuit. That night was passed in safety; the Castle bloodhounds so far were entirely off the scent.

But now Counsellor Magan re-appears on the scene. He calls upon Miss Moore on the following morning overwhelmed with anxiety. ‘What had happened? He had left his stable-door open; he had waited up till one o'clock, and Lord Edward had not come. What had become of him?’ Miss Moore unfortunately had no suspicion of the man's villainy. She simply told him what had occurred, but added ‘that they had most providentially succeeded in procuring

¹ For a full account of Francis Higgins, see *The Sham Squire*, by W. J. Fitzpatrick.

a safe shelter for Lord Edward at *Murphy's*, where he then was.' Mr. Magan assured Miss Moore that his mind was greatly relieved at this satisfactory intelligence, and withdrew,—withdrew, to hasten by some stealthy conveyance to impart the news to Higgins, who no doubt had a messenger ready to convey it to Mr. Secretary Cooke's office at the Castle. On the afternoon of that day, May 19th, at Murphy's house, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was taken, as our author relates, and Mr. Counsellor Magan had earned the stipulated reward—his £200 a year blood-money, and his commissionership; while on the following June 20 we have the record in the 'Secret Service Money' of the payment of Higgins—

'F. H.—Discovery of L. E. F.—£1000.'

On the 4th of June preceding Lord Edward died of his wounds in Newgate prison.—[ED.]

CHAPTER XXVIII

The close of Lord Edward's life—Correspondence between members of the family—Lady Louisa Conolly—Colonel Napier—Lady Sarah Napier—Letters of the Duke of Portland to Mr. Ogilvie—From the Duke of Richmond to the same—The Duke of Portland declines to grant Lord Henry permission to visit his brother—Further letters from Lady Louisa Conolly—Details of capture and imprisonment, etc. etc.—Disturbed state of the country—Camps of the rebels.

OF the melancholy close of Lord Edward's days, I am enabled to lay before my readers all the minutest details through the medium of a correspondence, which took place immediately on his apprehension, between some of his nearest relatives and friends—a correspondence as affecting as it has ever fallen to the lot of a biographer to put on record. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a family more affectionately attached to each other than that of which his lordship had been always the most beloved member; and it is only in language direct from such hearts, at the very moment of suffering, that dismay and sorrow such as now fell

upon them could be at all adequately conveyed. Of one of the writers, Lady Louisa Conolly, it is gratifying to be able to preserve some memorial beyond that tradition of her many noble virtues which friendship has handed down to us, and to the truth of which the amiable spirit that breathes throughout her letters bears the amplest testimony.

In the accounts given in some of these letters of the circumstances of the arrest, there will be found mistakes and misstatements into which the writers were naturally led by the hasty reports of the transaction that reached them, but which the reader, acquainted as he is already with the true facts of the case, will be able to detect and rectify. In the desperate resistance which he made, Lord Edward had no other weapon than a dagger, and the number of wounds he is said to have inflicted with it on his two adversaries is such as almost to exceed belief. This dagger was given by Lord Clare, a day or two after the arrest, to Mr. Brown, a gentleman well known and still living¹ in Dublin, who has, by some accident, lost it. He describes it to me, however, as being about the length of a large case-knife, with a common buck handle—the blade, which was two-edged, being of a waved shape, like that of the sword repre-

¹ [Living, that is to say, when Moore was writing these *Memoirs*, in 1830.—ED.]

sented in the hands of the angel in the common prints prefixed to the last Book of *Paradise Lost*.¹

The rebel uniform belonging to his lordship, which was found at Murphy's, passed afterwards into the hands of Mr. Watson Taylor, in whose possession it remained for some time ; but the late Duke of York, who had always been much attached to Lord Edward, and had even offered, when made Commander-in-Chief, to restore him to his rank in the army, having expressed a wish to possess so curious a relic of his noble friend, Mr. Watson Taylor presented it to his Royal Highness, and what has become of it since the Duke's death I have not been able to ascertain.

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.²

CASTLETOWN, *May 21st*, 1798.

MY DEAR MR. OGILVIE,—I was too ill yesterday to write ; but as there sailed no packet, I have an opportunity of letting my letter go now among the first, with the sad narrative of Saturday night's proceedings. Which of poor Edward's bad friends betrayed him, or whether, through the vigilance of the town magistrates, he was apprehended at nine o'clock that night, I know not, but, at a house in Thomas Street, Mr. Sirr, the town-major, Mr. Ryan (printer of *Faulkener's Journal*), and Mr. Swan (a magistrate), got

¹ [See as to the manufacture of these daggers, p. 431, note.—ED.]

² Mr. Ogilvie was, at this time, in London,

information of him, and had a small party of soldiers to surround the house. Mr. Sirr was settling the party, and advised Ryan and Swan not to be in haste; but they hastily ran upstairs, and forced open the door where he was asleep. He instantly fired a pistol at Mr. Ryan, who we have this day hopes will recover. Upon Mr. Swan's approaching him, he stabbed Mr. Swan with a dagger, but that wound is not considered dangerous.¹

Mr. Sirr, upon hearing the resistance, ran upstairs, and thinking that Edward was going to attack him, fired a pistol at him, which wounded Edward in the shoulder, but not dangerously. He was then carried prisoner to the Castle, where Mr. Stewart (the surgeon-general) was ordered to attend him. He dressed his wound, and pronounces it not to be dangerous. Lord Camden had ordered an apartment for him, but the magistrates claimed him, on account of his having wounded their people. He was therefore carried to Newgate, and after the first burst of feeling was over, I hear that he was quite composed.

Mr. Pakenham has promised to inquire if he wants any comfort or convenience that can be sent him in prison; and I am going to town this evening, meaning to see Mr. Stewart, the surgeon, to know from him what may be wanted. I am also going for the purpose of hearing whether this event makes any alteration in the determinations respecting Lady Edward's leaving the country. If it is necessary that she should still go, I shall wish to hurry her off, and will in another letter write you more particulars about her. In the meantime I have had the satisfaction of hearing that she bore the shock yes-

¹ [These particulars are merely the *on dits* of the moment. For what actually occurred see 'Murphy's statement' at page 430.—ED.]

terday better than one could expect, and she had some sleep last night.

As soon as Edward's wound was dressed, he desired the private secretary at the Castle (Mr. Watson, I believe, is the name) to write for him to Lady Edward, and to tell her what had happened. The secretary carried the note himself. Lady Edward was at Moira House, and a servant of Lady Mountcashell's came soon after to forbid Lady Edward's servants saying anything to her that night. Poor Miss Napier, with Emily, were at the play that night, with Lady Castlereagh and Mrs. Pakenham,¹ in the next box to the Lord Lieutenant's, where the news was brought to him, and of course the two poor girls heard it all. Miss Napier was so overcome that Lady Castlereagh went out with her, and Miss Napier went instantly to Moira House, knowing Lady Edward to be there. Lady Moira forbid her telling her that night, so that Miss Napier made some foolish pretence to go home with her, and she has never left Lady Edward since. Mr. Pakenham made Louisa Pakenham keep Emily in the box, as they feared that all running out of the box might have the appearance of some riot; and I believe it might be better, but the poor little soul was wretched, as you may imagine. The next morning (being yesterday) Miss Napier told Lady Edward, and she bore it better than she expected; but Mr. Napier, who went to town, brought us word that her head seemed still deranged, and that no judgment could yet be formed about her. He and Sarah are gone again this morning. I wait for the evening, as I wish to go a little better prepared with advice than I could hitherto have been.

¹ [It will be seen from this how intimately Lord Edward's relations were connected with the castle *entourage*.—ED.]

It is my intention to entreat for leave to see him (nobody has been permitted to go since he was carried to Newgate), but I will wait to see Surgeon Stewart, and know first the state of his health, and if he would like to see me. The trial, it is thought, will not come on immediately, but as reports are the only information I have upon that head, I shall postpone saying more until I am better informed. My astonishment at finding that Edward was in Dublin can only be equalled by his imprudence in being in it. I had felt such security at being sure of his having left Dublin Bay, added to the belief, from the Duke of Portland's office, that he had left the English coast in a boat, that I scarcely felt startled when the Proclamation came out, though I began to wonder why it took place now.

I received yours of the 15th yesterday morning, with the bad account of the poor Duchess of Leinster's state of health. It affected me, certainly, but under the impression of Edward's misfortune, I could feel no other equal to what *that* has brought upon us. I am very sorry that the poor Duke still deceives himself about her.

This last week has been a most painful one to us. Maynooth, Kilcock, Leixlip, and Celbridge, have had part of a Scotch regiment quartered at each place, living upon free quarters, and every day threatening to burn the towns. I have spent days in entreaties and threats, to give up the horrid pikes. Some houses burnt at Kilcock yesterday produced the effect. Maynooth held out yesterday, though some houses were burnt, and some people punished. This morning the people of Leixlip are bringing in their arms. Celbridge as yet holds out, though five houses are now burning. Whether obstinacy, or that they have them not, I cannot say, but you may imagine what Mr. Conolly and

I suffer. He goes about entreating to the last—spent all yesterday out among them, and to-day is gone again. He goes from Maynooth to Leixlip and Celbridge, and begins again and again to go round them.

We have fortunately two most humane officers, that do not do more than is absolutely necessary from their orders. At present I feel most prodigiously sunk with all the surrounding distress, but I am determined to exert myself for the little use I may be of. It would grieve you to see Mr. Conolly's good heart so wounded as it is.—Yours affectionately,

L. C.

FROM COLONEL NAPIER TO THE SAME

DUBLIN, *May 21st (same date as last letter).*

MY DEAREST OGILVIE,—I must trust to the manly firmness I know you possess as the only preface which can enable you to support the heavy intelligence I am obliged to convey in this melancholy letter. Poor Lord Edward, *seduced* and *betrayed*, was arrested the night before last by three men sent for the purpose, who took him after a desperate resistance, in which he wounded two of them with a poniard, and was himself shot in the right arm, and bruised and cut in three places of his left. He was first carried to the Castle, and, after his wounds had been dressed, removed to Lord Aldborough's room, in Newgate,¹ on the requisition of the magistrates, as one of his opponents appeared to be mortally wounded in the groin. However, this day it is found the intestines are not hurt, and great hopes are entertained of his recovery.

¹ [This room (a pestilential den) had Charles Gavan Duffy as its tenant for nine months fifty years later.—ED.]

Lord Ross brought the dreadful intelligence to Castle-town yesterday morning, and after a miserable scene, in which I feared their violent hysterics would have ended fatally with both Lady Louisa and Sarah, I set off for Dublin, but was peremptorily refused to be allowed an interview with our unfortunate prisoner. I next went to Geo. Stuart, who dressed his wounds, and attends him ; but, missing him, I went to the poor sufferer's wife ; who, kept up by her spirits, bore her misfortunes like a heroine. Alas ! she does not know what I dread to be true, that Government have strong and even indubitable proofs of *treason*. It is in vain to dissemble : Geo. Ponsonby, who is to be Edward's counsel, in conjunction with Curran, fears the event, at least if ministers produce what they assert they possess. In short, my dear friend, no time must be lost in applying to the King, or the catastrophe is—I dare not write what ! As no packet sailed yesterday, I have waited till now, that I might guard you against flying or malicious reports ; for, among others, it was said yesterday that Ryan, the man wounded in the groin, was dead ; and to-day, that Lord Edward had a locked jaw, both which are utterly unfounded.

I write this from Moira House. Opposite, in Thomas Street, they are destroying the houses ; and I expect, on my return, to find Celbridge and Maynooth in ashes, as that was the 'Order of the day.' I inclose this to my sister, who will direct Alexander to give it into your *own* hand, as I dread and shudder at the thoughts of its effect on your dear wife. Good God ! how my heart bleeds for her. I can't write more : my breast is so very bad, and not relieved, you may believe, by the scenes of misery I am everywhere witness to. I have, however, the satisfaction

of thinking, that neither party can accuse me of having abetted them, in thought, word, or deed ; and this is no small consolation to an honest man. I hope poor dear intrepid Lady Edward will go to England (where the Privy Council have ordered her), as Ponsonby says she cannot be of any use here. Adieu, my dear friend ; for God's sake exert your fortitude, and be prepared for the worst.

I cannot write more, but I am very, very sincerely yours.

P.S.¹ Lady Moira's kindness, in every sense of the word, has surpassed that of common mothers.

My sister, at the King's feet, imploring a pardon on condition of exile, *may* do more than all the politicians, lawyers, or exertions in the whole world : let her try it *instantly*, and never quit him till obtained : stop at no forms or refusals. Human nature must give way.

This is intended for the Duke of Leinster, and all the family, none of us being able to write more.

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO LADY SARAH NAPIER

May 22nd, 1798.

MY DEAREST SAL,—Poor Lady Edward *is* to go ; when I brought her the passport this morning, it threw her into sad distress, for she had hoped I could prevail upon them to let her live in prison with him. Lord Castlereagh told me that it had been a determination, at the beginning of all this particular business, not to admit the friends at all, and that it had not been departed from in any one instance ; and that, if Mrs. Emmet saw her husband, it was by stealth, and contrary to the most positive order.² I tried for *one* day before she went ; but *that*, Lady Edward says, she

¹ [The postscript is from Colonel Napier's wife, Lady Sarah.—ED.]

² [These assertions were untrue, as is shown further on.—ED.]

would not have ventured, on account of his wound, lest it should have caused him fever. Lindsay brought word to-day that he was better. Lady Edward will have her choice of a Parkgate or Holyhead packet on Thursday morning, at five o'clock. I shall, therefore, stay in Dublin till that time to put her on board, to pay her the last little friendly office in my power.

In the House of Commons to-day, the discovery of the conspiracy was announced, which they report to have been found out, but just in due time, as this week was to have completed it.¹ Two men, of the name of Sheares, have been taken up; in the pocket of one of them a proclamation was found, intended for distribution after that Dublin should be in their possession; and in Mr. Braughal's pocket, a letter, addressed to him, saying, '*Get off as soon as you can, for we are discovered.*' I can vouch for nothing, but tell you what I have heard; and know nothing for certain, but my own wretchedness. God bless you, dearest dear Sal.—Ever yours,

L. CONOLLY.

Pray send Mrs. Staples word of my stay in town.

I saw Mr. G. Ponsonby: he advised her² going. I hear that Mr. Curran does the same.

Dear good Miss Napier, don't look ill. Surgeon Stewart is to write constantly to Lady Edward an account of his health.

FROM THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

BURLINGTON HOUSE,

Wednesday, May 23rd, 1798, 11 A.M.

DEAR SIR,—It is with infinite concern that I take upon myself to acquaint you with the very melancholy circum-

¹ [Untrue, as the Government knew from their informers, Reynolds and others, weeks before, what was going on.—ED.]

² [Lady Edward's.—ED.]

stances which have attended the apprehension of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, when Justice Swan, attended by a Mr. Ryan, entered the room (at the house of one Murphy, in the Liberty) where Lord Edward was in bed. Lord Edward, who was armed with a case of pistols and a dagger, stood in his defence, shot Mr. Ryan in the stomach, and wounded Mr. Swan with the dagger in two places. Major Sirr, on entering the room, and observing Lord Edward with the dagger uplifted in his hands, fired at him and wounded him in the arm of the hand that held the weapon, upon which he was secured. Mr. Ryan's wound is considered to be mortal; no apprehensions are entertained for Mr. Swan's life. Upon so very melancholy and distressful a subject as this must be, it would as little become me as it can be necessary, to assign reasons for this intrusion: the motives will speak for themselves, and I need make no other appeal than to your candour and to your feelings for my justification upon this distressful occasion.—I have the honour to be, dear sir, your most obedient servant, PORTLAND.

FROM THE DUKE OF RICHMOND TO THE SAME

GOODWOOD, *May 24th*, 1798.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, at a moment when you must have so much anxiety on your mind, to communicate to me the very melancholy event of Lord Edward's being taken, and the circumstances attending it. God grant that Mr. Ryan may recover!

I can easily conceive the oppression of my poor sister's mind; for, although I know that she possesses great fortitude, none can stand under the sort of misery with which

she may be afflicted. It is in vain to offer any assistance or comfort where none can be of any avail ; but she may be assured that no one can sympathise more sincerely in her misfortune than I do.—Believe me, my dear sir, ever most sincerely yours,

RICHMOND, ETC.

P.S. I have sent your letter to Lord Bathurst and Captain Berkeley, who are at Wood End.

I read a case a few days ago in the newspapers, in which Lord Kenyon is said to have expressed, very strongly, his opinion how much it was the duty of any officer executing a warrant to declare who he was, and his authority ; otherwise, what dreadful consequences might ensue by a resistance supposed to be justifiable.

If it should turn out that the persons who arrested Lord Edward did not declare their authority, this speech of Lord Kenyon's from the bench, of which you may easily get a correct minute, might be useful.

The letters of to-day were brought by Hyde, the messenger : if you should wish to ask him any questions, he will certainly not return sooner than to-morrow.

FROM THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

Thursday morning, 24th May 1798.

DEAR SIR,—Give me leave to assure you that I am much gratified by the reception my unfortunate intrusion of yesterday met with from you. I wish I could in any degree relieve your anxiety by the accounts I have received to-day : they are of the 20th, and state no new unfavourable symptoms ; but I must not conceal from you that they give no better hopes of Mr. Ryan's recovery than the letters of the 19th.—I am, dear sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

PORTLAND.

FROM THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO LORD HENRY
FITZGERALD

WHITEHALL, *Friday, 25th May 1798.*

MY LORD,—I have the honour of your Lordship's letter, in which you desire me to give you an order to be admitted to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom you are going over to Ireland for the purpose of visiting. I am therefore to inform your Lordship, that as Lord Edward is not under confinement in consequence of a warrant issued by me, I have not the power of complying with your request.—I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and humble servant,

PORTLAND.

FROM THE DUKE OF PORTLAND TO WILLIAM OGILVIE,
ESQ.

WHITEHALL, *Friday, 25th May 1798,*
Half-past 4 p.m.

DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure of acquainting you that since I left St. James's I have been assured by a person, whose accuracy may be depended upon, that he has seen private letters, *but of high authority*, of the 21st, from Dublin, which state, that though Mr. Ryan's wound is a very dangerous one, it is not considered to be necessarily mortal.—Very sincerely yours,

PORTLAND.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

Saturday morning, 26th May 1798.

DEAR SIR,—By a letter dated the 22nd I am informed that Lord Edward remains in the same state : that though the ball is not yet extracted, the surgeon who attends him does

not think the wound dangerous ; and that *great hopes* are entertained of Mr. Ryan's recovery.—I am, sir, your faithful, humble servant,

PORTLAND.

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

CASTLETOWN, *June 1st, 1798.*

MY DEAR MR. OGILVIE,—I have this instant received your two letters of the 26th and 28th of May, and have written to Lord Castlereagh to entreat for the *order of silence* in the papers. I trust it will be complied with, because it cannot impede the course of justice ; and, if I may judge by dear Lord Castlereagh's distress about all this business,¹ I fancy Government mean to soften the distress as much as possible, and of course will accede to a thing that cannot counteract justice.

I am so entirely of your opinion about dear Edward, that his heart could never be brought to the guilt imputed to him, that I begin to rest my afflicted soul in *hope*, and do not yet give it up ; though it was a sad blow to me yesterday to hear of Ryan's death. It is said he died of a fever ; but when once all the circumstances of that affray come to be known, I do verily believe that it can only be brought in manslaughter, in his own defence. However, in the confused state that all things are in, and the mystery that involves the truth, every new thing creates doubt and alarm. I have also written to Lord Castlereagh to know the mode of proceeding *now* ; for, upon the idea of Ryan's recovery, he had told me that the trial was out of the question.

'Louisa Pakenham, who sees Doctor Lindsay every day,

¹ [' Dear Lord Castlereagh ' must have acted his part well,—ED.]

sends me constant accounts of dear Edward, who suffers less ; and the accounts of yesterday are better than I have had yet, as his appetite and sleep were better. But Lindsay cannot pronounce him out of danger until the balls are extracted, which is not yet the case, though the discharge one day was so great as to make him expect it. The warm weather has been against him.

My two letters to poor Lady Edward, directed to you, contained all the accounts concerning him, which made it unnecessary to write to you. I long to hear of her arrival in London, and whether she will have permission to remain there. I hope the Duke of Portland will let her stay. I must, for ever and ever, repeat my firm belief of her innocence, as far as *acts of treason*. That she should know dear Edward's opinions, and endeavour to secrete him when in danger of being taken, I easily believe ; and where is the wife that would not do so ? As Mr. Conolly justly says, no good man can ever impute *that* as guilt in her. However, I believe that under the illiberal prejudice that has been against her, as a Frenchwoman, ever since she came to Ireland, and which has much increased upon this occasion, I believe it was safer to send her to England. God bless her, poor soul ! She is to be pitied more than can be expressed ; and I never knew how much I loved her till she became so unfortunate.

I wrote word in my last that Edward had made his will. Lieutenant Stone, of the Derry Militia, has been appointed to stay with him : he is a good man, and I hear that Edward is pleased with him, and got him to write his will, which Stewart and Lindsay signed. I hear that dear Henry is just landed : I am very glad of it. I felt sure he would come, but I thought you would stay with my poor

sister. Oh, good God, what is to become of her? I hardly dared read your letters this morning. Her wish to come over, I also expected; and it is so natural, that I think it must be the best for her, and yet I *dare not* advise. The trial, I hear, is to be the 20th of next month. I shall beg of Lord Castlereagh, when he sends this letter,¹ to tell you as many particulars as he can upon that subject. And now, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, that I have said all I know about him, I must inform you of the dreadful state of this country.

The *pikes* prove the intended mischief to any body's understanding, without being in the secrets of either Government or the United Men, and the rebellion is actually begun. The north, south, and west are perfectly quiet, and we have every reason to believe the militia are true to the existing Government; so that Leinster is the province devoted to scenes of bloodshed and misery. As yet, there does not appear to be any leader that can be dangerous, and their depending on numbers (which they endeavour to collect by force as they pass through the country) shows great want of skill; for the numbers must embarrass instead of assisting, and the consequence has been the loss of hundreds of those poor creatures, who confess they do not know what they are going to fight for.

.²

There have been several skirmishes in this neighbourhood: two hundred of them forced through our gates, and passed across our front lawn at three o'clock on Saturday

¹ [It would appear from this that Lady Louisa Conolly's letters were sent through the Government.—ED.]

² [The passages omitted contain some local details respecting the rebellion which would not now be read with any interest.—*Author's note*, 1830.]

morning last, the 26th, when I saw them—but they went through quietly. However, it is thought prudent to put our house in a state of defence: we are about it now, and we shall remain in it. If I had not for ever experienced the goodness of God upon trying occasions, I should be at a loss to account for my total want of feeling as to personal danger; but, knowing His mercy, I feel at this moment a safer natural strength, that can only be sent me from Him.

My heart is almost borne down with what I feel about dear Edward and the family. His mother and wife are two sores that I can find no balm for, and I sometimes am almost sinking under it; but I do not let it get so much the better of me, as not to think of everything that can serve him; but, alas! how little is in my power, being in no secrets whatever!

But to return to the rebels: they have a camp at Blackmore Hill, near Rusborough; are in possession of Lord Miltown's house, another camp at Taragh, and another at Stapletown, near the Bog of Allen. At Dunboyne the first breaking out appeared; and the town is burnt down all to a few houses. Mr. Conolly tells me that the destruction of the county from Sallins to Kilcullen Bridge made him sick, and that many years cannot restore the mischief. We are happy in having been able to preserve Celbridge, and the poor people, I trust, will find that we are their best friends at last. You may be sure that we are protecting them to the best of our power. God bless you. I will endeavour to keep a journal of what passes here: I shall pretend to no more, for I can know but little of what passes in Dublin.—Yours affectionately,

L. CONOLLY.

CHAPTER XXIX

Lord Henry's grief—Wishes to remain with Lord Edward in prison—Refused admittance—Strangers allowed to visit him—Incident—Lord Edward's will—Royal sympathy—Letter to Lord Henry Fitzgerald from the Duke of Richmond—Pleas for delaying a trial—Letter from Fox—Lord Henry's notes—Lord Chancellor's heartless refusal—Kind note from a fellow-prisoner.

THE mutual affection by which the whole Leinster family were so remarkably bound together was even more warm between Lord Edward and Lord Henry than between any of its other members. 'Dear Harry!—he is perfect' was the enthusiastic feeling which Lord Edward no less sincerely entertained than he thus strongly expressed, and which was answered with a corresponding warmth on the part of his brother. When millions, therefore, were mourning the fate of the gallant Edward, what must have been the sorrow of one so near, and so devoted to him? Soon after the dreadful news reached him, Lord Henry hurried over to Dublin, resolved to share the sufferer's prison and

be his attendant and nurse. But, by a sternness of policy which it seems impossible to justify, even the privilege of a single interview with his brother was denied to him; and he was left, day after day, in a state of anguish only to be conceived by those who knew the strength of his affections, to implore this favour of the Lord Lieutenant and his advisers in vain. The following is one of the answers which he received to his applications :—

FROM THE EARL OF CLARE TO LORD HENRY
FITZGERALD

ELY PLACE, *Sunday, 3 o'clock.*

MY DEAR LORD,—I am sorry to tell you that it will be impossible, for the present, to comply with your wishes; and if I could explain to you the grounds of this restriction, even you would hardly be induced to condemn it as unnecessarily harsh.—Always very truly yours, my dear Lord,

CLARE, C.

This determination, so harshly persevered in, not to suffer any of Lord Edward's own friends to see him, is rendered still worse by the fact that, in some instances, the Government relaxed this rule of exclusion; and I have been told by Mr. Brown—a gentleman already mentioned, as having received from Lord Clare the present of Lord Edward's dagger—that, through the

favour of the same nobleman, he was himself, a day or two after the arrest, admitted to the noble prisoner. This gentleman's father was, it seems, the landlord of the house in which the fatal event occurred, and having a desire to speak with Murphy on the subject of the lease, he procured an order of admission from Lord Clare, to which was added also a permission to see Lord Edward. Having first visited the unfortunate Murphy, he proceeded to Lord Edward's room, where his right of entrance was contested by two ruffianly-looking members of Beresford's corps of yeomanry, whom he found standing, with their swords drawn, beside the bed of the sufferer. On his showing the order, however, from Lord Clare, he was admitted; and having mentioned, in the few minutes' conversation he had with Lord Edward, that he had just been in Murphy's room, his lordship, with his usual kindness of feeling, recollecting the blow he had seen Swan give to his host with the pistol, said, in a faint voice, 'And how is poor Murphy's face?'

Even for the purpose of drawing up his will, which took place on the 27th of May, no person at all connected with his own family was allowed to have access to him; and Mr. John Leeson, who executed the instrument, sat in a carriage at the door of the prison, while Mr. Stewart, the Government surgeon, communi-

cated between him and the prisoner during the transaction. The following is the sketch of the will indited under such circumstances :—

‘I, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, do make this as my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all others : that is to say, I leave all estates, of whatever sort, I may die possessed of, to my wife, Lady Pamela Fitzgerald, as a mark of my esteem, love, and confidence in her, for and during her natural life, and on her death to descend, share and share alike, to my children or the survivors of them ; she maintaining and educating the children according to her discretion ; and I constitute her executrix of this my last Will and Testament. Signed, sealed, and delivered, May the 26th, 1798.

In presence of . . .¹

During this painful interval, the anxiety of Lord Edward’s friends in England was, as the following letters will show, no less intense and active. The letter from the late King will be found to afford an amiable instance of that sort of good-nature which formed so atoning an ingredient in his character. While, with the world in general, it seems to be a rule to speak of living kings in the language only of praise, reserving all the licence of censure to be let loose upon them when dead, it is some pleasure to reverse this safe, but rather ignoble policy, and, after having shocked all the loyal and the courtly

¹ The signatures to the instrument itself were ‘Alex. Lindsay, Geo. Stewart, and Sam. Stone.’

by speaking with more truth than prudence of his late Majesty when living, to render justice now to the few amiable qualities which he possessed, at a time when censure alone is heard over his grave from others. Seldom, indeed, were the kindlier feelings of George the Fourth more advantageously exhibited than on the subject of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—not only at the time of which we are speaking, when, on his first interview with the afflicted mother of his noble friend, he is said to have wept with all the tenderness of a woman in speaking of him, but at a much later period, when it was in his power as monarch to perform an act of humane justice towards Lord Edward's offspring, which, both as monarch and man, reflects the highest honour upon him.

FROM THE DUKE OF RICHMOND TO LORD HENRY
FITZGERALD

WHITEHALL, *June 5th*, 1798.

MY DEAR HENRY,—Your poor wife has been with me much alarmed this morning at the idea that your generous but, I must say, imprudent offer of sharing your brother's prison would be allowed of. She very justly fears that it would materially hurt your health, and expose you to many dangers ; but we trust more to other reasons than those which are personal to yourself to hope you will abandon that plan—and those are what you yourself state, namely, that some friends think you could be much more useful out

than in prison. *In* it you would do no other good than afford a comfort to his mind, which, thank God, has fortitude enough to support itself under all its present pressures ; but, *out*, you may be of essential service to him, by a calm and prudent behaviour, which will make you listened to when you represent how impossible it is for him, under the bodily pains he suffers, and the debility they must leave on his mind, to do himself justice on his trial—that the very ends of justice would be defeated by arraigning a man, who, from illness, is not capable of defending himself ; as the object of justice, such as it is the glory of our constitution to distribute, is to give a prisoner every fair means of defence ; that, independently of his bodily and mental complaints, the present state of Ireland, in which men of all descriptions must have their minds much agitated and their passions stirred with just resentment against the attacks on the constitution, affords no room to hope for that calm, dispassionate, and fair investigation of truth which is so necessary to make justice loved and respected ;¹ and that therefore a delay of his trial seems necessary to give him fair play, and to convince the world, that, if he is found guilty, he really is so ; for, tried under all the present circumstances of his illness, and the temper of the times, it will never be believed that he was fairly convicted, if such should be the issue of a trial now carried on.

But there is another point of view in which it appears to me that it will be impossible to try him now, and that is the existence of Martial Law at this moment in Dublin. While that subsists, all other law must be silent, and we are told that, in consequence of it, the judges have shut up the

¹ [Did his Grace write this in irony? See a little further on, where he describes the actual facts.—ED.]

courts, and will not try the common suits. With how much more reason must it then be objected, to try a prisoner for his life, for crimes alleged on the very subject that has caused the existence of Martial Law ; and, while it exists, how can any juryman, or any witness, or indeed the judges themselves, feel that they are safe, when they may be taken out of court, or seized the moment they quit it, and be flogged or hanged at the will of the military ?¹ I am not saying anything against these measures : they may have been deemed necessary ; nor do I suppose that Government would, by their power, influence a judge, juror, or witness ; but the fear that underlings may, will produce the same effect, and make men afraid to speak truth that may not be acceptable, lest they should be considered and treated as marked men, and justice will of course not be free.

No mischief can arise from a delay. Your brother cannot escape ; and, whatever may be his fate, Government itself will gain infinitely more credit by postponing his trial till the times can afford a fair one, than by hurrying it on, as if they thought they could not convict him but through passion and prejudice.

I have been with Mr. Pitt, and stated the substance of these arguments to him, and, with his approbation, have stated them to the Lord Lieutenant, in whose justice and moderation I have too much confidence not to believe but that they will have weight.² Don't show this letter, so as to make it a topic of conversation, which might do more harm than good : but I have no objection to your making use of it where you think it can be of any real use.

¹ [These were the facts : how different from the ideal justice which his grace belauds a few sentences back !—ED.]

² [Lord Camden !—ED.]

Good God ! how different will the proceedings in Ireland be from the humane laws of this country in criminal cases, which here, in times of profound peace, remove even the appearance of all military from the town where the assizes are held, lest their being there should be supposed to cause the smallest influence—how different from a trial in a court, at the doors of which any man may be instantaneously hanged by the military, without trial ! But I convince myself the thing is impossible, and that a reasonable delay, and certainly till Martial Law ceases, will be allowed.

Adieu, my dear Henry ; you will hear from others that your mother sets off to-morrow for Ireland. Her fortitude adds a respect and dignity to her sufferings that I think no heart can resist.

Adieu ! heaven ever bless and protect you.—I am, ever,
your most affectionate uncle, RICHMOND, etc.

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES,
TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

CARLTON HOUSE, *June 6, 1798.*
Three-quarters past 5 P.M.

MY DEAR SIR,—I feel so truly for the Duchess and the unfortunate Edward that I am sure there is nothing in the world I would not attempt to mitigate the pangs, which I am afraid but too much distress her grace at the present dreadful crisis. I would, were I in the habit of so doing, most undoubtedly write to Lord Clare ; though, even were that the case, I should hesitate as to the propriety of so doing, thinking that such an application *to the Chancellor* might be subject to misconstruction, and consequently

detrimental to Lord Edward's interests. But I have no hesitation in allowing you to state to his lordship how much pleased I shall be, and how much I am sensible it will conciliate to him the affections of every humane and delicate mind, if every opportunity is given to poor Lord Edward to obtain an impartial trial, by delaying it till his state of health shall be so recruited as to enable him to go through the awful scene with fortitude ;¹ and until the minds of men have recovered their usual tone, so absolutely necessary for the firm administration of justice.

This, my dear sir, I have no scruple to admit of your stating in confidence, and with my best compliments to the Lord Chancellor. My long and sincere regard for both the Duchess and Duke of Leinster would have naturally made me wish to exert myself still more, were I not afraid by such exertion I might do more harm than good.

Excuse this scrawl, which I pen in the utmost hurry, fearing that you may have left London before this reaches Harley Street.—I am, dear sir, with many compliments to the Duchess, very sincerely yours,

GEORGE P.

William Ogilvie, Esq.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES FOX TO LORD HENRY
FITZGERALD

ST. ANNE'S HILL, *June 7.*

DEAR LORD HENRY,—I am very sorry to hear so bad an account of poor, dear Edward's wounds, which give me much more apprehension than his trial, if he is to have a fair

¹ It will be seen by a subsequent letter that the Duke of York exerted himself with such zeal, on this point, that he succeeded in obtaining the Royal consent to a delay of the trial.

one. I understand from Lady Henry that you wish his friends to go to Dublin. I am sure you will not suspect me of a wish to save myself on such an occasion, and, therefore, I have no difficulty in saying that I think, and that upon much reflection, that my going is far more likely to be hurtful than serviceable to him; but if you and Mr. Ponsonby, his counsel, think otherwise, I will set out whenever you think it necessary. Ill as I think of the Irish Government, I cannot help hoping that the trials will be put off for some time at least, from a consideration of their own reputation. At any rate, the time between the arraignment and the trial will, I suppose, be sufficient to send for such of us as you wish.

If you see my dear, dear Edward, I need not desire you to tell him that I love him with the warmest affection. When I hear of the fortitude with which he has borne his sufferings, I hear no more than what I expected from *him*, though from him only could I have looked for so much. God bless you, my dear cousin!—Yours affectionately,

C. J. Fox.¹

Through the following memorandums, which I find in Lord Henry's handwriting, may be traced more touchingly than in the most elaborate narrative the last stages of Lord Edward's suffering:—

Has he got fruit?—does he want linen? . . . How will the death of R. (Ryan) affect him? . . . What informers

¹ Except as some comfort to the wounded hearts of his survivors, this sympathy was now unavailing. A day or two before these letters, so creditable to the feelings that dictated them, were written, the gallant spirit of him who was the object of all this tenderness had been released from its pains.

are supposed to be against him? . . . Upon his pain subsiding, the hearing of Ryan's death (which he must have heard) caused a dreadful turn in his mind. . . . Affected strongly on the 2nd of June—began to be ill about three.—Clinch executed before the prison. He must have known of it—asked what the noise was. . . . 2nd of June, in the evening, was in the greatest danger. . . . Mr. Stone, the officer that attended him, removed the 2nd of June—could not learn who was next put about him. . . . 2nd of June, in the evening, a keeper from a mad-house put with him—but finding him better in the night, left him. . . . June 3rd, exhausted, but composed. . . . 3rd of June, wrote Chancellor a pressing letter to see E.

The answer of the Chancellor to the application last mentioned was as follows :—

FROM THE EARL OF CLARE TO LORD HENRY
FITZGERALD

ELY PLACE, *June 3rd*, 1798.

MY DEAR LORD,—Be assured that it is not in my power to procure admission for you to Lord Edward. You will readily believe that Lord Camden's situation is critical in the extreme. The extent and enormity of the treason which has occasioned so many arrests make it essentially necessary, for the preservation of the State, that access should be denied to the friends of all the persons now in confinement for treason. Judge, then, my dear lord, the situation in which Lord Camden will be placed if this rule is dispensed with in one instance. Mr. Stewart has just now left me, and from his account of Lord Edward, he is in a situation which threatens his life. Perhaps, if he should get

into such a state as will justify it,¹ your request may be complied with ; and, believe me, it will give me singular satisfaction if you can be gratified. You may rest assured that his wound is as well attended to as it can be.—Yours always, truly, my dear lord,

CLARE.

On the same day the following letter from a fellow-prisoner of Lord Edward was written :—

FROM MR. MATTHEW DOWLING TO LORD HENRY
FITZGERALD

NEWGATE, 3rd June.

MY LORD,—Having, in happier days, had some success and much satisfaction in being concerned for you and Mr. Grattan on the city election, I take the liberty of writing to inform you that your brother, Lord Edward, is most dangerously ill—in fact dying—he was delirious some time last night. Surely, my lord, some attention ought to be paid him. I know you'll pardon this application.—I am yours, with respect and regard,

MATT. DOWLING.

I am a prisoner a few days—on what charge I know not. He is now better, and has called for a chicken for dinner.

Past 2.

Seeing you, or any friend he has confidence in, would, I think, be more conducive to his recovery than fifty surgeons. I saw him a few moments last night—but he did not know me—we'll watch him as well as is in our power.

¹ [According to this, an order to visit Lord Edward would only be justified when his condition became more serious than one threatening his life. As a matter of fact, the order was not given until his mind was gone.—ED.]

CHAPTER XXX

The closing scene—Lady Louisa Conolly's letter—Cruelty of the Government—Lord Henry Fitzgerald's letter to the Earl of Camden—Arrangements for the funeral—Hamilton's portraits of Lord Edward—A letter from his mother.

ON the night of the 3rd of June, it having become manifest that the noble prisoner could not survive many hours, the hearts of those in authority at length relented, and Lord Henry and Lady Louisa Conolly were permitted to take a last look of their dying relative.

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

DUBLIN, *June 4th*, 1798.

MY DEAR MR. OGILVIE,—At two o'clock this morning, our beloved Edward was at peace ; and, as the tender and watchful mercy of God is ever over the afflicted, we have reason to suppose this dissolution took place at the moment that it was fittest it should do so. On Friday night, a very great lowness came on, that made those about him consider him much in danger. On Saturday, he seemed to have recovered the attack, but on that night was again attacked with spasms, that subsided again yesterday morning. But, in the course of the day, Mrs. Pakenham (from whom I had

my constant accounts) thought it best to send an express for me. I came to town, and got leave to go, with my poor dear Henry, to see him.

Thanks to the great God ! our visit was timed to the moment that the wretched situation allowed of. His mind had been agitated for two days, and the feeling was enough gone not to be overcome by the sight of his brother and me. We had the consolation of seeing and feeling that it was a pleasure to him. I first approached his bed : he looked at me, knew me, kissed me, and said (what will never depart from my ears), 'It is heaven to me to see you !' and, shortly after, turning to the other side of his bed, he said, 'I can't see you.' I went round, and he soon after kissed my hand, and smiled at me, which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time. I then told him that Henry was come. He said nothing that marked surprise at his being in Ireland, but expressed joy at hearing it, and said, 'Where is he, dear fellow ?'

Henry then took my place, and the two dear brothers frequently embraced each other, to the melting a heart of stone ; and yet God enabled both Henry and myself to remain quite composed. As every one left the room, we told him we only were with him. He said, 'That is very pleasant.' However, he remained silent, and I then brought in the subject of Lady Edward, and told him that I had not left her until I saw her on board ; and Henry told him of having met her on the road well. He said, 'And the children too ?—She is a charming woman' : and then became silent again. That expression about Lady Edward proved to me that his senses were much lulled, and that he did not feel his situation to be what it was ; but, thank God ! they were enough alive to receive pleasure from seeing his brother and

me. Dear Henry, in particular, he looked at continually with an expression of pleasure.

When we left him, we told him that, as he appeared inclined to sleep, we would wish him a good night, and return in the morning. He said, 'Do, do'; but did not express any uneasiness at our leaving him. We accordingly tore ourselves away, and very shortly after Mr. Garnet (the surgeon that attended him for the two days, upon the departure of Mr. Stone, the officer that had been constantly with him) sent me word that the last convulsions soon came on, and ended at two o'clock, so that we were within two hours and a half before the sad close to a life we prized so dearly.¹ He sometimes said, 'I knew it must come to this, and we must all go'; and then rambled a little about militia, and numbers; but upon my saying to him, 'It agitates you to talk upon those subjects,' he said, 'Well, I won't.'

I hear that he frequently composed his dear mind with prayer—was vastly devout, and, as late as yesterday evening, got Mr. Garnet, the surgeon, to read in the Bible the death of Christ, the subject picked out by himself, and seemed much composed by it. In short, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, we have every reason to think that his mind was made up to his situation, and can look to his present happy state with thanks for his release. Such a heart and such a mind may meet his God! The friends that he was

¹ The following is Mr. Garnet's note announcing the event:—

'Six o'clock, June 3rd, 1798.

'Mr. Garnet presents his most respectful compliments to Lady Louisa Conolly, and begs leave to communicate to her the melancholy intelligence of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's death. He drew his last breath at two o'clock this morning, after a struggle that began soon after his friends left him last night.'

entangled with pushed his destruction forward, screening themselves behind his valuable character. God bless you ! The ship is just sailing, and Henry puts this into the post at Holyhead.—Ever yours,
L. C.

From the heart-breaking scene here described Lord Henry hurried off instantly to Holyhead, and from thence, in the agony of the moment, addressed a long letter to Lord Camden, of which it would be injustice to both parties to lay the whole before the world ; the noble writer being at the time in a state of excitement that left him scarcely the master of his own thoughts, while in the gross, gratuitous cruelty, which marked, on this, as on all other occasions, the conduct of the Irish Government, Lord Camden had no further share than what arose out of the lamentable weakness with which he surrendered his own humaner views to the overruling violence of others. This vindication of his lordship, if vindication it can be called, to defend thus his humanity at the expense of his good sense, was brought forward during the very heat of the crisis itself, by one who best knew the real authors of that system of governing from the guilt of which he thus far exonerated his Chief. In boasting of the success of those measures of coercion which had been adopted by the Irish Government, Lord Clare expressly avowed, in the House of Lords, that they ‘were, *to his know-*

ledge, extorted from the nobleman who governed that country.'

To this best of all testimonies on such a point is to be added also the evidence of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who is known, in speaking of that period, to have always declared, that in every suggestion which he had himself tendered to the Irish Cabinet, recommending the adoption of a more liberal and conciliatory policy, he had been invariably supported in the Council by Lord Camden; though, when matters came to a decision, the more violent spirits carried it their own way, and the sanction of the Lord Lieutenant was thus yielded to a course of measures which, in his heart, he disapproved. For these reasons, as well as from a sincere admiration of the disinterestedness which, as a public servant, this nobleman has displayed, I most willingly expunge from Lord Henry's letter all such expressions as, though natural in his state of feeling, at the moment, appear to me undeservedly harsh towards the noble person to whom they are applied.¹

FROM LORD HENRY FITZGERALD TO THE EARL OF
CAMDEN

MY LORD,—A little removed from scenes of misery and

¹ [The apology which the author offers here for Lord Camden's *wishes*, as distinguished from his *acts*, is of no avail; in his position it is by the latter, and not the former, that he must be judged, and the latter were always bad.—ED.]

wretchedness scarcely to be equalled, I feel myself, thank God ! sufficiently composed to write you this letter. I owe it to the memory of a beloved, I may almost say an adored brother. An uncommon affection, from our childhood, subsisted between us ; such a one as . . . The purport of this, however, is not to give a loose to reproaches alone, but to state to you, and to the world . . . supported by facts. A full catalogue of them would take up many pages ; mine is very short. Many indignities offered to him I shall for the present pass over in silence, and begin from the time of my arrival in Ireland, which was last Thursday.

Surgeon Lindsay, who attended my brother with Surgeon Stewart, told me, when I really had imagined my brother to be in a recovering state, that, a few days before, he had been dangerously ill : ‘ apprehensive of a lockjaw ’ was his expression ; and that he had been consulted about the breast. I also learned that he had made his will, etc. Mr. Lindsay added, ‘ But, however, he is now much better ’ ; and told me, also, that the wounds were going on well, and that he did not apprehend any danger from them. When I came to inquire into the circumstances relating to the signing of the will from others, I find this suffering, dying man was not even allowed to see his lawyer, a young man he put confidence in, but the paper was handed first in, and then out of the prison, through the hands of the surgeons. Possibly, he might have had little or nothing to say to his lawyer, but a decent consideration of his situation ought to have left him a chance of seeing him or not.

Thus, situated as he was, who would have thought, my lord, but that upon my arrival you would yourself have urged me to see him. . . . After this came my audience of your Excellency :— . . . I implored, I entreated of you, to

let me see him. I never begged hard before. All, all in vain ! you talked of lawyers' opinion ; of what had been refused to others, and could not be granted for me in the same situation. His was not a common case ;—he was *not* in the same situation : he was wounded, and in a manner dying, and his bitterest enemy could not have murmured, had your heart been softened, or had you swerved a little from duty (if it can be called one) in the cause of humanity.

On Friday the surgeon told me still that the wounds were going on well ; but that he perceived, as the pain subsided, that his mind was more than usually engaged. He felt ill treatment. . . . —but he communed with his God, and his God did not forsake him. But, oh ! my lord, what a day was Saturday for him ! . . . On Saturday my poor forsaken brother, who had but that night and the next day to live, was disturbed ;—he heard the noise of the execution of Clinch, at the prison door. He asked, eagerly, ‘What noise is that ?’ and certainly in some manner or other he knew it ; for—O God ! what am I to write ?—from that time he lost his senses : most part of the night he was raving mad : a keeper from a mad-house was necessary. Thanks to the Almighty, he got more composed towards morning.

Now, my lord, shall I scruple to declare to the world—I wish I could to the four quarters of it !—that amongst you, your ill-treatment has murdered my brother, as much as if you had put a pistol to his head. In this situation no charitable message arrives to his relations, no offer to allow attached servants to attend upon him, who could have been depended upon in keeping dreadful news of all sorts from him. No, no ; to his grave, in madness, you would pursue him—to his grave you persecuted him.

One would think I could add no more—but I have not yet done. At this very time, a Mr. Stone, an officer, that was in the room with him, whom they tell me he grew fond of and liked, was removed, and a total stranger put about him. Are you aware, my lord, of the comfort, of the happiness, of seeing well-known faces round the bed of sickness, and the cruelty of the reverse? or, have you hitherto been so much a stranger to the infirmities of this mortal life, as never to have known what it was to feel joy in pain, or cheerfulness in sorrow, from the pressure of a friend's hand, or the kind looks of relations? yet he, my lord, possessed as he was of the tenderness of a woman to all whom he loved, was abandoned, most barbarously neglected; a man to attend him (and that, I believe, only latterly) as a nurse.

These were his friends, these his attendants on his death-bed in Newgate. Sunday, I urged the Chancellor once more, and stung him so home, with regard to the unheard-of cruelty of hanging Clinch close to my brother, in his weak state, that he *did* seem sorry and to relent. He said, 'it was very wrong indeed, that he was sorry for it, that it should not happen again, but that they did not know it,' was his expression. Oh! my lord! what does not this expression involve? what volumes might be written on these last words!—but that is foreign to my purpose. At last the Chancellor, in a sort of way, gave me hopes of seeing my poor brother—talked even of the secrecy with which the visit must be conducted. The joy of a reprieved wretch could not exceed mine; it was of short duration. The prospect that gladdened me with the hopes that in the interval, when he was quiet, I might still be a comfort—be of use to him—vanished. A note from the

Chancellor came, saying that my request could not be granted. What severity could surpass this?

In the evening of the same day, the surgeons told me that the symptoms of death were such as made them think that he would not last out the night. Then, I believe, the Almighty smote your consciences! Lady Louisa and myself indeed saw him, three hours before he breathed his last, in the grated room of Newgate. God help you! that was the extent of your charity. This was your justice in mercy—but I will not embitter the sweet remembrance of that scene, which I hope will go with me through life, by mistimed asperity, nor will I dare to talk of it.

My grief has plunged me deeper into correspondence with you than I at first wished; but to recount a brother's sufferings, a brother's wrongs, and above all, his patience, is, and will be, my duty to the end of my life. I will complain for him, though his great heart never uttered a complaint for himself, from the day of his confinement. My lord, you did not know him, and happy is it for you. He was no common being. I have now eased my mind of a part of the load that oppressed it, and shall now conclude, returning thanks to that kind Providence that directed my steps to Ireland, just in time to discover and be the recorder of these foul deeds.

One word more and I have done. As I alone am answerable for this letter, perhaps you will still take compassion on his wife and three babes, the eldest not four years old. The opportunity that I offer is to protect their estate for them from violence and plunder. You can do it if you please.—I am, etc.¹

¹ [One would have wished that Lord Henry Fitzgerald, whose love for his brother was no doubt intense, had, instead of writing this

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO LORD HENRY
FITZGERALD*Monday Evening, 7 o'clock.*

MY DEAREST HENRY,—To tell you with what heart-breaking sorrow I parted with you this morning is surely unnecessary. God protect you and relieve you, my dear, dear nephew, for doubly dear does your misfortune make you to me. I have sent Sheils for some more hair, the little gray cloak, and all the apparel that we saw on him to be put by for you. I have also consented to the funeral's taking place on Wednesday night, from a circumstance Dr. Lindsay informed me of, just as I returned from you, which was the necessity of opening the body, as a coroner's inquest sat upon it, to ascertain the causes of dissolution, which were proved to arise from fever.

Mr. Stone and Mr. Sheils are to go in the coach, and I have written down the direction for the intermediate attention—ordering the man and woman who attended him during the illness to sit up these two nights, and sent them necessaries for the purpose. I have got the watch and chain that hung constantly round his neck, with a locket of hair, which I will send you by the first opportunity, along with his own dear hair. I have been also with

hysterical letter, remained to see his body decently consigned to its last resting-place in the vault of St. Werburgh's Church. As it was, he rushed away from his brother's death-bed, and was on board the English packet bound for Holyhead, before Lord Edward had breathed his last; leaving the last rites due to his heroic brother to be performed by hirelings and strangers. Nor does it appear, even, that these would have been attended to, but for the care of his aunt, Lady Louisa Conolly. Indeed, the women of the family appear to have possessed more courage than the men, with the illustrious exception of Lord Edward himself.—ED.]

Hamilton the painter. There are two pictures of him, one for your mother, and the other for you, besides one of Lucy, I believe, for you also. Mr. Hamilton says they are not finished, and cannot be ready to go to England these two months ; but he will hasten them as much as possible, and I will take care to forward them. My love to your dear wife, and believe me ever, my dearest Henry, your most affectionate aunt and fellow-sufferer,

L. CONOLLY.

FROM THE DUCHESS-DOWAGER OF LEINSTER TO LORD
HENRY FITZGERALD

GOODWOOD, *July 17, 1798.*

Fatal year !

We are neither of us in a state at present, my beloved Henry, to touch on a subject so heartrending and distracting as all that has passed with these last three months of wretchedness ; but I am sure you will be glad to know from myself that I am much better, thanks to Almighty God ! and in proportion as I look around for comfort is the wish I feel of seeing you next week. The Leinsters are asked to come ; but, at that time, it would make too many. They will probably not stay longer than a week, and then I hope to be blessed with a sight of you. My brother has often asked why you don't come ; and the dear little interesting Pamela, who must ever be an object, dear, precious, and sacred to all our hearts, has often expressed a desire of seeing you. Hitherto I have dreaded its affecting you too much, but as I hope your mind is more composed, you might perhaps be better able to bear it. This you must judge of yourself, and when you can come, I hope you will.

I wish for your advice and opinion in regard to dear

Pamela's future destination, as I know it will in great part be determined by that which I give her, and I am really afraid of recommending any particular plan to her for that very reason ; but I think we could talk it over more comfortably together. There is no need of hurry, for she is welcome, I am sure, to stay here as long as she likes ; my brother is extremely fond of her, and enters into her situation with parental solicitude. Indeed it is one that must move all hearts, and claims all our protection, tenderness, and attention. You, my dear Henry, have been the chosen person for this duty ; but we are all ready to share it with you. She seems at present much undecided about going to Hamburgh : Mr. Matheuson's pressing letters, the cheapness of living, and being perhaps more in the way of seeing those who might give her information as to the small chance she may have of recovering her property, are all inducements to go. On the other hand, she hates leaving his family, to whom she is naturally drawn by affection. She hates the appearance as well as the reality of separating herself from us, and wishes us to witness the propriety and good sense with which she always has and always will guide all her actions, and which the ill-nature that has prevailed against her makes more particularly necessary in her case than in any other. She is a charming creature, and the more one is acquainted with her real character, the more one esteems and loves it ; but even were she not so, *he* adored her : *he is gone* ! This is an indissoluble chain, that must ever bind her to our hearts. But here let me stop, lest I break the resolution I made at the beginning of my letter.

Mr. Leeson, I understand, has been with you, and you may now have it in your power to know a little,

whether she has the power of making a choice as to her motions, for they must greatly depend on money. We are too poor to give her any assistance, and I believe it is pretty much the case with the whole family, who at any other time would have done it with pleasure ; but it is now quite out of the question, and, therefore, to avoid expense must be her first object. This she is very sensible of, and it throws her into irresolution, which is always an unpleasant state, and oftener brought on by the want of money, I believe, with most people, than by any other sort of distress whatever. It is very much ours at present, and I have not the least guess where we shall be the remainder of this year. I am sorry for others, but as to myself it is perfectly indifferent—all, all alike ! To see those I love pleased is the only thing that ever can have the power of cheering me. To that I am not insensible.

Adieu, my dearest Henry : remember me most kindly to your dear wife. I hope she is well, and will write often to the girls accounts of you both, and of the dear boys. God bless you all.

E. L.¹

¹ [In addition to the correspondence already given, many letters follow from the same writers in the original editions of the *Memoirs* by Moore ; but as these letters have reference rather to occurrences in the family and the country which took place *after* Lord Edward's death, it has been thought better to place them in an appendix ; the sole exception made being the concluding letter in this series, the only one which the author has given from the being to whom Lord Edward was perhaps the most tenderly attached—his mother, the Dowager Duchess of Leinster.—ED.]

CHAPTER XXXI

The character of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—As drawn by friends and foes—Summary of it by the author—What his servants thought of him—The faithful Tony soon follows his master—Lord Edward's religious opinions—The right to resistance—Author's statement of the case of Ireland in 1798—The probabilities of success—Foreign assistance—If justifiable?—Lord Edward's capacity and attainments—Military theories—In advance of his day.

THOUGH it would be impossible to adduce any more convincing proof of the amiableness of Lord Edward's private life than what the interest in his fate evinced throughout the letters given in the last chapter affords, it would be injustice not to cite also some of those public tributes to his character which both the friends and enemies of his political principles have alike concurred in paying :—

‘I knew Fitzgerald but very little, but I honour and venerate his character, which he has uniformly sustained, and, in this last instance, illustrated. What miserable wretches by his side are the gentry of Ireland ! I would rather be Fitzgerald, as he is now, wounded in his dungeon, than Pitt at the head of the British Empire. What a noble

fellow ! Of the first family in Ireland, with an easy fortune, a beautiful wife, and a family of lovely children, the certainty of a splendid appointment under Government, if he would condescend to support their measures, he has devoted himself wholly to the emancipation of his country, and sacrificed everything to it, even to his blood. . . . As I suspected, the brave and unfortunate Fitzgerald was meditating an attack on the capital, which was to have taken place a few days after that on which he was arrested. He is since dead, in prison ; his career is finished gloriously for himself, and whatever be the event, his memory will live for ever in the heart of every honest Irishman.'—*Diary of Theobald Wolfe Tone.*

'*Sir J. Parnell.* Mr. Emmet, while you and the Executive were philosophising, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was arming and disciplining the people.

Emmet. Lord Edward was a military man, and if he was doing so, he probably thought that was the way in which he could be most useful to the country ; but I am sure, that if those with whom he acted were convinced that the grievances of the people were redressed, and that force was become unnecessary, he would have been persuaded to drop all arming and disciplining.

Mr. J. C. Beresford. I knew Lord Edward well, and always found him very obstinate.

Emmet. I knew Lord Edward right well, and have done a great deal of business with him, and have always found, when he had a reliance on the integrity and talents of the person he acted with, he was one of the most persuadable men alive ; but if he thought a man meant dishonestly or unfairly by him, he was as obstinate as a mule.'—*Report*

of Evidence before the Secret Committee of the House of Commons.

‘The Irish nation could not sustain a greater misfortune in the person of any one individual, than befell it in the loss of Fitzgerald at that critical moment. Even his enemies, and he had none but those of his country, allowed him to possess distinguished military talents. With these, with unquestioned intrepidity, republicanism, and devotion to Ireland, with popularity that gave him unbounded influence, and integrity that made him worthy of the highest trust, had he been present in the Irish camp to organise discipline, and give to the valour of his country a scientific direction, we should have seen the slaves of monarchy fly before the republicans of Ireland, as they did before the patriots of America. And if at last the tears of his countrymen had been constrained to lament his fate, they would have been received on the laurels of his tomb. . . . If Lord Edward had been actuated, in political life, by dishonourable ambition, he had only to cling to his great family connections and parliamentary influence. They, unquestionably, would have advanced his fortunes and gratified his desires. The voluntary sacrifices he made, and the magnanimous manner in which he devoted himself to the independence of Ireland, are incontestable proofs of the purity of his soul.’—*Dr. MacNevin.*

‘Lord Edward had served with reputation in the Nineteenth regiment, during a great part of the American war, and on many occasions had displayed great valour and considerable abilities as an officer. When in the army, he was considered as a man of honour and humanity, and was

much esteemed by his brother officers for his frankness, courage, and good-nature—qualities which he was supposed to possess in a very high degree.’—*Sir Richard Musgrave, ‘History of the Irish Rebellion.’*

‘Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose name I never mention without anxiety and grief, and of whom I wish to speak with as much tenderness as possible.’—*Speech of the Attorney-General (Toler) on Bond’s Trial.*

‘The allusion in the following passage of Mr. Curran’s speech, to the amiable character of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, will lose much of its force to those who have heard nothing of that unfortunate nobleman, except his fate. His private excellencies were so conspicuous, that the officer of the Crown, who moved for leave to bring in the Bill of Attainder, could not refrain from bearing ample testimony to them : his political offences he could not mention without grief ; and, were it consistent with the principles of public justice, he would wish that the recording angels should let fall a tear, and wash them out for ever.’—*Curran’s Life by his Son.*

To these high testimonials in his lordship’s favour, I cannot resist the gratification of adding a few words of my own ; though conscious that the manner in which his frank, simple character has unfolded itself before the reader of the foregoing pages, renders any further comment on it almost wholly superfluous. Both of his mind and heart, indeed, simplicity may be said to have been the predominant feature, pervading all his

tastes, habits of thinking, affections, and pursuits ; and it was in this simplicity, and the singleness of purpose resulting from it, that the main strength of his manly character lay. Talents far more brilliant would, for want of the same clearness and concentration, have afforded a far less efficient light. It is Lord Bacon, I believe, who remarks that the minds of some men resemble those ill-arranged mansions in which there are numerous small chambers, but no one spacious room. With Lord Edward the very reverse was the case—his mind being, to the whole extent of its range, thrown open, without either partitions or turnings, and a direct singleness, as well of power as of aim, being the actuating principle of his understanding and his will.

It is evident that even a moderate portion of talent thus earnestly and undividedly brought to bear, must be capable of effects far beyond the reach even of the most splendid genius, when tempted, as it is too often, by the versatility of its own powers, to deviate into mere display, and so to lose sight of the end in the variety and prodigality of the means.

Another quality of mind which, both in action and in the counsels connected with it, gave Lord Edward the advantage over men far beyond him in intellectual resources was that disinterested and devoted courage, which, rendering self a mere cipher in his calculations,

took from peril all power to influence his resolves, and left him free to pursue the right and the just, unembarrassed by a single regard to the consequences. Never, indeed, was the noble *devise* of the ancient Worthies of France, ‘Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra,’ more genuinely exemplified than in his chivalrous character.

How much of self-will there was mixed up in his disposition may be seen throughout the ordinary events of his life. ‘Make Ogilvie remember,’ he says in one of his letters, ‘how obstinate I am when once I take a resolution.’ But, in him, the tendency of this sort of character to settle into obstinacy was in a great degree counteracted, not only by the natural gentleness of his disposition, but by a spirit of candour which, as we have seen attested by his friend Emmet, rendered him easily convincible by those on whose good sense and good intentions he had reliance. The same candour and gentleness of nature—however singular such a mixture may appear—continued to mingle with and influence his feelings even throughout that part of his career when it must have been most difficult to keep them clear of intolerance and bitterness; nor, in warring fiercely against principles which he thought ruinous and odious, did he entertain towards the persons professing them any of that rancorous spirit which is so rarely separable from the excitement of such a strife. As one

who acted by his side throughout that conflict¹ says of him, 'He was the most tolerant of men : he had no enmity to *persons*' ; and the same authority adds, in all the warmth of friendly portraiture, 'I never saw in him, I will not say a vice, but a defect.'

But while thus a natural sweetness and generosity of temper counteracted in him those defects of obstinacy and intolerance to which a degree of self-will, such as he possessed, almost always leads, the great efficacy also of this quality in giving decision to the character was no less manifested by the perseverance with which, through all the disappointments and reverses of his cause, he continued, as we have seen, not only to stand by it firmly himself, but what—despondingly as he must often have felt—was far more trying, to set an example of confidence in its ultimate success for the encouragement of others. There was, it is true, in these very failures and misfortunes a sufficient stimulus to a strong and generous mind, like his, to call forth all its energies. Of such spirits reverses are the true whetstones, and as has been well remarked, 'None can feel themselves equal to the execution of a great design who have not once witnessed, with firmness and equanimity, its failure.'

¹ Arthur O'Connor, now [1830] a General in the French service [d. 1852 at his château of Bignon, near Orleans, in his ninetieth year. Three years before his death the editor met him frequently in Paris. He was then full of energy and vivacity. He always spoke of Lord Edward Fitzgerald as 'my beloved Edward.'—ED.]

We have seen, accordingly, how unshrinking was the patience, how unabated the cheerfulness with which he was able to persevere under the continued frustration of all his plans and wishes. The disappointment, time after time, of his hopes of foreign succour might, from the jealousy with which he regarded such aid, have been easily surmounted by him, had he but found a readiness on the part of his colleagues to second him in an appeal to native strength. But while the elements baffled all his projects from without, irresolution and timid counsels robbed him of his chosen moment of action within; till, at last—confirmatory of all his own warnings as to the danger of delay—came that treachery by which the whole conspiracy was virtually broken up, their designs all laid open, and himself left, a fugitive and a wanderer, to trust to the precarious fidelity of persons trembling for their own safety, and tempted by the successful perfidy of others—with hardly one of those colleagues remaining by his side on whose sagacity he could rely for help through his difficulties.

Still, as we have seen, he persevered, not only firmly but cheerfully, conceiving his responsibility to the cause to be but increased by the defection or loss of its other defenders. After the appearance of the Proclamation against him, some of his friends, seeing the

imminent peril of his position, had provided some trusty boatmen (like those through whose means Hamilton Rowan had escaped) who undertook to convey him safely to the coast of France. But Lord Edward would not hear of it;—his part was already taken. Submitting with heroic good-humour to a series of stratagems, disguises and escapes, far more formidable to a frank spirit like his than the most decided danger, he reserved himself calmly for the great struggle to which his life was pledged, and which he had now to encounter, weakened, but not dismayed, *animatus meliùs* (as Cicero says of another brave champion of a desperate cause) *quam paratus*.

While such were the stronger, and, as they may be called, public features of his character, of the attaching nature of his social qualities there exist so many memorials and proofs, both in the records of his life and, still more convincingly, in those bursts of sympathy and sorrow which his last melancholy moments called forth, that to expatiate any further on the topic would be superfluous. As son, friend, lover, husband, and father, he may be said to have combined all that most adorns and endears such ties. Limited as was his income, he could, at all times, find the means to be generous, the simplicity of his own habits enabling him to be liberal to others; 'he

avoided,' says the friend already quoted, 'every expense for himself: for others his generosity was bounded only by the means to satisfy it.' By his servants he was idolised; 'there was not one of us (said an honest old groom of his to me) that would not gladly have laid down life for him.' Poor Tony, of whose fate the reader must be desirous to know something, never held up his head after his noble master's death, and very soon followed him.

Besides that charm which the most perfect good-nature threw round all that he said and did, he had likewise in his conversation a vein of natural pleasantry, which was the more amusing from its making no pretensions to amuse, and which, from his great power of self-possession, he was able to preserve in situations where few people could afford to be playful. Of this we have a characteristic instance in what Lady Sarah Napier mentions him to have said, on an occasion of no less danger to himself than the arrest of his friend Arthur O'Connor, at Maidstone.¹

Among those traits of character which adorned him as a member of social life, there is one which, on every account, is far too important not to be brought prominently forward in any professed picture of him, and this was the strong and pure sense which he

¹ See her ladyship's *Diary*, p. 254 *et seq.*

entertained of religion. So much is it the custom of those who would bring discredit upon freedom of thought in politics, to represent it as connected invariably with lax opinions upon religion, that it is of no small importance to be able to refer to two such instances as Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the younger Emmet, in both of whom the freest range of what are called revolutionary principles was combined with a warm and steady belief in the doctrines of Christianity.

Thus far the task of rendering justice to the fine qualities of this noble person has been safe and easy—the voice of political enemies, no less than of friends, concurring cordially in the tribute. In coming to consider, however, some of the uses to which these high qualities were applied by him, and more particularly the great object to which, in the latter years of his life, he devoted all their energies, a far different tone of temper and opinion is to be counted on; nor are we, even yet, perhaps, at a sufficient distance from the vortex of that struggle to have either the courage or the impartiality requisite towards judging fairly of the actors in it.

Of the right of the oppressed to resist, few, in these days, would venture to express a doubt; the monstrous doctrine of passive obedience having long since

fallen into disrepute. To be able to fix, however, with any precision, the point at which obedience may cease, and resistance to the undue stretches of authority begin, is a difficulty which must for ever leave vague and undirected the application of the principle; a vagueness of which the habitual favourers of power adroitly take advantage, and while they concede the right of resistance, as a general proposition, hold themselves free to object to every particular instance of it.

How far the case of Ireland against her Government as it stood in 1798, comes under that description which most writers on political science consider as justifying a people in rising against their rulers, must be left to the readers of her previous history to decide for themselves, according to the views they respectively take of the boundaries within which human patience ought to limit its endurance. One of the most ancient, as well as most able, expounders of the mutual relations between rulers and their subjects, in speaking of the functions for which a people are qualified, says, 'The safety of every free government requires that the major part of the citizens should enjoy a certain weight in the administration. If this does not take place, the majority will be dissatisfied, and where the majority are dissatisfied the government will soon be subverted.'¹

¹ Aristotle, *Polit.*, lib. 3. cap. 7.

Had the philosophic politician carried his supposition still farther, and contemplated the possibility of a system in which the great majority of the people should not only be excluded from all weight and voice in the administration, but should be also disqualified, by statute, for the acquisition of property, insulted, as well as proscribed, for adherence to their faith, and in every walk of life branded as serfs and outcasts, what duration would the sage's knowledge of human nature have led him to assign to such a system?

If in addition, too, to such a proscription of the great mass of the people, he should be told that, even over the small, patronised minority of its subjects, the Government in question would usurp a power, less glaring, but as base, of which corruption was the life-blood and speculation the aliment, and to support which, therefore, the interests and rights of the whole community were made a matter of open traffic between their representatives and their rulers—would he not have indignantly applied to a system so monstrous, a system thus availing itself of all the worst uses to which the sword and the purse are made subservient by power,¹ his own strong language in speaking of the

¹ The whole course of the ruling party in Ireland, from 1782 to 1798, is thus strongly and truly traced by Mr. Grattan: 'They opposed the restoration of the constitution of Ireland; they afterwards endeavoured to betray and undermine it. They introduced a

various causes of revolutions : 'In such hands authority itself becomes hateful ; and the feelings of mankind conspire with their reason to destroy a government pregnant only with mischief, deformed by peculation, and disgraced by injustice' ?

By such as view in this light the system against which Lord Edward raised the standard of revolt, the question as to the justifiableness of his resistance will not be found difficult of decision ; nor even among those who, while acknowledging the extent of the evil, yet shrink from the desperate nature of the remedy, will there be found many who, on comparing the manifold enormities of the aggressor with the long forborne vengeance of the wronged, can feel a doubt as to *which* of the two parties the blame of that alternative must rest with, or hesitate to pronounce, as Mr. Grattan did deliberately in his place in the Irish House of Commons, 'I think now, as I thought then (1798), that the treason of the Minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the Minister.'¹

system of corruption unknown in the annals of Parliament. . . . Having, by such proceedings, lost the affection of the people of Ireland, *they resorted to a system of coercion to support a system of corruption, which they closed by a system of torture, attendant on a conspiracy of which their crimes were the cause.*'—Letter to the *Courier* Newspaper, November 1798.

¹ Debate on the Union, February 14, 1800.

There are persons, it is true, the bias of whose thoughts and feelings renders them incapable of considering the noble subject of these pages in any other light than that of a rebel against legitimate authority, and, as such, politically excluded from the circle of their sympathies. But not so does the feeling of mankind in general requite the generous martyrs of their common cause. Even where contemporaries have been unjust,¹ Time, the great vindicator of those who struggle for the Right, seldom fails to enforce a due atonement to their memories; and, while on those who so long resisted the just claims of the Irish people lies the blame of whatever excesses they were ultimately driven to, the concession, late, but effectual, of those measures of Emancipation and Reform which it was the first object of Lord Edward and his brave associates to obtain, has set a seal upon the general justice of their cause which no power of courts or courtiers can ever do away.

Strong, however, as may be the inherent justice of any cause, it is plain that, without some clear and rationally grounded probability of success, an appeal

¹ Few have the courage, like Lord Chatham, to put the matter in its true light, even while the storm is raging, or say, as he did, in the year 1777,—‘Those Whigs and freemen of America, whom *you*, my lords, call rebels.’

to arms in its behalf can, by no means, be justified; the very interests of the great principle which is at issue demanding, as a moral duty, of its defenders that they should not rashly expose themselves to the disgrace of failure, nor, by any burst of weak violence, provoke a retaliation which may only add to the fetters it is their purpose to break. With this sort of miscalculation, however—adversely as all that depended upon chance turned out for them—the leaders of the Irish Rebellion are, by no means, to be charged. It was truly said by Lord Halifax that ‘there is more strength in union than in numbers’; and the United Irishmen, in combining both these sources of strength, secured to themselves two of the surest elements of success.¹ When in addition to this, too, we take into account the expected aid from France,

¹ How powerfully they were backed also by property will appear from the following evidence of Dr. MacNevin:—

‘Mr. Alexander.—Although talents and education are to be found in the Union, yet there is no comparison, in point of property, between those who invited the French and those who brought in King William.

‘Dr. MacNevin.—Pardon me, sir. I know many who possess much larger properties than did Lord Tanby who signed the invitation to the Prince of Orange, or than did Lord Somers who was the great champion of the Revolution. The property of the Union is immense: but persons in a situation to be more easily watched were not required to render themselves particularly conspicuous.’

In Emmet's account of his examination, too, we find, ‘I was asked by many of the members whether there were many persons of property in the Union. I answered that there was immense property

the many embarrassments in which England was involved at that crisis, the disaffection of the Irish militias, and the unprepared state of defence of the entire country, it will be confessed not to have been over sanguine in the Chiefs of the Union to calculate upon a preponderance of chances in their favour.

Even the rebellion that followed, mutilated as it was of native strength, and unassisted from without, yet presented so formidable a front as to incline Sir John Moore to the opinion that, had a French force, at the same time, shown itself on the coast, the most serious, if not fatal, consequences must have ensued. As it was, the cost to the Government of no less than 20,000 lives,¹ in putting down what was but a partial movement of the Union—the north, its headquarters, having scarcely stirred—leaves awful room for conjecture as to what *might* have been the result, had the whole organised mass, under its first leaders, been set in motion.

Another point connected with and, in some instances,

in it. They acknowledged there was great personal property in it, but wished to know was there much landed property; I answered there was.'

¹ The calculation of the loss on both sides makes it 20,000 on the part of the Government, and 50,000 on that of the insurgents.—*Author's Note.* [After all, war is not the greatest scourge of humanity. In the famine of 1846-9, and the fever which attended it, more than a million lives were sacrificed as the direct result of English misgovernment.—ED.]

included in the question of resistance, is that of the allowableness or expediency of calling in foreign aid, a resource, the peril of which to national independence, in all cases, limits the occasion, where it can be at all justifiably employed, to a very few. Where the will of a majority of the people is declared in favour of a change, such aid, will, of course, be unnecessary. It is, therefore, in the very nature of things, the sort of expedient most likely to be resorted to by a small and desperate minority, or sometimes even by individuals, who, as in the case of Count Julian, the betrayer of Spain to the Moors, or Mac Murchard, who first invited the English into Ireland, have been able, in one reckless movement of revenge, to fix the yoke of the stranger on their country's neck for ages.

That Lord Edward was, throughout, well aware of the peril to which even the purchased aid of France might expose his country's independence, has been sufficiently shown in the course of these pages.¹ Soon after his junction with the United Irishmen, a friend of his, who approved perfectly of their objects, but had a strong objection to the intention of calling in foreign aid, having expressed his opinions to this effect, Lord Edward answered that, without such aid,

¹ 'I believe, latterly, Lord Edward was rather afraid of invasion lest the French should conquer Ireland, and therefore urged on the insurrection.'—*Neilson's Evidence before the Secret Committee.*

it would be impossible for them to accomplish their purpose. 'This, then, only proves,' replied his friend (from whom I heard the anecdote), 'that the country is not yet ripe for the design, and that you are premature in your movements.'

Applied to a country not dependent upon the power of another, this argument would have been conclusive. In the natural course of affairs, indeed, the whole question of resistance, as well as of recourse to foreign succour, lies within a very simple compass. Where the great bulk of a people are disposed to change their government for a better, they have not only the right to do so, but, being the majority, have also the power. In this case, therefore, the intervention of foreign assistance is unnecessary. It happens sometimes, however, that the right is not thus backed by the power—as in Ireland, at the time we are speaking of, and some years before in America, where the malcontents, though strong on their own land, yet constituted but a minority of the whole empire, and the arm of the stranger from without, however hazardous the alliance, presented one of their few chances of liberation from the intruder within. In Ireland, as we have seen, this alternative was adopted with reluctance and fear; but so little did the Americans hesitate in resorting to such aid that, in the first public declaration of their independence of

Great Britain (May 15th, 1776), the second sentence stated that 'measures were to be immediately taken for procuring the assistance of foreign powers.' The example of England in 1688, to which the United Irishmen constantly referred, as a justification of their own conduct in inviting foreign aid, was by no means a case in point, and went to establish, indeed, a far more dangerous precedent ; it being, in that instance, against a *native* government that the aid of the foreigner was called in, and not only by a minority of the nation, but that minority composed chiefly of the aristocracy—a class who assuredly have not always shown themselves so worthy as on that occasion of being the sole arbiters and disposers of a whole people's destiny.

For the excesses and, in more than one instance, cold-blooded cruelties by which the rebellion that followed Lord Edward's arrest was disgraced, neither he nor any of those leaders who first directed its movements, and the spirit of whose views and counsels had departed with themselves, are to be considered at all responsible. In reference to a Proclamation, of a sanguinary character, found upon one of the Sheareses, Mr. Emmet declared, in his examination before the Lords, that he entirely 'disapproved of it ;—that the old Executive had never meant to spill blood, but rather to retain men of a certain rank as hostages, and

if they found them hostile to the Revolutionary Government, to send them out of the country.'

Even while present and in full activity, the authority of these chiefs had not been able so to 'turn and wind' the fiery spirit they had excited as to prevent it from breaking out into violences the most abhorrent to their own natures; and the charge brought against Lord Edward and his friends of having connived at, if not encouraged, the circulation of an infamous paper, called *The Union Star*, the professed object of which was to point out victims for the assassin's dagger, was, by that class of partisans who believe anything of an enemy, received with ready credence. In a similar manner, we know, the schemes of the underlings in the Rye-House Plot were assumed as matter of real charge and odium against their principals. But the same justice which repels from the memories of such men as Lord Russell and Sidney any suspicion of having sanctioned the cowardly crime of assassination, will reject, with no less indignant promptness, any such aspersion on the name of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Of the natural endowments and dispositions of his lordship little more remains to be said. His acquisitions from education or study were, as may be concluded from the active tenor of his life, not very extensive: but he had a retentiveness of memory which, in

some degree, supplied the place of study, by enabling him to treasure up with selection and accuracy whatever he heard in conversation. In thus arriving, too, at the contents of books through other men's minds, he became acquainted at once both with the men and the books, instead of studying, in his closet, only the latter. While this faculty was of such advantage to him, as a man of the world, he had a quickness of eye no less remarkable and useful to him, in his profession, as a soldier. The most hasty glance, in passing through a tract of country, was sufficient, it is said, to put him in possession of all its bearings and military positions: not a ridge or a stream escaped him as he went, and he could have mapped it all, immediately after, with the utmost accuracy.

By these latter remarks we are led naturally to a consideration of his lordship's military character—a point of view in which he will be found to stand pre-eminent, as, in addition to his great courage and early experience, he appears, also, from the report of persons who were acquainted with his opinions, to have taken enlarged and original views of his art, and to have anticipated some of those lights on military subjects which the bolder spirit of modern warfare has, since his time, elicited.

It will be recollected that immediately after he had joined the United Irishmen, their system of organisa-

tion, which had before been purely civil, was converted, with scarcely any other change than that of the titles of the officers, into a most efficient system of military force ; and it is a proof of the skill and foresight with which this mode of organisation had been devised that not only did it thus easily admit of being turned into a compact national armament, but that, from the sound principles of representation on which the whole scheme was constructed, and the facility it afforded of transmitting the will of the Executive to the people, it presented ready made, when wanted—in the event of their struggle succeeding—the complete framework of a provisional, if not of a permanent government.

In training the people to arms, it was the opinion of Lord Edward, that till they had been perfected in that first rudiment of soldiership, marching—or, in other words, moving through equal spaces in equal times—and till they had been brought also to a sufficient degree of celerity and precision in forming from column to line, and from line to column, and in executing these changes of position by dispersion and re-formation, it was altogether premature to think of placing arms in their hands. So far was he, indeed, from being impatient to see the people armed that, for this as well as other reasons, his utmost efforts were directed to repress that habit, so long prevalent among the lower orders of

Irish, of providing themselves with weapons by the plunder of gentlemen's houses; his constant observation being that 'till the arms were wanted, they would be safest and best taken care of in the hands of their present owners.'

Even for the purpose of training troops to be good marksmen, he had a notion, it seems, that firearms might be dispensed with, and the expense of the ammunition which target-practice requires be saved. Having observed, while in America, that the Indians, who are almost all expert marksmen, have attained this accuracy of aim by the use of the bow and arrow while young, he was of opinion that, among the means of training a people to national warfare, the same economical mode of practice might be adopted—the habit of aiming at a mark with any missile, whether bow or sling, being sure to establish that sort of sympathy between the hand and eye which enables the execution of the one to follow instantly the direction of the other, and this precision of aim, when once acquired, being, with little difficulty, transferable to the use of the musket or rifle.

That Lord Edward may have thrown out this ingenious suggestion in conversation can be easily believed; but that he had any serious notions of adopting it in his system of military organisation for Ireland appears somewhat questionable.

Another peculiarity of opinion attributed to him is that of having preferred the rifle, as an arm of common use, to the musket; an opinion which is at variance, at least, with the first military authority of our age, who has declared ‘que le fusil est la meilleure machine de guerre qui ait été inventée par les hommes’;¹ an opinion, of the sincerity of which there could not be a better proof than that, in the whole Imperial army, there was not a single rifle. Whatever may have been Lord Edward’s theory on the subject, it is certain that there occurs no mention of this description of arms, in any of the Returns made to the Irish Executive by its officers, nor does it appear in what manner the supply of them, counted upon, it is alleged, by Lord Edward, was to be obtained. It is, indeed, stated that a dépôt of such arms was, by his orders, preparing at Brest, which, when the proper time should arrive, were to be run over in luggers, and landed; but for this supposition I cannot find any satisfactory evidence.

Of his lordship’s other views on military subjects, as conveyed in the conversations reported to me, I have not space sufficient to enter into any details. But, on all the points connected with the sort of warfare he was about to engage in,—the advantages to be derived from the peculiarities, both moral and physical, of

¹ Napoleon’s Notes upon Rognard’s *Art de Guerre*.

the country ; from the equal diffusion of the population over its whole surface, enabling every district to produce its own army, and thus saving the expense and disorganisation of long marches ; the account to which superiority of numbers may be turned by the power they give of outflanking the enemy—the prudence of avoiding pitched battles¹—the disadvantage of being the assailant in mountain war,²—on all these, and other such tactical points, the mind of Lord Edward seems to have been considerably in advance of his contemporaries, and to have anticipated much that a long experience in warfare has taught to Europe since.

¹ ‘ In imitation of the Central Juntas, they call out for a battle and early success. If I had had the power, I would have prevented the Spanish armies from attending to this call ; and, if I had, the cause would now have been safe.’—*Duke of Wellington's Letters to the Portuguese Regency.*

² ‘ The attacking party in mountain warfare will have the disadvantage.’—*Révéries du Maréchal Saxe.* In a similar manner, Colonel Napier (without ever having, as he assures me, read Maréchal Saxe) says,—‘ He who receives battle in the hills has always the advantage.’

ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS BY THE
EDITOR

I

AFTER-HISTORY OF PAMELA

VERY little is said by Moore of Pamela's story after the death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and perhaps it might have been as well if there were nothing to add to the bright idyl of her five years of happy married life, which ended so tragically. But to any mortal once privileged to tread the stage of history, such a seclusion is impossible. There are some facts also connected with Pamela's parentage and career which the author, in his anxiety to leave undisturbed the feelings of the families involved, has preferred not to state. When Moore was collecting materials for these *Memoirs*, in 1830, Pamela was still living in France, being then in her 54th year. She died at Paris in the November of the year following, about the time when the first edition of Moore's work appeared in London, and some ten months after the death of her

mother, Mme. de Genlis, which occurred also in Paris. My readers will see that I speak here of Mme. de Genlis as being unquestionably the mother of Pamela, as the Duke of Orleans was unquestionably her father; although Moore, at the instigation of the Orleans family, gave prominence in the third edition of his work to their denial that such was the fact. But Mme. de Genlis' astounding fiction about the birth of Pamela 'at Fogo, in the island of Newfoundland,' will not stand the test of investigation. I have already in my *Notes* given some of the grounds for rejecting this fable. Dr. Madden, after long and searching inquiry, rejected it altogether; as, he assures us on the authority of those most intimately acquainted with her, Pamela did also. One fact in connection with the date of Pamela's birth is remarkable. Mme. de Genlis, according to Pamela, always made the latter out to be four years older than she really was. There was a reason for this. If Pamela were—not four, but three—years younger, her birth would have corresponded in date with a prolonged absence of the Duke's *gouvernante* at Spa, which had excited much comment in the court circle of the Palais Royal. This absence occurred in 1776—and that year, without much fear of error, may be taken as the year of Pamela's birth. She was, therefore, but sixteen when she married Lord Edward Fitz-

gerald, and no more than twenty-two—if so much—when he died. In this connection the following circumstances are also worth notice. The announcement of Lord Edward's marriage in the *Masonic Magazine* for January 1793, to which the Leinster family subscribed, was given in the following terms:—

The Hon. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Knight of the Shire for the Co. Kildare, to Madame Pamela *Capet*, daughter of His Royal Highness, the *çi-devant* Duke of Orleans.

Further, a lady whose entire credibility is vouched for by Dr. Madden—he calls her 'Mme. la Baronne d'E——'—wrote down for him the following reminiscence, which she had heard from Pamela's own lips:—'She perfectly well remembered,' Pamela said, 'being brought from England to France by the confidential man who went every year to England to purchase horses for the Duke of Orleans, and being conducted to the Palais Royal by that man, who took her through a small private side-door, and delivered her up to the prince, who was then waiting for her, and who embraced her several times. The prince then carried her in his arms through some dark passages into the apartments of Mme. de Genlis, and said as he entered, "Voilà votre petit Bijou!" . . . She [Pamela] was seated on a sofa between the prince

and Mme. de Genlis, who embraced her alternately, and they cried a great deal.'

Other circumstances should be borne in mind. Pamela received a *dot* from the Duke of Orleans very shortly before that prince was executed; and long before Louis Philippe became King in 1830, he had settled on Mme. de Genlis a pension of 12,000 francs, of which one-third was allotted to Pamela—not to speak of another pension of 6000 francs apportioned to an *adopted son* of Madame whose birth took place in Berlin at a date suspiciously near that of the death of the King's father. Considering the absence of anything like sentiment in the character of Louis Philippe, we may assume, without fear of error, that there was a very strong and obvious reason actuating him in making these payments to Mme. de Genlis and her *adopted* children. A curious coincidence strikes one here which has not been already observed. I have already noted that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was, through his mother, fourth in descent from Charles II. of England. And so, under precisely similar conditions, was Pamela, through her father, third in descent from the Regent Orleans.¹

Moore cites in the *Memoirs* evidence supplied by the informer Reynolds of visits paid by him to Lord Edward shortly before his capture, and while he was passing, under the guidance of Lawless, from one tem-

¹ Son of the brother of Louis XIV.

porary hiding-place to another. On one of these occasions Reynolds is said to have supplied Lord Edward not only with money but also with pistols, both of which he had obtained from the Castle. Another incident (not mentioned by Moore) is that the same informer made his way, on the evening following that last referred to, to the house in Denzil Street occupied by Lord Edward's wife, and with many protestations of fidelity supplied her also with money; and so impressed, indeed, the poor young lady with a belief in Reynolds' sincerity that she gave him an engraved ring with which to seal any letter he might send to her, so that she might know that it was true! Who sent the informer on this errand? The same, probably, who urged Armstrong to sit at Henry Sheares's table between his mother and his wife, the night before he gave him and his brother to the hangman. Even Armstrong was not too callous to feel a sting of remorse for having thus acted at the diabolical solicitation of Lord Castlereagh.

From the account given by Moore it would appear as if Pamela had made no effort to see Lord Edward while he was lying wounded in Newgate prison; but this, as appears from information supplied to Dr. Madden, was far from being the case. 'It is believed,' he says, 'that she did succeed in obtaining one interview with him; and the fact is known to persons in

every way entitled to credit that during Lord Edward's captivity she disposed of the whole of the plate and all the ornaments of gold and silver in her possession for the purpose of bribing an under-jailor of Newgate to connive at her husband's escape.' Dr. Madden makes this statement, he adds, on the authority of two ladies then living in Paris, who had been intimately acquainted with Lady Edward during her later years, and to whom she related the circumstance.¹ A further rumour was also current in connection with her visit, namely, that she had carried in a brace of loaded pistols, entreating him with his own hand to save them both from misery. The scene that ensued, it was said, brought in the jailor. It may have been after this that yeomanry were placed on guard beside Lord Edward's bed, and the incident, if it occurred, may furnish some explanation of the cruel severity with which Lady Edward was driven from the country, while her husband was lying in prison wounded to the death.

Immediately after leaving Ireland, Pamela, as has been related, found a temporary refuge at Goodwood,

¹ The incident received a curious confirmation on the occasion of a visit paid by Dr. Madden to Newgate in December 1857. The head-jailor said that since Lord Edward's death there had always been a rumour, which was still credited, that his lordship's plate was buried in the prison. The under-jailor had taken the bribe, buried the plate, and then confessed, but dying suddenly, no one knew where the plate was hidden.

the home of her husband's uncle. Indeed, the Duke of Richmond, who was the first to tell her of her husband's death, appears to have treated the fair fugitive with the most tender kindness and consideration. (The foolish story, to be found in Madden, of the Duke's having made her an offer of marriage, may be dismissed, I think, as utterly improbable.) At this time poor Pamela was left almost wholly without resources, both the French and English Governments having confiscated all that belonged to her; and the Leinster family, while profuse in sympathy, were either unable or unwilling to render any assistance to Lord Edward's widow. She was very young—at this time but twenty-two—and by all accounts extremely beautiful, high-spirited, and fascinating; yet it would appear that at this terrible and dangerous crisis of her life she was thrust forth again into the world without a helping hand. For the means which enabled her to remove to another country and to live there for some little time, Pamela was indebted to the bounty of the Duke of Richmond and of some other friends of her husband. The first place of residence to which she removed with her two little girls—the Dowager-Duchess of Leinster having taken charge of the boy—was Hamburg, where, or in its neighbourhood, a married daughter and a niece of Mme. de Genlis were then

living, Madame herself having just gone to Berlin. In Hamburg and Altona society Pamela's beauty, according to Mme. Ducrest, a niece of Mme. de Genlis, to whom Pamela was much attached, made as much noise in the world then as did that of Mme. Récamier a few years later in Paris. 'Her surpassing loveliness and most amiable disposition brought her numerous admirers,' this lady says. 'Followed as she was by admiration wherever she appeared, she was never puffed up with vanity by the universal homage she received, and always preserved simplicity of character, and incomparable gentleness of manners and lightness of heart.' . . . About a year after her arrival at Hamburg, Pamela married an honourable American gentleman, named Pitcairn, then consul for the United States there, by whom she had one daughter; but the marriage did not turn out happily, and there was a separation by mutual consent after a year or two, the daughter by this marriage remaining in the care of her father, and Pamela resuming her name of Fitzgerald.¹ After this separation, which must have taken place in 1801 or 1802, she appears to have moved about a good

¹ It may be as well to place here the names, etc., of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's children, which are not given by Moore:—(1) Edward Fox Fitzgerald, *m.* 1827 daughter Sir John Dean Paul; (2) Pamela, *m.* 1823 Major-General Sir Guy Campbell, Bart.; (3) Lucy Louisa, *m.* 1825 Captain G. F. Lyon, R.N. The two daughters are said to have been brought up by Lady Sophia, Lord Edward's sister. They were both extremely beautiful.

deal, passing from Germany to France, and from France to England, where, according to a curious story told by Mme. de Genlis in her *Memoirs*, she was found at Dover in 1805, in destitute circumstances, fleeing from London and her creditors. The person who found her—or rather whom she found—was, strange to say, that other *enfant adoptif* of Madame's—Casimir, to whom reference has already been made. This is the story:—

‘On his way back to France, Casimir found Pamela at Dover, stopping at the hotel he went to. Casimir¹ was with Prince Esterhazy, who was bringing him to France in a mail-boat hired expressly for the occasion. The evening Casimir arrived at Dover, Pamela sent to beg of him to go to her; he went, and found her bathed in tears. She told him she was pursued by creditors. Would he pay these creditors fifty louis and enable her in the night to get secretly on board Prince Esterhazy’s vessel?’ Casimir, wonderful to relate, complied with both requests. They crossed the Channel, and Casimir, on arriving in France, at once travelled post to Paris to acquaint his adopted mother with what had occurred. At this time, owing to one of those unexplained circumstances which abound in the life of Mme. de Genlis, that lady was lodged in state apartments, allotted to her by Napoleon, at the Arsenal

¹ He followed art as a profession, and was skilful in it, according to Dr. Madden.

in Paris. Casimir begged of her to receive Pamela, and at last she consented, but only on the condition that the latter, who was accompanied by her daughter and another young lady, her companion, should see no persons except those of Madame's acquaintance. Pamela refused, and eventually quitted Paris without bidding farewell to her benefactress. It is satisfactory to know that she and that lady were never afterwards on very good terms. . . . Very little is known of Pamela's adventures during many of the years following this escapade. The first glimpse we have of this portion of her life is supplied by that Baronne d'E—— already cited. She says:—'The first time that I saw Pamela was, I think, in 1816 or 1817 at Mme. de Genlis', who lived at that time in Paris, Rue St. Etienne, No. 14. I was a very little girl, but I remember that, even then, her beauty struck me forcibly; in after years I could more fully appreciate that beauty, that charm, and the influence she exerted over all who saw her. . . . Her figure was charming, but, as she advanced in life, she became enormously large; her face, however, continued always beautiful. She had one very rare attraction, that of increasing her beauty when she laughed. . . . She was forty-seven years of age when, during that summer, whilst on a visit to my father's château in the Orléanais, she danced the entire

night at a ball given by my mother.' This must have been in 1823, or thereabouts. Pamela appears to have been a good deal of a coquette. We hear of a Captain P., an Englishman of twenty-six, who was madly in love with her at this time ; of a Comte de Pontecoulant, *ancien pair de France*, who was in the same condition. Her friend says that these were mere *coquetteries de salon*, arising out of her intense desire to please, which extended to both sexes and all ages and conditions. As an instance of this she relates that she once heard the Duke de la Force, replying to her mother's question about Pamela, who was then in the last year of her life,—'Well, is Pamela still a coquette?' 'More than ever,' he replied, laughing. 'At Montaubon, in my château, where we never see anybody, she gives herself the airs of a coquette—with the gardener!' In the latter years of her life Pamela appears to have resided in the neighbourhood of Montaubon, a pretty, sunny town near Toulouse. Referring to this period, her lifelong friend and relative Mme. Georgette Ducrest says: 'When poor Pamela returned from Ireland and fixed herself in France, for many years she occupied a pretty, small country-house near Montaubon, and spread innumerable benefits round her. Her name will be held in grateful remembrance in the cottages of her poorer neighbours.

People of fashion will remember, perhaps, the fascinations of the beautiful Lady Fitzgerald ; the poor will never forget the kind and generous acts of Pamela.'

In 1819, when an Act was passed restoring Lord Edward's son 'to his blood,' and giving him back his patrimony, that son, Captain Fitzgerald, then in his 25th year, settled a small annuity upon his mother ; and as she was also in receipt of the £160 allowed her annually by the Orleans family, she may be considered as from that date sufficiently provided for.

It was in 1830, while Pamela was on a visit to the Duke de la Force at Montaubon, that Mme. de Genlis died. Ten months later, she being in Paris, stopping at the same hotel with that nobleman—between whom and herself there appears to have existed a romantic attachment somewhat like that between old Montaigne and Marie de Gournay—Pamela became suddenly ill. From the first moment of her attack, feeling a sudden presentiment that her end was near, she summoned to her side the same Mme. Georgette Ducrest, already mentioned, the only one of her mother's or of her husband's relatives who remained true to her. At the end of twenty-one days it was plain that the end was near. The Abbé de la Madeleine attended her ; and from the moment she received his ministrations Pamela became perfectly calm and resigned. . . . At

that time there was living in Paris Lady Elizabeth Charlotte Fitzgerald, a daughter of the second duke (Lord Edward's brother), who in 1809 married Major-General Viscount de Chabot,¹ at this time attached in an intimate capacity to the newly formed court of Louis Philippe. This relative, from whom Pamela had become estranged, she now, in her illness, expressed an earnest desire to see. Mme. Ducrest wrote to the lady, and she came. They had a long interview, and Pamela expressed herself as greatly pleased and comforted by her visit. Next day Mme. de Chabot came again, and carried off a miniature of Lord Edward, promising to return it—which she never did; but Mme. Ducrest thinks she may have sent it to Pamela's daughter. Pamela seems to have had but one other caller during her last illness. This was a

¹ [The same who wrote to Moore asking him to contradict the statement which he had made in the former editions of his *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, describing Pamela 'as the adopted, or, as it may now be said without scruple, actual daughter of Mme. de Genlis by the Duke of Orleans.' Moore accordingly added the following notice in his third edition:—'In making this statement, I but followed what has long been the general impression on that subject. Since the first edition of this work, however, I have been honoured with a communication from a source worthy of all credence, in which it is positively denied that any such relationship between Lady Edward and the late Duke of Orleans existed. The Duke himself, it appears, in speaking on the subject to his own family, always confirmed the account which Madame de Genlis invariably gave both of the parentage of the young Pamela and her own adoption of her.' When this was published Pamela was dead. The denial, in view of the facts cited, is worthless.—ED.]

man advanced in years, who came every day to make inquiries about her state. He was very particular in his inquiries, always asked to see Mme. Ducrest, but declined to give his name. This man, she says, had a kind expression of face, and a gentle voice. The day after Pamela's death, this same gentleman came, and upon hearing the news he burst into tears. 'Madame,' he said, 'when you know who I am, you will hear, no doubt, a great deal that is bad of me. You may tell those who thus speak of me that I have feeling, at least, to shed tears for the death of an old friend who had chosen me for her guardian. My name, madame, is Barère.' This was the man who takes his place in history beside John Bradshaw the regicide: for as Bradshaw presided at the trial of Charles I., Barère was President of the Convention when that body, following English example, condemned to death Louis XVI. . . . Pamela died quite calmly, having herself repeated the responses in the prayers for the dying, and holding to the last the crucifix in her hand . . . What remains of the pitiful story may be told in the words of the same narrator:—'Charged,' adds this lady, 'with the painful duty of giving orders in regard to the interment of Lady Fitzgerald, I was greatly embarrassed; for when I opened her desk, in presence of the friend who had, together with myself and her lady's-maid,

attended her during her last illness, we found in it only 100 francs. Not being in a position, under the circumstances, to do what my heart dictated, I made an appeal to one of the Fitzgerald family who was in Paris.¹ That person refused even to be present at the funeral, alleging that, Pamela having married a second time, all acquaintance with her had ceased, and that person would know nothing further about her. Not knowing what to do, I wrote to Madame Adélaïde, and gave her these details. The princess immediately replied that she would take upon herself all the expenses of the burial of her old companion.' . . . Six-and-twenty years after Lady Edward Fitzgerald had been interred in the cemetery of Montmartre, Dr. Madden instituted a search for some memorial which should show her resting-place. For a long time he was unsuccessful, but at last, deeply sunk beneath the mould, he discovered a head-stone, in the centre of which a white marble tablet bore the following inscription:—

A PAMÉLA

LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD

PAR

SON AMI LE PLUS DEVOUÉ

L. L.

¹ Probably to that Vicomtesse de Chabot (Lady Fitzgerald) already referred to.

This stone, which had been erected to Pamela's memory shortly after her death, by her ancient friend Louis Laval, Duke de la Force, Dr. Madden caused to be carefully restored and set up solidly in its place.¹ So now, any Irish man or woman who may be moved by pity for the fate of the wife whom Lord Edward Fitzgerald loved, and whom his family abandoned—visiting the height of Montmartre can see where she lies, and perhaps breathe a sigh and a prayer to her memory. Let that visitor bear in mind the kindly and well-weighed words of Dr. Madden :—

Poor Pamela had suffered grievous wrong in the way of bad instruction at the hands of Madame de Genlis. Had she been differently educated—had she been suffered to remain in Ireland after Lord Edward's death—had she been able to live there in the society of her departed husband's family—had she been kindly treated, generously aided, counselled and countenanced by them, how different might have been her fate and her career ! Surely those who think they have much of error and wayfulness, of levity and capriciousness, to discover and to deal rigorously with in her career, should bear in mind that she, poor thing ! at the most critical and trying moment of a woman's life, had great trials to endure, great neglect and coldness on the part of former friends and connexions to complain of, great temptations to error to encounter, and that her memory has great claims on the charity of all well-thinking people.

¹ Pamela's grave is close to the more conspicuous tomb of Armand Marrast.

And now will my readers allow me to introduce them to an historical parallel? Are they familiar with the history of Margu rite de Valois, that gifted and unhappy queen of Henri IV., sister of Francis I., who wrote the *Heptam ron* and also one of the most touching utterances of human repentance—*Le Miroir d'une  me P cheresse*? She was of the same royal race that produced Pamela—the house of Orleans. She had been brought up by a wicked and scheming mother. As a young girl she had displayed great talents, marvellous powers of fascination, dazzling beauty. Many physical traits are common to both these women of the same stock, though separated by nearly two centuries. Both had the same *joie de vivre* ; till long past youth, both had the same passion for amusement—dancing especially ; as they advanced in years, both grew enormously large, without losing their beauty. When speaking of this latter quality, Brantome, the staid historian of the days of Margaret, cannot find words to express his admiration. So, of the portrait of Pamela as a young girl, in the Louvre, the sober-minded Dr. Madden is fain to search in Shakespeare for terms of eulogy—

‘That most perfect piece of earth, I think,
That e’er the sun shone bright on.’

And, by the way, there may be a likeness of the six-

teenth century beauty in the Louvre, as there is that celebrated one of her brother, Francis I. If there be, it would be worth while to see if the two faces are alike. May not that far-reaching principle of heredity have had something to do with poor Pamela's failings as with her charms? . . . I have alluded to the friendship in Pamela's later days between her and the Duke de la Force. The Duke appears to have followed her everywhere. He inscribes himself 'her most devoted friend' upon her tomb. Can this attachment also have been hereditary? He must have known her history and her relationship to the house of Orleans. I have come upon an old book written by one of his predecessors in 1749, *Histoire de Margu  rite de Valois, Reine de Navarre, par C. R. Caumont, Duc de la Force*. I have a fanciful idea that this may have had something to do with the old-world love and loyalty of Louis Laval.

II

SAMUEL TURNER, THE HAMBURG SPY

The events described by Moore in Chapters xx., xxi., and xxii., relating more particularly to important transactions abroad in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald took a leading part during the years 1796 and 1797, have had

much additional light thrown on them since these *Memoirs* were compiled. Dr. Madden was the first to lift the veil which had been purposely cast by the Government over occurrences so little to their credit. Since the publication of *The United Irishmen*, the voluminous correspondence of many of the aiders and abettors in that vast and deeply laid conspiracy by which Pitt succeeded at last in destroying the legislative independence of Ireland—Londonderry, Cornwallis, Pelham, Wickham, and others—although in most cases the letters are wrongly dated and otherwise purposely confused, has divulged many dark secrets; and this, in spite of the injunction laid by Pitt upon his confederates and servants, that all incriminating documents were to be destroyed when read. The historian Froude, also, who had been given access to the secret papers of the time, in order that he might gloze over the ugly facts which they contained, has given us, in his *English in Ireland*, a series of events of surpassing infamy in which Lord Edward and Pamela figured as victims. The full revelation, however, of the network of treachery by which they were surrounded—unknown alike to themselves and to their biographer, was reserved for the late Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, who in his book, *Secret Service under Pitt*, published only five years ago (1892), has dragged into the

light of day for the first time, after the lapse of a century, the whole loathsome story, as well as the name of the unexampled scoundrel who was the chief actor in it. Without this episode, the pages devoted by Moore to the period under review would be incomplete.

It will have been seen (in Chapter xx.) how Lord Edward Fitzgerald went to Hamburg, accompanied by his young wife, ostensibly that the latter might be with her friends there during her approaching confinement—but really, with the object of making arrangements with the French Directory for the great expedition to Ireland then projected. This was about the end of May 1796. After some weeks spent in Hamburg, Lord Edward proceeded, on the same mission, with his friend Arthur O'Connor, to Basle; thence returning a month later to Hamburg, where Lady Edward had established herself as a resident, and where a daughter—her second child—was born about this time. In Hamburg Lady Edward appears to have resided during the whole of that year and most of the next—although this fact is not mentioned by Moore; living the ordinary life of a visitor of distinction, receiving at her house her numerous relatives and the still more numerous circle which her beauty and the fascination of her manners had drawn round her:—Lord Edward, in the meanwhile, passing to and fro between Ireland and Hamburg, without,

apparently, arousing any suspicion of his political designs. We have seen from Moore that the first great naval armament for Ireland sailed from Brest on the 15th of December 1796; and we are also told how its shattered remains lingered abortively in Bantry Bay for many days. Where Lord Edward was during this eventful period, or how the executive of the United Irishmen remained so entirely out of touch with Tone and the commanders of the expedition, are matters which have never been explained. . . . In the spring of 1797, as will have been seen, the United Irish body again opened negotiations with the French Directory, sending to Paris and Hamburg as their envoy, E. J. Lewines, a Catholic high in the confidence of the Leinster Directory; while the Ulster leaders, who, since Tone's departure, had been somewhat estranged from those of the South, deputed to represent them abroad a person of whom much more will be heard a little further on. . . . Another abortive expedition was fitted out for Ireland, and sent from the Texel by the French Government—only to be blown to pieces by the English fleet, off Camperdown. This brings us to the autumn of 1797, during which Lord Edward appears to have been still attending the Irish House of Commons, and even to have assisted Grattan in the despairing effort made by him and Ponsonby to obtain some such

measure of reform as would have made revolution unnecessary. . . . Pamela still remained at Hamburg, where, although her house was known to be the resort of Irish refugees, and Lord Edward was a frequent inmate there, it had not come to the knowledge of the English spies, who were constantly on the watch, that anything of a suspicious nature had happened until the event occurred which has now to be related, and which, as it was first made known by Froude, had better be given in his own words:—

One night early in October [the 8th] 1796, a person came to the house of Lord Downshire in [Harley Street] London, and desired to see him immediately. Lord Downshire went into the hall, and found a man muffled in a cloak, with a hat slouched over his face, who requested a private interview. The Marquis took him into his library, and when he threw off his disguise, recognised in his visitor the son of a gentleman of good fortune in the north of Ireland, with whom he was slightly acquainted. ‘Lord Downshire’s friend’ (the title under which he was always subsequently described), had been a member of the Ulster Revolutionary Committee. From his acquaintance with the details of what had taken place, it may be inferred that he had accompanied the Northern delegacy to Dublin, and had been present at the discussion of the propriety of an immediate insurrection. The cowardice or the prudence of the Dublin faction¹ had disgusted him. He considered now that the conspiracy was likely to fail, or that if it succeeded,

¹ See *Memoirs*, *ante*, page 241.

it would take a form of which he disapproved ; *he had come over to sell his services and his information to Pitt. . . .* He was in England to make every discovery in his power, and if Lord Downshire had not been in London, he had meant to address himself to Portland or Pitt. He stipulated only, as usual, that he should not be called on in a court of justice to prosecute any one who might be taken up in consequence of his discoveries.

At a subsequent interview in an empty house in the neighbourhood, belonging to a friend of Lord Downshire, where the door had been left open so that the informer might enter unobserved (for he stood in deadly fear of detection), he gave that lord an account in detail of the proceedings of the United Irishmen for the two preceding years, and of the narrow escape (already referred to) of Dublin Castle and the Royal Barracks in the previous June ; and, as to his own personal adventures, he related how he had fled with the other leaders from Belfast, after their plans had become known, and how Lady Edward Fitzgerald had received him and given him shelter at Hamburg. Not only that, but she and Lord Edward placed so much confidence in him that they had sent him to Paris with a letter from Lady Edward to her brother-in-law, General Valence. The general had introduced this man to Hoche, De la Croix, and Talleyrand, with the latter of whom he had had much confidential conversation on

the condition of Ireland. He had naturally been on terms of intimacy with the other Irish refugees in Hamburg, of whom likewise he had much to tell. But the most important item of the scoundrel's information is yet to come :—

He had discovered (he said) that all important negotiations between the Revolutionary Committee in Dublin and their Paris agents passed through Lady Edward's hands. The Paris letters were transmitted first to her at Hamburg. By her they were forwarded to *Lady Lucy Fitzgerald* in London. From London Lady Lucy was able to send them on unsuspected. *Being himself implicitly trusted both by Lady Edward and Lady Lucy*, he believed he could give the Government information which would enable them to detect and examine those letters in their transit through the post.

Afterwards, when this scheme had been carried out—(so long in advance of Sir James Graham)—neither Lord Edward nor Pamela, although they knew there was treachery somewhere, ever divined its source. They suspected Lewines, the Leinster envoy ; they suspected Reinhard, the agent of the *Directoire* ; they suspected one or other of the Irishmen then swarming in Hamburg ; but they never entertained the slightest suspicion of the sleek villain who was by their side, sheltered under their roof, eating at their table, listening to their most intimate discourse, reading their most confidential letters—*l'ami de la maison* ! He must have

been a consummate actor, this incomparable scoundrel and hypocrite. For almost a century it was not known who he was. . . . Among the circle who shared Pitt's secrets in the Cabinet, he was known only as 'Lord Downshire's friend.' He figures under one or two pseudonyms in their correspondence, the most usual one being that of *Richardson*—a name he may be supposed to have assumed, in a spirit of pleasantry, to denote that he, like the novelist, had a 'Pamela' story to tell. Madden, who unearthed so much of the rascaldom of Dublin Castle, failed to find him out, for the reason that the fellow preferred to deal with headquarters and with Pitt himself; and the blood-money he received figures not in the Irish but in the English Treasury books. Froude knew him only under his aliases—or, if he knew him otherwise, the brief he held for the Government has obliged him to respect the secret of his employers. It was reserved for the late W. J. Fitzpatrick to establish his real individuality. . . . The name of the wretch was Samuel Turner. He was a descendant of one of Cromwell's captains, of the same double name, to whom an estate had been given in the north of Ireland. His father's estate¹ was called 'Turner's Hill,' in the County Tyrone, and he himself occupied a good house, with lands, outside the town of

¹ His father was living at this time.

Newry, which was known as 'Turner's Glen.' He was an LL.D. of Trinity College, a member of the Irish bar, a man of dashing presence and winning manners—and one of the most cold-blooded wretches that ever lived. His whole story may be read in the book I have referred to. Here I have only space to insert such passages of it as are necessary to supplement Moore's narrative. I may add here, however, in proof of the callous nature of *both parties* to the interview already described in Harley Street, that the Marquis of Downshire, whom Turner chose as the recipient of his unholy confidences, was himself *first cousin* to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, being the son of his father's sister. So true is it *not*, that 'blood is thicker than water'!

Coming back now to the story already opened, it appears that there was some delay in obtaining the sanction of Pitt (and of course without *his* sanction nothing could be done) to the employment of this new hand; whereat the informer took fright, thinking he might be entrapped, and bolted back to Hamburg. Thence, three weeks later, he wrote to Downshire, explaining the cause of his sudden flight, and, for the first time, naming his terms. 'If you approve my present mode of life,' said he, after communicating some fresh secrets, 'and encourage me so to do' (this appears a trifle hazy, but perhaps the work he was about did not admit of being clearly specified), 'with all deference, I think Mr.

Pitt might let me have a cool five hundred, which shall last me for six months to come.' 'A cool five hundred,' indeed! The man did not know his value. Why, Pitt authorised Pelham to go as far as £100,000 with Reynolds for information infinitely less important. Of course the compact with Turner was concluded. He remained at Hamburg, Froude tells us, 'as Lady Edward's guest and most trusted friend, saw every one who came to her house, was admitted to close and secret conversations upon the prospects of French interference in Ireland with Reinhard, the Minister of the Directory there, and he regularly kept Lord Downshire informed of everything which would enable Pitt to watch the conspiracy.' Poor Lord Edward! from that time forward, nothing that he thought, or did, or purposed doing, on Ireland's behalf, was unknown to the far deeper and more powerful conspirator who, as Prime Minister of England, was compassing Ireland's national extinction. . . . The informer was not slow in earning his wages. His interview with Downshire, as we have seen, took place in London, on October the 8th and 9th. On November 19th following, he sends a letter from Hamburg:—

A. Lowry writes from Paris, August 11, in great despondency on account of Hoche's death, and says that all hopes of invading Ireland were given over. . . . I saw Reinhard the French Minister, who begged me to stay

here, as the only mode in which I could serve my country and the Republic. I instantly acquiesced, and told him I had arranged matters with Lord Edward Fitzgerald in London for that purpose. . . . I showed him Lowry's letter. He said that things were changed. Bonaparte would not listen to the idea of peace, and had some plan which I do not know. . . . I mentioned then what Fitzgerald told me in London, viz. that after I left Ireland they had thoughts of bringing matters to a crisis without the French. Arthur O'Connor was to have a command in the North, he himself in Leinster, Robert Simons at Belfast. . . . *All letters to or from Lady Lucy Fitzgerald should be inspected.* She, Mrs. Mathieson of this place, and Pamela carry on a correspondence. [Mrs. Mathieson was the half-sister of Pamela, married to a Hamburg banker.] Lewines, Teeling, Tennant, Lowry, Orr, and Col. Tandy are in Paris. Tone expects to stay the winter there, which does not look like invasion. Oliver Bond is treasurer. He pays Lewines and MacNevin in London. . . . Now for myself. In order to carry into effect the scheme *which you and Mr. Pitt had planned*, it was requisite for me to see my countrymen. I called on Maitland, where I found A. J. Stewart of Acton. [This refers to his recent London visit.] Edward Fitzgerald had been inquiring of them for me. I went to Harley Street [the London residence of the Leinster family], where Fitz. told me of the conduct of the Catholics to him and his friends. [Then back to Hamburg.] Mrs. Mathieson has just heard from Lady Lucy that O'Connor is to come. . . . I supped last night with Valence [General Valence, Pamela's brother-in-law], who mentioned his having introduced Lord Edward and O'Connor to the Minister here [of the French Directory, Reinhard] in the summer before the French attempted

to invade Ireland [1796]. *They both went to Switzerland, where O'Connor passed into France, had an interview with Hoche, and everything was planned.*

Very few of this spy's letters have been preserved, for the reason already given ; but that he continued to be indefatigable in supplying his employers with ' information ' is evident from the number of arrests which began to take place immediately after his engagement. When O'Connor and the priest Quigley were taken in Kent, as mentioned by Moore, and a little later when Lord Cloncurry's son, Lawless, was lodged with one of his friends in the Tower of London, all these captures were the result of knowledge derived from Turner. It will be recollected how Lord Edward put off with a jest the idea that O'Connor had anything unusual on him when he was taken except a large sum in gold ; but he little knew the coil that was being wound round them both. At that very time, Turner had put Pitt in possession of knowledge which would have hanged them. The name of every member of the Executive Committee of the United Irishmen had been transferred to Lord Downshire's notebook during the first interview with his ' friend ' ; and from that night the Government were in a position, and Parliament had given them the power, to clap every one of these men into jail. Why did they not do it, and so cut off the Rebellion at its

roots? The answer is obvious. Because Pitt intended to bring it to a head at his own time—and then, by an act of savage and sanguinary repression, so to cow the spirit of the country as to render all resistance to the Union which he meditated impossible.¹

There was one difficulty about Turner's revelations, ample and important as they were—they could not be made use of in a court of justice. It was 'so stipulated in the bond'; and although enormous bribes were offered to the spy to induce him to forgo that stipulation and appear as a witness against the friends who had trusted him—and who, strange to say, trusted him to the end—he persistently refused. In this dilemma, the Duke of Portland, with that chivalry which sits so well on an English nobleman, suggested a way by which Turner might be made even more useful than as a witness. 'Better,' he wrote to Lord Camden, 'he should stay here and open a correspondence with some of the principal conspirators, by which you may

¹ That such was the deliberate intention of Pitt and his Castle agents is proved beyond a doubt. It is referred to in Lord Clonmell's 'private diary'; and his nephew, Dean Scott, informed Grattan that he, Lord Clonmell, had gone to the Lord Lieutenant (Camden) and told him, that as the Castle knew of the proceedings of the disaffected, it was wrong to permit them to go on; that the Government, having it in their power, should arrest these men at once and prevent the insurrection. He was coldly received, and found that his advice was not relished; nor was he ever afterwards summoned to the secret conferences held at the Castle.

be apprised of their intentions.' Oh, they were all, all honourable men!—Thank God, political morality has gone up several degrees since it has been remitted from the guardianship of Cabinets to the more generous solicitude of the People. Not so long ago the use made of the *agent provocateur*, with his inevitable forgeries and perjuries, almost ruined the greatest journal in the world; while, almost as I write, the most powerful Government of modern times, who had pleaded, by their counsel, for the utility of the common informer, and had already placed him in the witness-box, recoiling before the public odium which the proceeding evoked, felt themselves obliged to withdraw him suddenly; although, by taking this course, they probably allowed a crime to go unpunished which all honest men must condemn.

It is not easy to fix the exact time when Pamela, giving up her house at Hamburg and relinquishing the dangerous mission she had conducted there, returned to Ireland. It must have been in the early days of 1798. It will thus appear that Lord Edward's young wife, instead of playing the simple part in which Moore represented her, was as deeply involved in her husband's perilous enterprises as he was himself. She served as the pivot, as it were, on which the whole machinery revolved. She received and passed on the momentous communications between the Government

of the French Republic and the Irish Directory, and *vice versâ*. She gave credentials to persons—not always wisely trusted—who were thus enabled, as in Turner's case, through the intervention of her own friends and relations in Paris, to obtain access to the persons in power there—to such men as Hoche, de la Croix, and Talleyrand. Of all this there is no trace in the pages of Moore; nor do any of the elder members of Lord Edward's family—his aunts, Mr. Ogilvie, or his mother—appear to have suspected it. But it must have been known to his sister Lady Lucy, for she was a party to the proceedings; and it was certainly fully within the knowledge of Pitt and his colleagues in Dublin Castle. It furnishes another clue to the severity (wanton and unnecessary as it appeared to Moore) with which the daughter of the Duke of Orleans was treated in the closing days of Lord Edward's life. . . . Pamela, indeed, would have belied her parentage if she had not inherited a genius for political intrigue. That she exercised it on behalf of her husband, who loved her almost as devotedly as the country for which he gave up his life, is to be affirmed—not to her disparagement, but to her credit. The arts of dissimulation had been taught to her by her mother from her early childhood; and if she played the part of *ingénue* to deceive the enemies—or even the relations—of her husband at this juncture,

who shall blame her? But that the character of Pamela was not quite so simple or candid as Moore represents it, is certainly true.

As regards the burly, double-dyed traitor, Turner, not much was left for him to do in Hamburg when Lady Edward left. He could not expect to be favoured with another such stroke of luck as the extraction of 'MacNevin's Memorandum' from Lady Edward's letter-box, the possession of which enabled the Government to consign to prison almost every one of the revolutionary leaders still surviving in Ireland, while supplying Pitt, afterwards, with the heads of the cross-examination to which these prisoners were subjected by Castlereagh. . . . There was still one service the spy could render. Two great armaments had been despatched to Ireland by France, and had failed. Another was being fitted out. How could this one also be rendered abortive? 'Lord Downshire's friend' returned to London for instructions, and the plan on which he acted, whether emanating from himself or devised by Pitt, was certainly ingenious. Re-appearing in Paris on April 17, 1798, he found no difficulty in obtaining an audience of Talleyrand, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, to whom he was already well known as an accredited agent of the United Irishmen. What he urged on the French Minister was entirely in accordance

with his assumed character—namely, the immediate despatch of another expedition to Ireland; the secret object being that this expedition, through the false counsel thus conveyed, might be directed to the point least favourable to success, while the English Government should be apprised beforehand of every particular connected with it. Of this *ruse* the Humbert Expedition *fiasco* was the result. . . . The connection of Turner with Lord Edward terminates at this point. He was in London, on the Quigley-O'Connor business, when Lord Edward was finally betrayed, and was therefore unable to share in the profits of that transaction; but he duly received until his death, many years after, the pension of £300 a year awarded him by Pitt. The payment for such service as he had rendered was no doubt inadequate, but Turner had one compensation. *He managed to maintain, intact, his reputation as a patriot!* When O'Connor, MacNevin, and the band of United Irish leaders who still survived the *débâcle*, were sent in 1799 to Fort George in Scotland, Turner formed one of them; and, during their three years and three months' incarceration, he must have plied the Government with much useful information. Yet, still he was unsuspected. When secrets leaked out, as they appeared to do occasionally, it was invariably some other who became the object of suspicion. O'Connor thought that Thomas

Addis Emmet (the most incorruptible of men!) was the traitor, and a duel had almost been the consequence. . . . When the signing of the Treaty of Amiens, in 1802, released these prisoners, Turner returned to Dublin with all the honours of his long martyrdom upon him. He appeared before his countrymen—who but he?—a veteran sufferer in the cause of Irish liberty—the trusted friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Pamela—the original, some say, of Campbell's beautiful lines on the 'Exile of Erin'—the man who had gone forth as an envoy from the United Irishmen to the French Directory. Everywhere he was received with acclamation. He stood beside O'Connell on the 'Catholic Emancipation' platform. He even took up O'Connell's quarrels, and wanted to fight d'Esterre. . . . The end of the wretch came about in a singular way. He was over in the Isle of Man—still playing his part of uncompromising patriot—when, having quarrelled with a man named Boyce, the two met to settle their dispute by arms. (Turner was noted as a duellist.) The men took their places on the ground; the seconds handed them their pistols; when Boyce, without waiting for the signal, immediately shot his antagonist through the head. Did Boyce know who this man was, and what he had done? At all events, no steps were taken in the way of punishment. The

Government were probably glad to be rid of him. His friends deplored the loss of an incorruptible patriot, whose only regret would have been, had he been conscious, that he had not lost his life in the service of his country ! . . . So ends this singular episode, which I have thought ought not to be omitted from an account of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's life, although the facts here given did not come to light until nearly a century after the villain's death.

III

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD'S BETRAYER
AND OTHER INFORMERS

FRANCIS MAGAN, barrister-at-law, the second of the miscreants who, by the connivance of the Government, were enabled to carry their crimes undetected to the grave, I have already spoken of in describing his betrayal of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. This was Magan's *magnum opus*, although indeed the merit of it cannot be said to belong exclusively to him. The notorious 'Sham Squire,' Francis Higgins, editor of the *Freeman's Journal* of that day (how different from Lucas's, or from that of the present time !), must have his share of the glory, as he certainly more than shared the profit ; for while only a secret-service pension of

£200 a year was assigned to Magan, the whole of the blood-money of £1000 offered by the Castle for Lord Edward's betrayal went into the pockets of Higgins, with a pension (secret, of course) of £300 besides. Nor should Mr. Secretary Cooke be omitted, for it was he, as the *alter ego* of Lord Castlereagh, who held in his hands the direction of all these foul transactions. . . . In all systems of government, I suppose, some dirty work has to be done ; but it is usually reserved for the dirty men—the Sirrs and O'Briens—the scavengers and the sewer men. In this Castle government, however, during the five years preceding the Union, all the highest officers had their hands in it, and seemed to relish dabbling, not only in dirt and corruption, but in blood. To come now to Magan. . . . Francis Magan, in 1798, was a barrister of some thirty to thirty-five years of age. His father, a cloth-seller in Castle Street, had been an old acquaintance of the notorious Higgins, and stood indebted to him in a bond of £1000 at his death, a circumstance perhaps of some weight in considering the after relations between Higgins and the son. Magan was a Catholic, and, like O'Connell, amongst the first of his religion permitted to practise in the Irish courts on the relaxation of the penal laws. He was also known to have belonged to the United Irishmen ; and although he had given out that he quitted that body as soon as their

proceedings were made secret, such was not the fact ; he was still, in '98, a regular attendant at their most confidential meetings, and it was by reason of this, no doubt, that he came to be acquainted with what was going on in the Moore family and household. He lived only one street off, at No. 20 Usher's Island, a house at that time of some respectability. He was not married, his unmarried sister being the only other occupant of his house. Magan is described as being, even in youth, stiff, prim, and unsociable. In 1798 he was regarded by those who met him in the courts, and by his few associates, as a man of reputable life and character ; nor, during the whole troubled period of the trials and executions following the arrests at Bond's and Lord Edward's capture, did any suspicion attach to this quiet, self-contained legal gentleman. He kept his counsel. The Castle men kept theirs. Two years after the Union his accomplice, Higgins, died in wasting agony, leaving a large fortune as the accumulation of a life of infamy ; and no one then suspected that he had pocketed the £1000 paid for Lord Edward's blood. Neither did any one suspect Magan,¹ who lived for close upon forty-five years after his illustrious victim had been laid in St.

¹ Or at least only one or two. A Mr. Joseph Hamilton, of Dublin, in the course of some inquiries had become convinced that Magan was the traitor, and did not hesitate to publish the fact ; but he had no absolute proof. Mrs. Macready (the Miss Moore of former days) knew, but did not like to speak.

Werburgh's vault. The late Mr. Fitzpatrick, who discovered the secret of this man's treachery, writes of him : ' For the last twenty years of his life he rarely went out unless in his official capacity [as Commissioner for Enclosing Commons, a small post which the Government had bestowed on him]. He became shrinking and timid, and, with one or two exceptions, did not like to meet old friends. Since the year '98 it seemed as if his house had never been painted, or the windows cleaned. The neighbours wondered, speculated, and pried ; but Magan's windows, or doings, could not be seen through. From this dingy retreat, festooned with cobwebs, Mr. Magan, almost choked with a stiff white cravat, would occasionally emerge and pick his steps stealthily to the court in which he held office'—still more stealthily, perhaps, to the private room in the Castle where, on quarter-days, he pocketed his secret allowance. And so the impenitent old Judas died, secret and silent as he had lived, some time in January 1843. His aged sister inherited his fortune, which was not inconsiderable, and likewise his misery, which was perhaps even greater. What with the sense of dishonour always in his soul, and the fear of detection for ever before his eyes, who shall say what the wretched Magan suffered during the forty-five years which he passed on earth after his crime ?

There are two other names still more infamous, if that were possible, than those I have mentioned, or than any of the other informers—Reynolds, Armstrong, Hughes, etc.—who have earned the execration of the Irish race for their treachery in '98 ; but as, happily, the death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald in prison relieved him from the possibility of contact with either of the two, a few words to record their villainy will here be sufficient.

The first of these was Leonard MacNally, the suborned barrister, the wretch who, after accepting a brief for the defence of men who were to be tried for their lives, made over all their secrets, for lucre, to the Government. Can anything equal in atrocity such an act ? The villainy of it attaches equally to the employer and to the employed. In all civilised communities the advocate to whom a prisoner intrusts his defence is invested with an almost sacred character. Communications made to him by the accused person, under such circumstances, are given as under the seal of confession. Proceedings instituted by the advocate are held inviolable. Who shall gauge the guilt of the Government which tempts the counsel of a prisoner, placed in so dire a strait, to betray him—or of the counsel who falls into the temptation ? It is a crime like poisoning the wells in warfare, or like that practice

which Montaigne says the popes of his day had to guard against—of making the consecrated elements the vehicle of assassination. MacNally's crime was never found out during his lifetime, and it was only after his death that O'Connell discovered he had been in the regular receipt of a secret-service annuity of £300 from the Government, as well as of large sums of money on various occasions, from the year 1792 or thereabouts. He so deceived Curran that that fearless defender of the '98 men believed in his honesty till his life's end. The wretched man's history will be found detailed in the pages of Madden, as well as that of his copartner in treachery, James M'Guckin, the Belfast attorney, who played the same villainous part in a minor station. In the same pages will be found also the story of Mr. John Pollock, the legal go-between employed by Cooke to carry to these men the wages of their infamy, with which the whole Cabinet must have been acquainted, and several judges, including the Lord Chancellor.¹

The Anglo-Irish administration which Pitt had made his agent for completing the destruction of the Irish Parliament in 1795-1800 may be said to have lived in, and on, bribery and corruption; but of all its achieve-

¹ Pollock also was well rewarded, for he received a post in one of the law-courts, which was proved to have brought him in £20,000 a year for sixteen years, when he was deprived of it for peculation, after a parliamentary inquiry, in the year 1816.

ments in this department of statecraft, that of going behind the prisoners whom it held at its mercy, and stealing from them the only means of defence the laws and constitution—such as they were—were supposed to have left them, must surely have been the greatest. Its turpitude is unexampled.

IV

NICHOLAS MURPHY'S NARRATIVE

[The following particulars are taken from a statement made by Nicholas Murphy, and handed to Dr. Madden, after Murphy's death, by his sister. The first portion gives an account of Lord Edward's arrival at Murphy's house on the night of Friday, the 18th of May, accompanied by Mrs. or Miss Moore. It agrees substantially with the *Memoirs* up to the moment when Sirr and Swan arrived on the scene ; but there are some details of what happened just at the time of Lord Edward's capture, and subsequently, which deserve to be recorded. Murphy says :—]

I went to his sleeping-room, he was in bed (*i.e.* lying on the bed). It was at this time about seven o'clock. I asked him to come down to tea. I was not in the room three minutes, when in came Major Swan, and a person following him in a soldier's jacket, and a sword in his hand. When I saw Major Swan I was thunder-

struck. I put myself before him and asked his business. He looked over me and saw Lord Edward on the bed. He pushed by me quickly, and Lord Edward, seeing him, sprung up instantly like a tiger, and drew a dagger which he carried about him,¹ and wounded Major Swan slightly, I believe. Major Swan had a pistol in his waistcoat pocket, which he fired without effect; he immediately turned to me and gave me a severe thrust of the pistol under the eye, at the same time desiring the person who came in with him to take me into custody. I was immediately taken away to the yard; there I saw Major Sirr and about six soldiers of the Dumbarton Fencibles. . . . Major Swan had thought proper to run as fast as he could to the street, and I think he never looked behind him until he got out of danger, and he was then parading up and down the flags, exhibiting his linen, which was stained with blood.² Mr. Ryan supplied Major Swan's place; he came in contact with Lord Edward, and was wounded seriously.

¹ A good deal has been written both by Moore and others about this weapon. The following exact particulars are supplied by Dr. Madden: 'In 1798 a cutler of Bridge Street named Byrne, a Roman Catholic, and the only one of his creed belonging to that trade in Dublin, manufactured a species of stiletto, with a zig-zag blade and a horn handle, for the leaders of the Dublin United Irishmen. It was with one of these that Lord Edward Fitzgerald stabbed Major Ryan.'

² This part of the account of the struggle differs from Moore's. There is no mention there of Swan having quitted the room. Further particulars on this subject will be found at the end of Murphy's narrative.

Major Sirr at that time came upstairs, and, keeping at a respectful distance, fired a pistol at Lord Edward and wounded him in the upper part of the shoulder. Reinforcements coming in, Lord Edward surrendered after a very hard struggle. Now the work of destruction commenced.

[Then Murphy proceeds to relate his own experiences : how the house was taken possession of by soldiers, how the soldier who guarded him would not allow him to put his handkerchief to his face to wipe away the blood, how Major Sirr refused to allow him to take a glass of wine offered him by a neighbour, saying 'wine was not fit for rebels,' how his wine and everything else in his house were seized upon by the soldiers, and how eventually he was taken to the Castle and placed in the Castle guard-house.]

I was there perhaps an hour or more when my friend, Major Sirr, came to take me into the presence of Mr. Cooke, taking me very friendly under the arm, and telling me to state everything I knew about the business. I felt no inclination to take his advice on that occasion. . . . Then I had the honour of an introduction to Mr. Cooke. There was a gentleman lolling on the sofa, who, I afterwards learned, was Lord Castlereagh. My friend Cooke looked at me very sharply, and now for question and answer :—

Cooke—How long was Lord Edward in your house?

Murphy—He came there last night.

C.—Who came with him ?

M.—He came with a lady.

C.—What was her name ?

M.—I cannot state the lady's name.

I declined to answer that *in toto*. I mentioned that I was led into the business very innocently, and that that would appear on an investigation taking place, and that I could procure sufficient bail. Mr. Cooke laughed at that, and no wonder he might, for he immediately wrote out a Castlereagh warrant for me. . . . Then I was marched off to Newgate.

[Murphy gives a dolorous account of the havoc committed by the soldiery on his house and worldly effects, and adds :—]

My losses in this unfortunate business amounted to upwards of £2000, and I never yet received one shilling by compensation from any quarter ; I was confined fifty-five weeks a State-prisoner, and my house and concerns made a barrack of for ten weeks and upwards. . . . Two surgeons attended daily on Lord Edward Fitzgerald. It was supposed the evening before he died that he was delirious, as we could hear him with a very strong voice crying out : ‘Come on ! come on ! d—n you, come on !’ He spoke so loud that the people in the street gathered to listen to it. He died the next day, early in the morning on the 4th of June. The

surgeons attended and opened the body ; then he was seen for the first time by the prisoners. The bowels were opened, and whatever was found there was thrown under the grate, and then the part was sewn up. *He had about his neck a gold chain, suspending a locket with hair in it. . . .* Thus died one of the bravest of men from a conviction, I believe, that his projects would ameliorate the condition of his country. I shall endeavour to describe his person. He was, I believe, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, and had a very interesting countenance, beautiful arched eyebrows, fine grey eyes, handsome nose, and high forehead, thick, dark-coloured hair, brown, or inclining to black. I think he was very like the late Lady Louisa Conolly about the nose and eyes. Any person he addressed must have admired his manner, it was so candid, so good-natured, and so impregnated with good feeling ; as playful and humble as a child, as mild and timid as a lady, and when necessary, as brave as a lion.

[When Murphy was released after his imprisonment of a year or more, he found his house a wreck, his business ruined, and his money gone. His first idea was that the noble relatives of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for whose sake he had suffered these losses, might be inclined to assist him in recovering his position ; and the first person on whom he called was Lady Louisa Conolly at Castletown.]

She had a very elegant and commanding figure, with

a very expressive countenance, and with such good feeling and consideration as exhibited nobility itself.

[However, nothing came of poor Murphy's applications either to her or the other members of the ducal family.]

Lady Louisa Conolly seemed to feel very much my situation ; but stated pathetically 'she could do nothing for me.' Lady Sarah Napier being in the place and hearing of me, sent the Hon. Miss Napier to me, requesting I would go to see her. Lady S. Napier was a very nice personage, and we had some conversation on the unfortunate business, and she appeared to console me on the privations I was obliged to submit to. However, I took my leave, and it was easy to perceive what might be expected, from my reception. . . . I was then advised to address a letter to his grace the Duke of Leinster, which I did, and waited on his grace at Leinster House. His grace allowed me the honour of an interview, and on seeing me he seemed to feel very much, and I thought I saw a troubled melancholy in his countenance ; however, in our conversation I clearly understood his grace was not inclined in any way to offer me the smallest pecuniary assistance. My friends were disappointed as well as myself.

[Nicholas Murphy lived in reduced circumstances in the same street, though not in the house where Lord Edward

was captured, until April 1833, leaving behind him, as Madden says, the character of an honest man, whose fidelity to Lord Edward Fitzgerald was the cause of his ruin. Madden adds : 'The sister of Nicholas Murphy died in poverty, the latter end of 1843, in a miserable lodging at No. 47 Watling Street, in her 75th year. Shortly before her death I drew up a memorial for her addressed to the Duke of Leinster, appealing to his grace's charity for some little assistance for the poor old lady, whose brother had been so cruelly used in purse and person for affording the shelter of his house and faithful services to his grace's uncle. That memorial was duly transmitted to the Duke of Leinster, but it produced no effect. Murphy's sister ought to have remembered that Lord Edward Fitzgerald's memory, in the opinion of some of his race, ought to be buried in oblivion, and of some, even in obloquy.']

Poor Murphy ! he was an honest Irishman, and his words, simple and guileless as they are, seem somehow to clear the air after such villainies as I have been describing. Although not a United Irishman, Murphy kept his pledged word when it meant ruin, and when to forfeit it would have brought him wealth. The Duke of Leinster of that day appears a sorry creature now, with all his titles, beside the humble, generous, and intrinsically noble man whom he allowed to perish in poverty.

V

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD AND HIS FAMILY

The following notice of Lord Edward Fitzgerald is taken from a work written by his grand-nephew, the late Duke of Leinster, entitled *The Earls of Kildare and their Ancestors*, July 1857 :—

He (Lord Edward Fitzgerald) succeeded to the estate of Kilrush, in the county of Kildare. He entered the army in 1780, and served with distinction in America. In 1783 he was elected member of Parliament for Athy, and in 1790 for the county of Kildare. In that year, refusing to support the Government measures, he was informed he would not be permitted to have the rank of lieutenant-colonel. On this he took the cockade from his hat, and dashing it to the ground, trampled upon it. In 1792 he went to France, where in December he married Pamela Sims, said to be the daughter of Mme. de Genlis. Whilst there he was dismissed from the army. In 1796 he joined the United Irishmen, and having been arrested on the 19th May 1798, he died of his wounds, in Newgate Prison, on the 4th of June. He had one son and two daughters. After his death he was attainted by Act of Parliament. This Act was repealed by a private Act in 1819.

If the foregoing notice, as Madden says, were written

to form part of an inventory, it could not have been colder ; but, in addition to its callous frigidity, the ducal author manages to cast—and means to cast—a slur upon the memory of his illustrious kinsman. That Lord Edward stamped upon his military cockade, as the Duke avers, may have been true ; but that he did so for the mean and sordid motive attributed to him the undeviating nobility of his character and the whole course of his life amply disprove. The following extracts from Moore's *Diary*, written while the author was preparing these *Memoirs* for the press, may serve to throw some light on the feelings with which Lord Edward's family regarded his memory at that time ; nor ought it to be forgotten that within a few months of Lord Edward's death the head of the house accepted £12,500 as the price of the seat in Parliament which Lord Edward had filled, while another brother took a peerage as his reward for helping on the Union. The remains of the noblest of the Geraldines still lie in that vault under St. Werburgh's Church to which they were removed in the darkness of night, forty-eight hours after his death. No one of his own name or race followed them to their last resting-place, nor was any inscription placed on the lead coffin which contained them, until his daughter, Lady Guy Campbell, forty-six years afterwards, enclosed the leaden case in an

outer coffin, bearing a brass plate with the following record :—

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD,
FIFTH SON OF THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

BORN OCTOBER 15, 1763.

DIED JUNE 4, 1798.

BURIED JUNE 6, 1798.

TO PRESERVE THE LEADEN COFFIN CONTAINING HIS
REMAINS, IT WAS ENCLOSED IN THIS ADDITIONAL
PROTECTION BY HIS CHILDREN,
FEBRUARY 8, 1844.

By the curious irony of fate, Major Sirr's father and himself are buried in the graveyard of the same church, only a few paces off.

Extracts from Moore's 'Diary.'

1830. Aug. 31.—Duke of Leinster called on me at one o'clock. Some conversation with him about my intended *Life of Lord Edward*. Did not think he had any papers that would be of use. While he was with me Major Sirr left a card; the man who killed his uncle! Showed his card to the Duke, who, I found, knows him, and *thinks him, in his way, a good sort of man.*

1831. Jan. 17.—A letter from the Duke of Leinster on the subject of my *Life of Lord Edward*, written, as he says, at the request of Lady Campbell, to beg I

would postpone the publication, and adding that he agrees with her as to the expediency of doing so.

Moore's Reply.—*Jan.* 19.—Answered the Duke of Leinster, saying that I felt myself committed to the publication, nor could I agree with Lady Campbell or his grace in their views of its postponement; adding, that those persons who had given me the materials, and had therefore, perhaps, the best right to interfere with my task, had by no means done so, but left me to pursue my own discretion and views in it.

VI

PITT'S AGENTS IN '98. 'THE STEP-LADDER'

Moore complains more than once in these *Memoirs* of the difficulty Lord Edward Fitzgerald must have experienced in mixing on terms of equality with some of the other leaders in the great movement of 1798. It is an uncalled-for remark, attributable, perhaps, to the aristocratic notions which the author had imbibed during his intimacy with the great in England. There was no such disparity, either of manners or position, among the leaders of the United Irishmen as the observation would imply. Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Dr. MacNevin, Hamilton Rowan, Lawless, Bond, the Sheareses, and a dozen others who might

be named, were men of education and position, with whom the highest in the land might have associated without disparagement. When, however, we come to the agents employed by Pitt in his nefarious scheme for destroying the independence of Ireland, then indeed we are in the presence of a knot of individuals who, whatever their social or official positions, were of an infinitely lower type; men without honour or conscience, who pursued a bad object by the vilest means ever resorted to by any administration. What was thought of these coroneted and commissioned criminals by gentlemen of honour may be judged from the following curious document, in which we find a catalogue of them drawn up by an English general, Sir George Cockburn,¹ their contemporary, who must have been a keen observer of what was going on inside of Dublin Castle in those days. He calls it:—

‘THE STEP-LADDER, or a picture of the Irish Government as it was before Lord Cornwallis’s arrival, and during the system of Terror.’

The Cabinet.

Lord Lieutenant. Chancellor. Archbishop of Cashel. Lord Castlereagh. The Speaker. Commissioner Beresford.

¹ Sir George Cockburn was afterwards attached to the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.

Understrappers to Ditto.

Secretary Cooke, Lords Drogheda, Glentworth, Carhampton, Claudius Beresford.

Strong Supporters of Ditto, and of Orangeism, Jobbery, and Corruption.

Lords Enniskillen and Carleton ; Lees, Perry, Isaac, Corry.

Servants to the Faction.

Lords Waterford, Kingsborough, Annesley, Londonderry ; Blaquiere, Toler (Attorney-General).

Mischievous Men and Enemies to Liberty.

Lords Devonshire and Dillon ; Trench, Dr. Duigenan, O'Brien, Bishop of Meath, Archbishop of Tuam, Alexander, M.P. for Derry.

Stipendiary Magistrates, always ready to murder, burn, etc.

Burns, Finlay, Cleghorn (Meath), Mannors (Cork), Fitzgerald, Jacob (Tipperary), Tyrrel, Knipe, Griffith (Kildare), Blaine (Monaghan).

Miscreants.

Sirr, Swan, Sands, Giffard, Hepenstall, Knox, Higgins.

Spies, Informers, and Traitors.¹

Armstrong, Reynolds, Cope.

¹ [The number of these, here set down, would have to be considerably enlarged. Only those are mentioned in this list who were known at the time to be *on the establishment*.]

Sirr's Gang.

About a dozen of the greatest ruffians in Dublin were enrolled and kept at the Castle, ready for any emergency. One of them, Jimmy O'Brien, was afterwards hanged for a non-official murder.

Turnkey and Jailor to the Faction.

Godfry.

We have here a hierarchy of evil which Milton's Satan might have envied ; but of course the name of the chief mover in all the wickedness which these men were instigated and empowered to commit, PITT, does not appear. There are others also which deserve to be writ large on this muster-roll of infamy : like those of Camden, Fitzgibbon, Archbishop Agar, Castlereagh, the Beresfords ; Secretary Cooke, who did all Castlereagh's dirty work ; Carhampton, the organiser of pillage and massacre ; Carleton, the corrupt judge ; Toler, the holder of more than one 'bloody assize' ; Dr. Duignan, the head of the commissioners for the wholesale bribery of the Lords and Commons of Ireland. It would extend this chapter to far too great a length even to summarise the amount of wickedness which attaches to each of the names which I have given ; but any reader familiar with the records of the time, with the correspondence which many of these men have left behind them, and more especially with the investigations of

Madden and Fitzpatrick in this field, will know how to apportion to each of the names its due share of opprobrium.

I have already set forth the opinion of one honourable military officer, as embodied in the preceding list. Let me add that of another, whose name, and the name of whose family, rank high in the military annals of England. It is one also intimately connected with the story of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The following letter was written to Dr. Madden by Major-General Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular war, in 1842, he being then Governor of Guernsey. Besides stigmatising the '98 Administration, it clears up two or three points connected with the closing hours of Lord Edward, as to which Moore has fallen into error:—

The *Dublin Evening Packet* has just been put into my hands, and I find an article full of foul abuse of your work. The writer accuses you of exaggeration ; but, as far as my knowledge extends, and it is not a confined knowledge of the subject you have treated, you might be more reasonably accused of softening the horrid features of cruelty displayed by the Government party, and I do not wonder that the organs of that party should now wince and tremble at the just retribution of history. The bad deeds of those unhappy times should be held up to the execration of mankind as a warning to deter men from repeating them, and the way in which you are doing so is honourable to you, and will be

I hope, useful to the world. . . . Credit is given to Lord Camden for feelings of commiseration towards Lady Louisa Conolly when she applied to him in vain for leave to see her dying nephew, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Lord Clare is accused of harsh and stern indifference to her prayers. Now it is just the reverse. Lord Camden displayed the most callous indifference to her misery, and Lord Clare showed great feeling and warmth and delicacy of character.

I have no liking for either, and as a politician I abhor Lord Clare the most, because of his actions and energy in evil; whereas Lord Camden was a mere fool, with the fibres of intellect insensible to external objects. But truth is truth, and Lord Clare behaved like a man of feeling and generosity on that occasion. Lady Louisa Conolly, having her niece, Miss Emily Napier, with her, went to Lord Camden and prayed him long and earnestly, in vain, to let her visit Lord Edward Fitzgerald in prison. When she came to her carriage she said, with a violence of feeling the more remarkable from its contrast with the sedate and tranquil dignity which belonged to her character, 'I, who never before kneeled to aught but my God, grovelled at that man's feet in vain.'

From the Castle she drove to Lord Clare's house. He was at dinner, but he came out instantly to her carriage, having his napkin in his hand. She asked him for an order to see Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He said 'he could not give her one—it had been so settled'; but seeing the strong emotion excited by the answer, he added, abruptly, 'But I can go with you and let you into the jail.' Then, jumping into the carriage, having his napkin still in his hand, he drove to the jail, introduced her, and after some time came out to Miss Napier and said, 'Lady Louisa will be here a

long time ; it is not fitting you should remain here. I will remain with her.' And then, placing a police-officer behind the carriage to protect it, he sent Miss Napier home, returned to the outer room of Lord Edward's prison, and remained for three or four hours, waiting Lady Louisa's time of departure.—I have the honour to be, dear sir, your obedient servant,

W. NAPIER.

There is a remarkable confirmation of the fact referred to by Major-General Napier of Lady Louisa Conolly's visit to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, accompanied by Lord Clare, previously to her visit along with Lord Henry Fitzgerald on the 3rd of June (which is recorded by Moore), in one of the debates in the House of Peers on the subject of the attainder, in which Lord Clare, speaking in a becoming manner of the circumstances attending Lord Edward's death, said 'he well remembered them, for a short time before the death took place he was witness to one of the most painful and melancholy scenes he had ever experienced.'

MARTIN MACDERMOTT.

APPENDIX

EXPLANATORY NOTE BY THE EDITOR

IN the original edition of these *Memoirs* the author has embodied in the text, as well as in his appendix, several letters, written by members of the two families of Leinster and Richmond, after Lord Edward's death. This correspondence is reproduced in the present Appendix, so that nothing of interest may be omitted from the original work. The letters, although not bearing on the actual narrative, will be found to furnish many side-lights on the family history, as well as on the condition of Ireland during the troubled months following and preceding Lord Edward's untimely death. The letters of Lady Sarah Napier are especially interesting, as well for their intrinsic merit as for the reason that they were written by the mother of the Napiers, who may take her place beside the ancient Roman matron as having bestowed upon her country a line of heroes. This Appendix will be found also to contain the Military Memoir written by Lord Edward for the Irish people ; and a Memoir addressed to H.R.H. the late Duke of Sussex, in a strain of the noblest eloquence, on the condition of Ireland after the Union, by John Philpot Curran. The bulk of the appendix to Moore's *Memoirs*, as it refers to the action taken by the family and friends of Lord

Edward Fitzgerald, in order to cancel the Act of Attainder and 'restore him to his blood,' is omitted, as possessing no present interest.

A.

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE

FROM THE DUKE OF RICHMOND TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

WHITEHALL, *June 9th*, 1798.

You will believe, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, how anxious I am to hear of my poor sister. Charles Lock showed me, this morning, your letter to him from Coleshill ; and I trust we shall hear again to-morrow how she is able to bear this dreadful blow. I doubt that now the hopes of saving him, which kept up her mind and occupied her attention, are gone, she will sink into melancholy and wretched regret. The only topics to keep her up are what you so wisely hint at in your letter—the reflections of how much worse it probably would have ended, the saving of his fortune for his children, and the pleasure of now showing to his wife and them the affection one possessed for him. Little Edward will be an occupation for my sister, and the reflection of the shocking scenes that have been avoided will afford a comfort for a loss which, any way, was, I fear, inevitable. . . . As soon as I heard the event, which the Duke of Portland very humanely communicated to me, I sent to Harley Street to know if you was gone, and had a messenger ready to despatch after you, when they brought me word that Lady Henry had sent her servant. I went immediately to Harley Street, and brought Lady Edward here, trying to prepare her in the coach for bad news, which I repeatedly said I dreaded by the next post. She, however, did not take my meaning. When she got here, we had Dr. Moseley present, and, by degrees, we broke to her the sad event. Her agonies of grief were very great, and violent hysterics

soon came on. When the Duke of Leinster came in, she took him for Edward, and you may imagine how cruel a scene it was. But by degrees, though very slow ones, she grew more calm at times ; and, although she has had little sleep, and still less food, and has nervous spasms, and appears much heated, yet I hope and trust her health is not materially affected. She yesterday saw her children, and all of his family who have been able to come here, but no one else, except Miss Coote, who got admittance by mistake. She is as reasonable as possible, and shows great goodness of heart in the constant inquiries she is making about my sister, Lady Lucy, and Mrs. Lock. It seems a diversion of her own grief, to employ her mind in anxiety for that of those she most loves, and who were dearest to her dear husband.

The Duke of Leinster has supported himself with great fortitude, though, with Lady Edward, he is often crying. Lady Henry, too happy to have got her husband back, is totally occupied about him. I called there this morning, but he was not composed enough to see me. Lady Henry told me that he was very angry and violent ; that he had written a warm letter to the Lord Lieutenant, and talked of publishing accounts of the treatment his brother had received.

You will see in the papers such news as we have about Ireland ; it seems but bad ; but there are reports to-day, though I believe not as yet confirmed, that the rebel camp at Wexford has been carried with great slaughter ; and it is said that the regiments are going from hence. I hear from Charles Lock that you very prudently mean to stop at Coleshill for some days, and then come up by slow journeys to London. I wish to wait here your arrival, and after a few days' rest, to propose to you all to go to Goodwood, where you will have good air, and a quiet you can never get in this town, which seems to me quite necessary for all.

I am most anxious that she and all of you should do

whatever may, on the whole, appear pleasanter to her. Goodwood will hold you and my sister, Lady Sophia, Lady Lucy, Miss Ogilvie, Lady Edward and her children, and Lord and Lady Henry. The Duke of Leinster must, of course, stay with his wife, and Lady Charlotte Sturt will be with her husband ; but I can take all the rest, and more if necessary. Don't let my sister fancy that it will be crowding, or distressing me. Far otherwise, I assure you ; it will give me real pleasure to be of any use to you all on so melancholy an occasion, and it is on such that the affections of near relations is soothing to grief. I hope, too, that the quiet of Coventry may be useful, for I expect nobody, and, at all events, should have nobody else then.

Lady Edward, to whom I have talked on this scheme, seems rather inclined to go to Hamburgh, as soon as she has seen my sister a little more composed, Lady Lucy quiet, and Mrs. Lock brought to bed. She is very naturally suspicious, and disgusted with affairs in this country ; and although she says that politics are the last thing she should think of, yet she fancies she should be quieter at Hamburgh than in England. I wish her to do exactly what her own inclination may lead her to, for I have no other wish than to see her as comfortable as her misfortunes will permit ; and it will be no inconvenience whatever for me to have her remain some time at Goodwood. My sister's wishes will determine me to press it or not ; as, for my own part, I really should feel a particular pleasure in showing this mark of attention to poor Edward's memory. I have a county meeting at Lewes on this day se'nnight, the 16th instant, which I wish to attend, and shall be glad if it should so happen that my sister was to come to town before Friday, on which day I wish to set out. But I would by no means wish her to hurry in the least on that account ; only let me know your plan as near as you can, and I will endeavour to accommodate mine to it as well as I can. If my sister don't come so soon, I would go and come back again, and could leave Lady Edward here with

Henrietta, taking care first to see the Duke of Portland, and obtain his approbation ; but I believe that now they will let her do as she pleases, at least I cannot see why they should not, especially as, from what I can see, she behaves with the most strict propriety. Adieu, my dear sir ; assure my dear sister of my kindest and most affectionate love, and tell all her daughters with you how sincerely I sympathise in their sorrows.—Ever yours, most truly,
RICHMOND, ETC.

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND

CASTLETOWN, *June 27, 1798.*

It is impossible, my dearest brother, to find expressions suitable to the extraordinary sensations occasioned by the uncommon events that daily fill my thoughts,—a succession of anxious doubts, fears, anger, grief, indignation. Public calamities touching each person individually ; private concerns awakening all one's feeling ; the calls of honour, duty, mixed with pity, and deep concern for the fate of thousands,—altogether forms such a chaos, that, with double joy, I catch at those few pleasing ideas that come along with sorrow. Your generous, tender, and noble conduct towards all our afflicted family, but in particular to Lady Edward, has made an impression on my mind of the most consoling nature. It brings forth all those qualities your good heart possessed into their full lustre, and they not only act as a balm to many a wounded heart at this juncture, but secure to yourself those happiest, best of feelings, which no power on earth can rob you of,—that inward blessing of self-approbation that will make your days calm and content amid all these storms.

I have hitherto only heard a general exclamation of gratitude from the family—the Duke of Leinster in particular—and that Lady Edward was actually gone to Goodwood, from which I augur so much good to her health and spirits and feelings, that I trust the time is not far off

before you will be rewarded by success in your generous solicitude to comfort the afflicted. And when you know her, my dear brother, I will venture to assert you will not think your pains bestowed on an unworthy or ungrateful object. She is *a character*, but it is noble, elevated, great, and not easily understood by those who level all down to common worldly rules. According to the observations you must have made in reading and experience of characters, you will find hers susceptible of all that belongs to a superior one. Uneven in strength of body and mind, she rises or sinks suddenly with illness and with affections. She launches out into almost ravings from her lively imagination—sees things in too strong lights—cannot bear violent checks, but is soothed into reason by tenderness with ease. I know no human being more formed by your tender patient perseverance to bring her poor distracted mind to composure ; and your talents for cheerfully occupying her thoughts will, I doubt not, chime in with her natural youthful vivacity so well as to give you full powers of consolation over her mind in due time.

Alas ! would I could think your success as sure with our dear, dear sister ; how different must your system be with her ! Yet, even in *that* task, I know nobody, next to Louisa, so fit to undertake it, or so likely to succeed. Your affectionate manner to my sister will have all the weight which Nature gives, and, added to that, the pleasing powers of unexpected tenderness ; for, although she knows you love her, yet she has not been so much in the habit of receiving such unequivocal proofs of your kindness, as her grief now produces in your most unwearied attention to her and all hers. I am sure she will feel all these sentiments, because I anticipate them in my own mind as hers, and feel a comfort in the contemplation of what hers must be.

I thank God and you for the least gleam of sunshine to my beloved sister : she is my first object ; but how many, many more wander round my imagination like ghosts ! The poor Duke of Leinster—how my heart bleeds for him !

I am even now interrupted by the sad tidings of his last and still deeper misfortune being just at hand.¹ God grant him fortitude. He has great feeling, little energy, and an accumulation of distress beyond the common lot of man. His lost brother, and the entire ruin of his fortune (perhaps for ever), are the preliminaries to his sorrows : deeply will he feel the loss. No mortal can pity him more than you, for his dear wife's attachment was of that nature never to be forgotten ; she was his friend, his counsellor, with an uncommon share of sense, and warmth of heart in all that concerned him, that made her the haven to which he looked in all distresses : she soothed and calmed his griefs, pointed out remedies, and, by occupying him in his tender care of her sorrows, made him forget his own. He will now sink, I fear, into a depth of affliction from which additional ruin will start up. The only chance he has, would be what his nature, I much fear, can never be roused to undertake,—the immediate arrangement of business. The county of Kildare, in which is all his property, is almost desolate, and growing worse every day. The peculiar marked object has been to ruin his tenants, and the insurgents will now finish it ; for although personal attachment to him makes them very anxious to avoid it, yet necessity forces them to take what they can get. The cruel hardship put on his tenants, preferably to all others, has driven them to despair, and they join the insurgents, saying, ' It's better to die with a pike in my hand than be shot like a dog at my work, or see my children faint for want of food before my eyes ' ; from hence you may guess he will get no rents.

Private distresses divert one's thoughts from public evil, yet you see how it brings one back to it on every occasion. A servant is waiting for this letter : I therefore will only add some slight account of our situation, in case you do not hear of it from others. The victory, as it is called, in Wexford, has only secured the town, and killed five thousand,—a lamentable victory ; yet, if it tends to save

¹ The death of the duchess.

more lives, it is success ; but how far it *does* do that no mortal can yet decide. They say (for I assert nothing) that there were thirty thousand there ; call it twenty, then fifteen thousand have escaped, and are now, as I to-day hear from Celbridge (where I fear our intelligence is too good), at Timahor, a hill that forms a kind of peninsula in this end of the Bog of Allen. We knew of many thousands between Timahor and Celbridge for this month past ; for Colonel Napier has, by his personal attention, kept them off from Celbridge by odd means, too long to explain, but which, being a *ruse de guerre* which they did not expect, has answered the purpose ; and as they waited for the event of Wexford, it could be done. But *now* I fancy it will be the seat of the next insurrection ; it is nine miles from hence, and all their outposts within three or five of Celbridge.

What Lord Cornwallis will do I cannot say, but probably he will make some military arrangement, and this camp at Timahor again be routed. But what is more alarming is, that in the South, and in the Queen's County, they start up, so that our troops will never be sufficient to prevent insurrections ; though, if well managed, I have no doubt they will drive away the multitudes by a flying camp pursuing them in time, and that it will never amount to a *rebellion*, which the Camden Government have so imprudently called it.

I hope some good will arise from ——'s¹ disgrace ; indeed it cannot fail, for there will be some system, and the violence of the troops requires to be directed to useful exertions, and not wasted on the innocent as well as the guilty. Dublin is well guarded by a very fine body of yeomanry, but it is not safe to move them. You send us no militia, which is natural enough, and what are we to do ? The small bodies of army quartered everywhere to stop passes towards the capital are harassed to death by want

¹ [Probably Lord Carhampton's.—ED.]

of sleep, and by going about like a young dog in a rabbit-warren, here and there, flying from spot to spot, and catching little or nothing ; for all those calculations of hundreds which you see are commonly from six to ten or twelve men killed, and four or five poor innocent wretches shot at in the fields, and afterward bayoneted, to put them out of pain ; this a soldier told my sister.

Adieu, my dearest brother : I will in general terms request our most affectionate love from hence to Goodwood inhabitants, and to yourself in particular. My husband gains strength in proportion to fatigue and thinness, I think. I hope it will not essentially hurt him ; he made me come here with my children, to clear our house for action, as it is the first to fall on if they come this way ; and we expect them every day. My dear sister is as usual much the better for the constant employment of doing good, and much has she now to exert that talent on. Mr. Conolly is at home, well guarded, and wishing to do good, but knows not how. Adieu.—Ever, most affectionately, my dearest brother, yours,

S. N.

FROM LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ.

CASTLETOWN, *July 10th, 1798.*

I was most truly thankful to you for yours of the 10th of June from Coleshill, and would have answered the business part of it directly had it been necessary ; but as dear Henry is left sole executor to the will, and that he had a copy of it, there was nothing left for me to do. You must also have heard from him that the dear remains were deposited by Mr. Bourne in St. Werburgh Church, until the times would permit of their being removed to the family vault at Kildare. I ordered everything upon that occasion that appeared to me to be right, considering all the heart-breaking circumstances belonging to that event ; and I was guided by the feelings which I am persuaded our

beloved angel would have had upon the same occasion, had he been to direct for *me*, as it fell to my lot to do for *him*. I well knew that to run the smallest risk of shedding *one drop of blood*, by any riot intervening upon that mournful occasion, would be the thing of all others that would vex him most ; and knowing also how much he despised all outward show, I submitted to what I thought prudence required. The impertinence and neglect (in Mr. Cook's office) of orders (notwithstanding Lord Castlereagh had arranged everything as I wished it), had nearly caused what I had taken such pains to avoid.¹ However, happily, nothing happened ; but I informed Lord Camden of the neglect, for the sake of others, and to prevent mischief on other occasions, where a similar neglect might have such bad consequences. You may easily believe that my grief absorbed all other feelings, and Mr. Cook is too insignificant even to be angry at.² At any other time than this his impertinence might amuse one—but now it passes unnoticed.

Mr. Stone is an officer belonging to our regiment. I have never been able to see him since, though I long for that satisfaction ; but previous to our dear angel's departure from this life, Mr. Stone was forced to join his regiment, which has been at Kilcullen ever since ; and the two last days he was attended by a surgeon, whose manner

¹ [What is here referred to is an order obtained by Lady Louisa from Lord Castlereagh, and forwarded to Mr. Secretary Cooke, for the carriages conveying Lord Edward's remains and the attendants from the jail to St. Werburgh's being allowed to pass the numerous patrols without hindrance. No such order was issued, and the result might have been a serious riot, had the people been aware of what was passing. As it was, there was a detention of several hours, both in the streets and at the church, which was the less important as no member of the family of the illustrious deceased was present. The body was consigned to the care of hired persons and strangers.—ED.]

² [This supposition is quite wrong. Mr. Secretary Cooke was the *alter ego* of Castlereagh, and always carried out his instructions, whether to bribe, to imprison, or to kill—to the letter.—ED.]

and appearance I liked. But I shall never lose sight of Mr. Stone, or of being of all the use I can to him for the friendship he showed my beloved Edward—my beloved Edward, I may well say, for, indeed, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, the sorrow I feel is beyond what I could well have imagined, and I own to you that I do not grow better. The complicated scene of distress that involves our family is perpetually before my eyes; and that of my dearest sister, whom I love so much better than myself, grieves my heart. Your account of her was as good as I could expect, and I hear that she bore the meeting at Goodwood without any bad effect to her health. I long to hear of her again, and beg, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, that you will write to me. I won't write to her myself, because I really can't. It is so impossible to write on subjects that tear one's very heart-strings asunder, and on no other, I am sure, *could* we write. Her heart and mine are like one, from the affection we bear each other; and, therefore, she must be sensible of all that passes in mine, without my undergoing the painful task of writing it. But I wish greatly to hear of her; therefore, pray write to me, and tell me about the rest of the sad, afflicted family.

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I have been interrupted two or three times in the course of writing my letter, and that not without agitation; for although I make it a rule to believe, as little as possible, all that I hear, yet these histories of cruelty I cannot at all times avoid. I confess candidly that I hear of them on both sides, and they equally thrill me with horror; but I am determined to pursue, as long as I possibly can, the plan of standing my ground; for I really do not apprehend personal danger, but sufferings. The miseries of the country pursue me day and night, for I have at times most terrible dreams. Lord Cornwallis's coming at first raised me; his character has always been so good, and his own sentiments upon his arrival seemed so calculated for restoring us to peace, that a cheering ray pierced through the dread-

ful clouds that are hanging over us. But, alas ! I hear that our Cabinet are all against him—what can he do ? and yet, if he leaves us, I am afraid we are undone. It is astonishing to see the veneration his name creates ; and it is my firm belief that, if all sides would submit to him as an arbitrator, he could still save us. What could be so wise as trusting to an honest man, an experienced military man,¹ and, above all, an unprejudiced man, who cannot have imbibed any of our misguided passions ? All the Irish necessarily must be prejudiced at this moment ; suffering as we all do, from various causes, it becomes extremely difficult to steer the little bark of reason, justice, and humanity, that yet remains among us, through the ocean of fear, mistrust, treachery, cruelty, and revenge : to which catalogue I may add, an extraordinary and unaccountable frenzy that seems to have influenced the lower class ; for not one in a hundred have an idea what they are fighting for. However, that part of the people would be in our favour, if ever we were restored to peace ; for the same levity that brought them to this pitch would make them forget it, when the thing was once over, which, if originating from any fixed principle, would not be the case.

Our house is a perfect garrison, eighteen soldiers sleep in our saloon, and we are all blocked up, and shut up, except by the hall-door, and one door to the kitchen-yard, and are frequently ordered all into the house, upon the alarm being given of the rebels being near Celbridge. Thank God, they have never been in a body since the military company came into it, or else there must have been some battle, which is the thing I dread. Lord Cornwallis *would* have a Proclamation inviting them to come in ; and

¹ It was the opinion of Sir John Moore, of whose sincere love of liberty no one can doubt, that if ever there was a case in which the employment of such an officer as Dictator could be desired, it was that of the state of Ireland—one honest, strong, and uncompromising hand being alone adequate, in his opinion, to the application of such remedies as she requires.

although it has not been as decided as I am sure he wished it to be, yet many are daily coming in to Mr. Conolly, begging protection, which you may imagine he gives them with the greatest pleasure. I have opportunities of conversing with these poor people, from whom I find that many are forced into the rebellion, and of course are grievously to be pitied. I verily believe that many of them are heartily tired of it. My love to all at Goodwood. And pray tell me something of my dearest brother, whose kindness, I am sure, does you all so much good. Adieu. —Believe me affectionately yours, L. CONOLLY.

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND

CASTLETOWN, *August 26th, 1798.*

MY DEAREST BROTHER,—Yesterday an express came from Sligo, to give notice that three French frigates were on that coast ; and from an express this moment received from Mr. Conolly, who is at Lord Ross's, near Enniskillen, we learn that *eighteen hundred men are landed*. The troops, of course, are all under orders for immediate movements : the yeomanry ordered to do duty again. Lord Cornwallis probably won't *neglect* all *possible* means of defence, and we hope to look on this event as *good news* ; for where the governor is an *honest, sincere, and able* character, and the bulk of the people sincerely against giving up the kingdom to France, surely it is a good thing to show, on one side, to republicans, how little chance they have of success, and, on the other, to detestable leeches of their country that *words* and *murders* are not the way to *prove loyalty*, but danger and *real* fighting. We shall now see who is the true or the *soi-disant* friend of Ireland.

All things considered, it seems not to have given any sensible person the least alarm, and I trust will prove only a predatory descent. I will write you word what bulletins say, for more we are not likely to know ; and yet bulletins *were*

so false in Lord Camden's reign that they were not to be depended on, but I trust they will now wear the fashion of the times which Lord Cornwallis's *plain dealing* seems to give ; for nothing ever was equal to the effect his clemency has had on *all*. Those who sincerely approve of it seem relieved from anxious misery ; those who affect to approve do it with so bad a grace that it is quite ridiculous, and many abuse him openly—so that the Castle-yard is become a medley of more *truth* than ever was heard in it for years past.

I say nothing, my dearest brother, about our most interesting subject of affliction ; it is too heartrending to enter on. But what *you* would never suspect possible, in persons who ought to be so tenderly attached to my beloved sister,¹ *no signs of feeling accompany their conduct*. She feels hurt and miserable, yet is trying to conquer her feelings, not to show them coolness. Oh, my dearest brother, she is not made for this world : her angelic mind passes on them for indifference, and almost for approbation of their conduct, so little do *they* know her who ought to know her well !

This whole week has been passed in accusing, judging, condemning, and ruining the characters and properties of poor Edward and his family ; and on Sunday Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Mr. and Mrs. P., Mr. and Mrs. F., have made a party to come and dine, and stay here, because Lord Hobart comes ; so that all Dublin will hear that the very people who passed the week in plunging daggers in Louisa's heart hallow the seventh day by a junket to her house ! Mrs. P. is indeed just landed from England, and Mr. P., we have reason to believe, has *avoided* the House of Commons as much as he could ; but Lady Castlereagh and Mrs. French went to the House of Commons to hear their *intimate acquaintance*, Lady Edward, traduced and ruined ; and the nephew of their aunt, Mr. French, spoke *for* the bill of attainder ; and Lord Castlereagh I firmly

¹ Lady Louisa Conolly.

believe to be the *chief* mover and pursuer of the prosecution against Lady Edward. But Louisa thinks otherwise, and therefore, if you write, say nothing on that subject as coming from me, because my hatred to him vexes her, and never opens her eyes at all ; therefore, having once done my duty in putting her on her guard against a false heart, I have done, and avoid giving her the least additional pain. Adieu, dearest brother.—Ever yours, S. N.

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND

CASTLETOWN, 29th August 1798.

I have no news I can authenticate as coming from Lord Cornwallis, dearest brother ; but from Dublin I find that the French landed great stores, threw up works, and on finding the rebellion in a different stage from what they expected are trying to get off ; but it is believed they must be taken by land or by sea, as such pains are taken to catch them. The *reports* of *risings* are terribly manufactured by agitators on *both* sides, Orangemen and rebels. Government, of course, keeps it down as much as possible ; so that you see, from the nature of such a critical landing, one cannot expect to hear truth, and one must trust to one's own judgment on the reports.

From what we learn here, I think numbers are on the wing but dare not fly, because they still doubt the success, and because *greater* numbers by far plainly declare they will not stir from their harvest work, and that they *will fight* the French, who are only come to rob them of the harvest. Besides this, there are, to my certain knowledge, a set of the worst rebels, who have *offered* the officer of the City Cork militia, quartered here, to set off under his command, and with his soldiers (famous *anti-rebels* but not Orangemen) to attack the French ; and, also, to my certain knowledge, there is a banditti here, who are trying to muster up a little corps of robbers, who, at all events, will enrich themselves, and, perhaps, appear under the

name of United I., if the French succeed, and by that means evade law. So now you have the pro and con. in a small circle.

I suspect the same sentiments are in the balance in the larger circle, and that Lord Cornwallis, by taking the field with ten thousand men, has two objects ; the first to secure the banks of the Shannon, which form a barrier to all Connaught, and prevents a junction of French and northern enemies. Secondly, if it all melts away, he relies on his own conduct at the head of a large army to impress the guilty with fear, and the doubtful with confidence in his government and his character. If I am right, I hope we shall soon see the good effects of his government, notwithstanding the dreadful villany with which every principle he holds out seems to be counteracted in an underhand way.

S. N.

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND

CASTLETOWN, *September 2nd*, 1798.

No news of any importance has yet reached us, my dearest brother, but your own judgment must point out to you the doubtful state of Ireland, which entirely depends on the French landing in sufficient force to make it worth while for all U.I. men to join them ; and even then it would, I trust, be more than they can accomplish to surmount the immense number of persons of *common sense* who dread a French government, and will with sincere zeal join their efforts to give the army, *under Lord Cornwallis*, their utmost help. Not so, had Lord Camden and Lord Carhampton remained, for no human being can bring themselves to depend on the weak or ignorant, or on the *false* help they lend. It is like the description of Egypt in the Bible—‘Trust not to Egypt, for like the broken reed she will bruise thy side if thou rest upon her.’ So that we must consider the moment in which Lord Cornwallis was fixed

on to come here as salvation to Ireland ; for the balance turned instantly on his coming, and disposed the common people to consider the change of government as an object within *their sphere*. They told my sister and I, 'Sure this is a brave man they've sint us now, he holds the *swoord* of war, and the *swoord of pace*, and sure we may do as we like now.'

This in two words shows you they consider *him* as a respectable being, whom it is worth while to be cautious in attacking, and Paddy is shrewd enough if he gives himself time to *think*. Now as this landing is (hitherto) only 1800 men at the most, and called by Government 700 only, Paddy has full leisure to think, and does think, I promise you, on this occasion. For example, about 200 stragglers have joined the French, who began by hanging eight men for giving false information : poor Paddy never thought one was to be hanged for lying, and is wofully discomposed. Then the French put the rebels in front of the battle, and this was not civil ; consequently, Paddy is all ears and eyes just now, but steadily at harvest, securing the main chance, for if the French land in force, and gain battle after battle, then it is time *after harvest* to join with their pockets full of money.

This, according to my own observation, is the general state of mind of *rebellious* subjects ; and of good subjects one may easily guess the state of anxiety, as so much depends on chance. We do not yet hear of any other landing, and if they try, you know there is, thank God ! many a chance in our favour, both by sea and land. In short, to be frightened is folly—to be anxious is natural and unavoidable, for on private accounts one must feel strong sensations of fear about individuals now exposed to battle any day against an active brave, and clever enemy.

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FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND

September 11, 1798.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The bulletin¹ which I cannot get, but which will be in the papers, I suppose, will tell you all the particulars we know, and General Lake's panegyrics on everybody will speak for themselves. . . . Your curiosity will naturally lead you to wish for information relative to the minds of the Irish on this occasion. The little information I can give you will lead you to judge for yourself. In a letter from a very *sensible, good* man in the North, who heads a yeomanry corps, are these words :—

‘What I foretold, in February, has now taken place, that distinction of religions would produce the worst evils. The five corps of this garrison are equally divided in persuasions, and did live in the most perfect cordiality till now, when within these few days there has arisen dissensions almost coming to blows. The cause of this change in the minds of the men is occasioned by the pains taken by persons in official departments to form Orange lodges, which has had the most pernicious effects. My own opinions have never changed ; but I wish to ask you a question, not from mere idle curiosity, but to determine my own conduct. As these lodges are formed by persons in official departments, am I to consider them as sanctioned and approved of by Government? for, though my own principles are the same as

¹ The bulletin which gave an account of the surrender to General Lake of Humbert and his small army at Ballinamuck. ‘It must ever remain (says Plowden) a humiliating reflection upon the lustre and power of the British arms that so pitiful a detachment as that of 1100 French infantry should, in a kingdom in which there was an armed force of above 150,000 men, have not only put to rout a select army of 6000 men, prepared to resist the invaders, but have also provided themselves with ordnance and ammunition from our stores, taken several of our towns, marched 122 Irish (above 150 English) miles through the country, and kept arms in their victorious hands for seventeen days, in the heart of an armed kingdom.’

before, I should be extremely sorry, at this critical period, to show any opposition to a measure that Government may consider as conducive to the general good ; and should it be against my principles, I shall retire from the scene.'

This letter, dated *September*, proves that what Lord Cornwallis positively asserted, as his most anxious wishes in *July*, is not attended to by those in office out of his sight. The consequence of a Government that is undermining its governor you will know. This renewal of ill-blood will have its effect in time, if not stopped ; but for the present, the North seems perfectly quiet ; the South the same. In Leitrim, Longford, Westmeath, etc., the risings were sudden, and as suddenly quelled, you see. Yet in these very counties are numberless proofs of the attachment of the tenants, who flocked to their landlords' houses, to guard them, and behaved with all possible merit—industrious, grateful, and generous—for they went and reaped the corn, in great bodies, to save it for their landlords.

In *our* neighbourhood, which I may well entitle the *doubtfuls*, I can *read* my neighbours' thoughts in their eyes, in the tone of their voices, their gait—in short, *on connaît son monde*, with a very little observation—they are all ears, and distrust all they hear. They watch to take the *ton* from Dublin, their constant traffic with which makes intelligence come like lightning—to *them*, though not to *us*. They at first disbelieved the surrender of the French ; they now believe it, and put a good face on it, still hankering after a chance of a new force, which is collecting in Wicklow, under a clever man called Holt, who *rejects* mob, and *chooses* his associates. This keeps up the flame, and while it burns, all those who persuade themselves that they acted on principle only, and those who have gone too far to retreat, besides those whom ill-usage has worked up into revenge, all reluctantly give up hopes of success. Yet their own judgments *now* have fair play ; they see the lower order quite tired of the business ; they see a *vast number* who loudly proclaim their determination to stick

to the promise they made to old General Dundas,¹ who is their hero ; for not one of those he forgave has returned to the rebels. They see the tide is against them ; and, in short, I can perceive by their countenances, that they are low, and sorry, and fearful. But, if they once give the point up, they will return to all their work with a heavy but not a sulky heart ; for they are nearly convinced they are conquered by *fate*, not by *force*, and you must know that all the common people are predestinarians, which is a great cause of their hardy courage for moments, and their seeming indifference about death. They have very little shame about running away, being convinced they are reserved for another fight by *fate*, and not by their running.

From all these circumstances one may, I think, decide, that all depends on there being no more landings ; for, if any succeed, risings will follow of course. Yet, after all, we have such millions of chances now in our favour, that there is nothing to alarm one : since the United Irishmen, by their own confessions, seem to have so very little head or plan, that no reasonable being could for a moment depend on their government, even if they *could* conquer all Ireland ; so that the whole plan, whether of French, Irish, Presbyterian, or Catholic extraction, seems dissolved into impossibilities, and can no longer be a bugbear now, I think, by which Government can frighten the world into approbation of despotism. Lord Cornwallis has undoubtedly saved this country from a still more bloody war, which was to have been expected ; but the United Irishmen themselves have proved they never could have kept Ireland.

I ought to apologise for all my political and private accounts of the state of the country, when you certainly must hear it from much better judges and better authority ;

¹ A compact entered into by General Dundas with the rebels, in the county of Kildare, for which he was much censured, but which, like every step of conciliation or justice towards the Irish, was productive of the best effects.

but, when the whole conversation of societies is turned on political causes, which immediately concern every individual, one can scarce take up a pen and steer clear of them. Indeed, there is but one other subject that comes across us, and it is not pleasant to dwell on it, though one part of it is so gratifying to my very sincere affection for you, my dearest brother, that I cannot refrain from expressing it. From Mary I hear a thousand particulars of your goodness to poor Lady Edward, which I know the full value of. I can trace your generous attention to all her feelings—your spirited resistance to the torrent that ran against her; your protecting hand that shielded her hopeless situation from the most aggravating circumstances. You gently said in a letter to my sister, ‘she is not popular.’ I own I was struck with the expression, and wondered how you who could hear nothing of her but through her family, should have heard so (though it is true *in Dublin*); but I now find from Mary that the very common people had imbibed prejudice against her, poor little soul, to a degree that is quite horrible, yet a well-known characteristic of the English nation. What is to become of her, my dear brother? I pity her from my soul, for her elevated mind will suffer torture from the necessity of being under obligations to *many*, and I fear no *one* individual can, at this time, soften the bitter pangs of adverse fortune, by generously giving her, under the tender tie of affection, an income equal to procuring her a comfortable situation. Pride has nothing to do with affection. Obligations from those who know how to grant them nobly become a pleasure to the receiver, as long as he perceives the giver is gratified by the gift; but so *very*, *very* few can and will be such givers, that I fear she will be subject to all those feelings which poverty is most unjustly expected *not to have*, and which only belong to poverty—feelings, the nature of which induces one to examine, consider, and value the nature of every *gift*.

When I reflect, as I often do, on poor Lady Edward’s

fate, I cannot help comparing it to my own, and in proportion as my own unworthiness of all the blessings I have had, and the kindness I have received, strikes my recollection, my warmest wishes arise, that she, whose misfortunes have arisen only from the strongest attachment to her dear husband, may meet with the same protection from heaven, and on earth from friends, as I have done. The former I am sure she will, the latter is more doubtful, yet I hope will not fail ; though circumstances alter the mind of man so much, one can never be sure. Yet surely, in this instance, the world would wonder if the widow and orphans of a man adored by his family are not publicly supported by that very family who acknowledge her attachment to him. A stranger, an orphan herself, lovely in her appearance, great in her character, persecuted, ruined and banished—her name so well known as to be brought into the history of the country—*that history* will, of itself, be the test of the generosity of her family connections, or their disgrace.¹ I wish those who should first step forward saw it in the light I do, which, exclusive of affection for her, is of importance, I think, to the family. Adieu, my dear brother. Ever most affectionately yours, S. N.

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND²

CELBRIDGE, 26th October 1798.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

Our rebellion seems lulled by Sir J. Warren's most gallant conduct ; I trust in God it will melt away in conse-

¹ [These remarks are well worth bearing in mind in any judgment we may form of the after conduct of Lord Edward's family to the unfortunate Pamela.—ED.]

² The letter that follows I insert solely for the sake of its remarks on the Orange party in Ireland ; remarks which, unluckily—from the singular sameness of wrong that pervades the whole history of that unhappy country, giving to periods, however remote from each other, contemporary features—are almost as applicable at the moment I transcribe them as on the day when they were written.—*Author's Note*, 1830.

quence of softer measures, which alone take off the energy of resistance. That *justice is intended* by Lord Cornwallis, every day affirms, but that it has not been executed you will see a striking instance of in a court-martial, held in Dublin on a yeoman, named Woolaghan, and two others, Charles and James Fox, for the murder of a man who had been believed a rebel, but was then sick, and perfectly quiet. Lord Cornwallis's order in consequence of this court-martial has enraged all the Orange party, who talk of him in the most contemptuous terms ; and no wonder at their rage, for we are too much used to *murder*, alas ! to let the murder of this sick man make much impression—'what signifies a rascally rebel?' But it records in the most public manner that in most of the yeomanry corps it was an understood thing that they were to go out, without their officers, in no less number than nine (for their own safety), and shoot whomever they *thought* or *suspected* to be rebels, and not to bring them in prisoners.

Will people shut their eyes to truth ? will they not see that *such* is not the way to conciliate his Majesty's subjects, or to wean them from the strong passions that have so formidably armed half the nation against the other ?—Deceived by wicked, cunning men, the passions of the spirited and most courageous have been worked upon to a degree of enthusiasm, which Government have kept up by the cruel fuel of deliberate barbarities, under the injured name of loyalty—a name which has been as much perverted by Government, as that of liberty has by republicans.

I am in hopes Lord Cornwallis's *evident* displeasure will, by being so public, induce a semblance of humanity, at least, if it does not reign in their hearts : for their cruelty will not take such terrible long strides in face of day ; and the oppressed in private may *now* venture to discover their sufferings from some hope of justice.¹

¹ [This letter is well worth consideration, conveying as it does the judgment of an enlightened and unprejudiced Englishwoman of rank, connected with both countries, and who was an eyewitness of the scenes she describes.—ED.]

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER¹ TO THE RIGHT HON.
CHARLES FOX

An opportunity of sending you a letter by a private hand happens to occur, and I take advantage of it, my dear Charles, merely to indulge myself in the satisfaction of conversing with you, *sans gêne*, upon the present state of politics in both countries, as they affect each individual now too nearly not to make politicians of us all. I certainly care most about Ireland, for whose salvation I had a gleam of hope when it was with good reason known to our family that the prince's coming over was in the balance for a moment. Had it taken place, the *éclat* of his situation, manners and good-will, would have served for an excuse to many, and a reason to others, to join an administration that was independent of Pitt, and had Lord Moira for Minister, whose honour is too strict not to win over millions to trust him: and 'there is a tide in the affairs of men, which,' etc. etc.

Such a period we *had*, and it is lost; but still I vainly flattered myself it would be resumed (though late and less effectually), when the M. grew frightened at the blackening storm; but now I despair of success in that line, for the prince seems to have caught the royal distemper; unsteady

¹ In this letter, her ladyship, it will be seen, had no further share than that of acting as amanuensis to her husband.

There is no date to the letter, but it must have been written shortly after the expedition of the French to Bantry Bay; at which time, Plowden says, 'Catholic emancipation and temperate reform were again confidentially spoken of, and Lord Camden, whose administration was pledged to resist these two questions, it was generally expected, would immediately resign. These flattering prospects were encouraged by the then prevailing reports that the Prince of Wales had offered his services to the king to go to Ireland in quality of Lord Lieutenant, with Lord Moira as Commander-in-Chief. The power of the Irish junta, however, prevailed; the system of coercion preponderated; and the offer even of the heir-apparent to the crown to attempt the conciliation of the Irish people was rejected. [Of an earlier date than the letters which precede it.—ED.]

weakness seizes him at the most important instant of his life, and he timidly withdraws from the active scene the times had so evidently pointed out to him. This appears from the papers saying 'the prince withdrew when the question was put'—for I know nothing else as yet of the cause, and am anxiously hoping it may be better explained ; but now it is a mere milk-and-water conduct, and not only because the happy moment is lost do I regret it, but who can hereafter depend on his steadiness? What a prospect to us all who hate a republic, as a bad government for these kingdoms, and because we know that even absolute monarchy is better, and a limited monarchy just what is best of all for us. What are we to do? are we to fight for a cause the head of which won't support itself? and yet—what an alternative! must we join rebels and republicans, quite, quite contrary to our feelings and sentiments? No, surely. What then? We must fall the martyrs to our principles and our opinions with our eyes open. This is sad, but I for my own part feel it a necessary duty to myself never to swerve from what I think right because it's convenient. If all Britain insisted on a republic, like France, then I would not oppose them, though I would never join ; but if only a part do, then civil war must exist, and includes all misery, to honest men first, and to rogues in the end. This is my creed ; consequently I lament from my heart and soul the failure of the prince's courage, for *s'il avoit de l'étoffe*, much might still be made of it. I like him, nay, love him so much I hate to think him wrong, but I cannot be blind to the errors of my dearest friends though I can forgive them ; and, if it is true, where else are we to look for a plan of support for this poor country? For God's sake, dear Charles, think of it more seriously than just to make it a Parliamentary debate. Plan something, and plan in time. I am sure there are many people willing, and a few able, to try to put it into force, but here all is a chaos of self-interest, spite, distrust, and no plan whatever.

Yet a plan *might* be made use of to strike all parties with its merits. The trial at least would be made, and, if it failed, your mind would receive comfort from having attempted the salvation of a whole people by trying to avert a civil war. By a plan I mean you to point out what should be done and undone, and who should do it. I know that a very sensible plan of this sort was written, and sent to the Prince; but it is too vague, and, besides, I so well know its author, that one day he is be-chancellor'd, another be-Ponsonby'd, another persuaded to believe everything by a third party, and so on; from such vacillation what plan can be attended to? I know that there must be *une bonne bouche pour chaque chef, car tout homme à son prix*: show will do for some, vanity for others, a secret for a third, a job for a fourth, honour for a fifth, and doing good is a sure loadstone to all men of principle, if you can convince them it is *do-able*, which, truly, in these times, requires your genius to discover, your eloquence to persuade. But if you are really persuaded, that if such and such engines could all move together, it would save Ireland, why not try? I have no opinion whatever of any politicians here (by the way, when I am such an egotist, pray understand that I speak the opinions of wiser heads than mine, in my own name, for shortness; for *me*, individual *me*, am nobody in this letter). Government people are so *Pitted*, that they've the insolence to say, 'Yes, it's all very true, we are undone, and by our own faults; but now the case is so desperate, you see there is but one remedy, to join hand and heart fairly to rescue us from the impending ruin, for to find fault now is only increasing the evil.' In short, the plain English is 'I ruined you, I lied, and cheated you: but trust me again, and I will try to save you, though I own I don't see how.' You know the answer to that between individuals would be a kick, *tout uniment*, and a new man taken (and, methinks, Mr. Pitt is getting it); but here we have nobody fit to give the kick, though plenty fit to take it.

Our next connexions would do very well as kings with viceroys over them, for that's their foible ; they like to be thought the leaders, but both equally dread to be so, because they feel themselves unequal to it, and won't own it ; but both love you, and would delight to follow you, if they understood you. But the difficulty is to prevent their falling into the mistakes their *soi-disant* friends wished to lead them into. In short, opposition is (to apply the old allusion) 'a perfect rope of sand.' As to the great men of power, all is centred in the Chancellor, the Speaker, and the Secretary. As for poor dear Lord Camden, *c'est la bon-homme personifiée* ; but as he has no will of his own, he can never do here. The C. and S. are the very devil in obstinacy about the Catholics, and will never shrink ; all the rest of their tribe would kiss *your* toe, even if you were in power to-morrow, and of course would kiss the Pope's if it suited them. Lord Charlemont would be glad of an excuse to relinquish his former anti-Catholic violence at least—in everything else he is right. The Beresfords, like moles, would work underground, but a few civil things and a few places would cool them. In short, if a plan was formed, and known only to Lord Moira, who is the Lord Lieutenant I want, and to a very, very few indeed besides him, and if it was suddenly to be put into execution, it would so amaze the United Irishmen that half their forces would insensibly leave them : for, I believe you may rely on it, that it is only because Government has driven them to the brink, that they wish to jump in, and that they would rejoice to have ample room to recover from the danger. As for all dirty placemen and runners, I would make *main basse* of them all ; even if you picked them up hereafter, they should do penance first ; and the few honourable and good placemen I know, of which there do exist a few, would gladly join you, and serve you well, if your advice came through the medium of such a man as Lord Moira to enforce it.

There must soon happen some crisis here. Our king sends millions to slaughter, and yet we cannot, in common

sense, wish his crown to fall and to belong to a republic of tyrants, as all republics are. Our Prince, whose eyes are open to the impending danger, says he will try to save us, and shrinks at the moment he ought to act. The Ministers drive us to perfect ruin in England, and rebellion here; and when they are detected, and driven from their power, you, to whose honest conduct and good sense the power will devolve, will complete our destruction by leaving such dangerous animals loose among us, to work up democracy to its maddest state, to head their party, and hurl the king and the royal family from the throne, and sacrifice your life because you saved theirs. Perhaps you will say, 'I grant this, but I rather they were murderers than me. I will do my duty, and, if I fall, I cannot help it.' But, dearest Charles, think well what is the duty of the Minister of a great country. Is justice to be out of the question? is the example given to future Ministers, not to lavish the lives, fortunes and happiness of subjects, to go for nothing? and are not a few lives better to sacrifice than millions of innocent persons? Weigh this well, and do not undertake being Minister if you have not firmness to do all its duties. Perhaps you think me bloody-minded—I do not feel myself so, when I see, on one hand, four or five men tried, condemned, and executed, by the most fair trial, and on the other, a field of battle, a country burned and wasted with fire, sword, and famine. These are serious times, full of events, and you should poise your conduct with them.

To return to Ireland: I hope you know that nobody can be believed about its state, for everybody is more or less deceived by the United Irishmen—*c'est un bruit sourd, mais sur*, and all we can rely on is that it exists. To form a calculation from the different accounts I hear—I leave out all reports from the clergy, from the magistrates, from Government people—I only reckon the reports of military men of reason on the *facts* that have come before them, and thus it stands. In the North about 70,000 men, chiefly

armed with pikes, many muskets and guns, some ammunition, a captain, lieutenant, and serjeant to each troop or district, who report to private committees, and they to the general committee at Belfast. As soon as any are suspected, they offer themselves as yeomen, take the oath of allegiance, and are quiet. Parties of banditti are employed to collect arms and annoy people ; if they fall, it's no loss ; if they bring them, it's a gain. The Catholics of the South are desirous to avail themselves of the times to abolish tithes and nothing else ; the Presbyterians of the North look to more. Reform is the handle, and much too plausible to be condemned ; but how is it possible any persons in their senses can expect an efficacious or just reform to arrive in an instant upon an insurrection, unless it was planned, and in the hands of a set of men whose abilities, power, and riches could give them weight ? No such set seems to exist. There is not one military genius among them (I don't except even O'Connor's friend, who knows less than he is supposed to do). *That* you will say is easily got from France, which is fertile in them ; but a stranger will make no figure with the Paddies at home, for every Paddy will direct, and not one obey ; so that I do not at all despair of conquering the *Monsheers* and the 70,000 Paddies all at once, if we had but a general of sense, instead of forty without it, or rather a general that the troops loved and trusted, and I know none so fit for that as Lord Moira, who would lead them to certain conquest, if we ever have the misfortune to want to fight our own countrymen. But, I repeat it again and again, his name would disarm the North, and he can never come in any way, but as Lord Lieutenant, or Minister to the Prince, Commander-in-Chief, under him alone. Why did you let the Duke of York get such false notions about the Catholics ? for, if he was right about them, he would do here, though not near so well as the Prince. Give us but a showy royal Lord Lieutenant for the mob, and Lord Moira for the business, and we will soon find the men and the money in Ireland to save it, and we

won't ask you for one Englishman. A few Scotch regiments are useful, because they are so very steady, manageable, and active; but Paddy wants only an example of good discipline to follow it—if their officers would let them, whose fault all irregularity is—for the men are excellent; but a Commander-in-Chief who knew his business would soon set that to rights. Adieu. I dare not make the smallest attempt to excuse what is, I believe, inexcusable, for I have let my imagination run on to suppose you a magician, who have only to wave your wand, and bring us peace and happiness.

FROM LADY SARAH NAPIER TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND

*circa 1796.*¹

In summer last, upon Government finding that an invasion was probable, they began to consider what defence might be necessary. Lord Carhampton is our neighbour, and, without living much together, we have every intercourse of neighbourly society, and Colonel Napier has taken a great liking to him, because he is a plain-dealing, frank character, and extremely active and good-natured in doing justice to all about him.² He is an unpopular man, and has been cruelly injured in his character, in the very instance where he deserved the highest praise. From his taking a good deal to Colonel Napier, the sentiments of the latter never were one moment a secret from Lord Carhampton, and it is requisite to explain this before I tell you, that, in the month of August last, Lord Carhampton, meeting Colonel Napier in the streets, said, 'You are the very man I want'; then, taking him in private, gave a full account of the state of Ireland, saying, 'What we want is a man of science, of judgment, of honour, and honesty, and who will

¹ [This letter appears to have been written about the same time as the one last given.—ED.]

² [This judgment may serve to prove how far an honest, able man may be misled by the show of honesty in a knave.—ED.]

not allow of jobs, to examine the country, and tell us what places are fittest to strengthen, how to do it, what it will cost without a job, and still less without absurd savings in things of importance ; and a man whose perseverance will see the thing concluded as it ought. You are the very man to do all this ; but you have such scruples and delicacies about men and places, that we must understand one another first. Take notice, it is no favour we do you, it is *you* do us one, for we want such men as you. If you will undertake this, you will have the common pay, and your expenses paid.' Colonel Napier instantly answered, 'Nothing is so easy as to understand me : first, I feel excessively flattered, and obliged to your lordship, for the manner of this offer, and, whatever comes of it, I shall always be grateful for the confidence you repose in me ; as to politics, you know I hold Mr. Pitt to be the bane of his country, and of course could never utter a falsehood and praise him ; but never did I for a moment hesitate to follow the duties of my profession, which I hold too high by far ever to subject them to political opinions. The country, you say, is in danger. I am ready and happy to serve it, if in my power. I want no place or emolument, and, if you choose it, I will go directly to such places as you point out, and make my report to you for your private use.' 'Oh no,' cried Lord Carhampton, 'I want to employ you ; it is a shame such a man should not be employed in these times, when they are so much wanted. May I name you to the Lord Lieutenant ?'—'Will you be so kind as to give me a short time, to write over for leave from the Duke of York ? As there is no actual fighting here, he might think I wished to evade the West Indies, and I hold it my duty to avoid no service whatever ; and, being under his command, I wish to write.' 'Do so.' It was done, and Lord Carhampton, who was at that time getting himself made Commander-in-Chief (unknown to us), was some time before he sent for Colonel Napier. When he did, it appeared that the Adjutant-General here, a very remarkable good officer,

had, without letting us know of it, proposed Colonel Napier as a most useful officer to Government ; and, when the different people each found their *protégé* to be one and the same person, you will allow it was a flattering way thus *se trouver sur les rangs sans le savoir*. The moment the French fleet was seen, of course he sent in his name to ask for service, and was ordered to headquarters, where he was trusted, consulted, and employed. His nature is such, that the idea of service animates him, and wholly absorbs his thoughts, in order to leave nothing undone or unthought of that may be necessary. When one sees a person very dear to one appearing in their element—all activity in a good and useful cause—don't you, dear brother, comprehend the spirit it gives one? I declare I forgot it was *war* ; I only thought it was duty, and not a cloud came across me, to check his ardour in the occupation he was engaged in of calculating the things absolutely wanted to take the field and defend posts. In the midst of all this, what was our astonishment to find Lord Carhampton fly out into the most petulant, peevish attack on Colonel Napier, for saying, in the course of conversation, that 'the war was calamitous and ruinous.' Every soul was in amazement at the strangeness of the attack, and glad to hear Colonel Napier show the proper spirit of a man conscious of his own integrity, loyalty, and honour. Indeed, to do Lord Carhampton justice, he seemed sorry he had given way to this *moment d'humeur*, for at first we thought it nothing else ; and, thinking so, Colonel Napier told him fairly, that, as his want of confidence put an end to all pleasure in serving under him, he should undoubtedly resign his place at any other period, but, with an enemy on our coasts, it was no time to allow private feelings to interfere, and he should do his duty *without* pleasure equally well as *with* it—but certainly without *pay*, and would take nothing for it. Here it might have ended—Colonel Napier would have gone, and returned soon, and nothing more said ; but, for some reason, still a mystery, though nearly guessed at by us, the next

day Lord Carhampton sent for him, and, changing his ground entirely, put it on the most curious reasoning, of which the following is the meaning :—‘ I, Commander-in-Chief, acknowledging that your merit as an officer may be of essential service, respecting you in my private capacity to the highest degree, do notwithstanding decline recommending you for service *in the north*—but not in the *south*, where I request you to go with me ; and my reason is, that you say conciliatory measures are preferable to coercion *there*, and will answer the purpose ; and, therefore, I should affront Lord Londonderry and Lord Castle-reagh, by sending an officer to any part of the north that held *a language different from theirs*. Not that I doubt your loyalty the least, but *we are determined to use coercion only*. Consider, I am only an insignificant part of an Administration, and must follow their system.’ This was so true, that what could Colonel Napier do, but bow and assent to his lordship’s assertion of his own insignificance ? and there it ended.

S. N.

B.

MILITARY MEMORANDUM LEFT BY LORD
EDWARD FITZGERALD

At the time of the search after Lord Edward on the 12th of March, there was found in his writing-box, at Leinster House, the following paper, which is generally supposed to have been the production of his own pen :—

If ever any unfortunate cause should put our city, with the other parts of the country, into the possession of a cruel and tyrannical enemy, whose government might, by repeated oppressions, drive us into the last stage of desperate resistance, our conduct then should be regulated in a manner best calculated for obtaining victory.

The following thoughts are humbly offered for the inspection of every real Irishman.

In such a case every man ought to consider how that army could be attacked or repelled, and what advantage their discipline and numbers might give them in a populous city, acting in concert with the adjoining counties.

It is well known that an officer of any skill in his profession would be very cautious of bringing the best disciplined troops into a large city in a state of insurrection, for the following reasons :—

His troops, by the breadth of the streets, are obliged to have a very narrow front, and however numerous, only three men deep can be brought into action, which in the widest of our streets cannot be more than sixty men ; as a space must be left on each side or flank, for the men who discharge to retreat to the rear, that their places may be occupied by the next in succession, who are loaded ; so, though there are a thousand men in a street, not more than sixty can act at one time, and should they be attacked by an irregular body armed with pikes or such bold weapons, if the sixty men in front were defeated, the whole body, however numerous, are unable to assist, and immediately become a small mob in uniform, from the inferiority of their number, in comparison to the people, and easily disposed of.

Another inconvenience might destroy the order of this army. Perhaps at the same moment, they may be dreadfully galled from the house-tops by showers of bricks, coping-stones, etc., which may be at hand—without imitating the women of Paris, who carried the stones of the unpaved streets to the windows and tops of the houses in their aprons.¹

Another disadvantage on the part of the soldiers would

¹ 'The soldier if posted in the streets of a town will be assailed from the roofs and windows of the houses and lost. He cannot remain there ; nor is he much better off if in the squares surrounded by houses. The examples of Warsaw, that of Ghent, and of Brussels in 1789, sufficiently demonstrate the truth of what I advance.'—Bulow, *Spirit of Modern System of War*.

be, that, as they are regulated by the word of command, or stroke of the drum, they must be left to their individual discretion, as such communications must be drowned in the noise and clamour of a popular tumult.

In the next place, that part of the populace who could not get into the engagement would be employed in unpaving the streets, so as to impede the movements of horse or artillery; and in the avenues where the army were likely to pass, numbers would be engaged forming barriers of hogsheads, carts, cars, counters, doors, etc., the forcing of which barriers by the army would be disputed, while like ones were forming at every twenty or thirty yards, or any convenient distances the situation might require; should such precautions be well observed, the progress of an army through one street or over one bridge would be very tedious, and attended with great loss, if it would not be destroyed. At the same time the neighbouring counties might rise in a mass and dispose of the troops scattered in their vicinity, and prevent a junction or a passage of any army intended for the city; they would tear up the roads and barricade every convenient distance with trees, timber, implements of husbandry, etc., at the same time lining the hedges, walls, ditches, and houses, with men armed with muskets, who would keep up a well-directed fire.

However well exercised standing armies are supposed to be, by frequent reviews and sham battles, they are never prepared for broken roads, or enclosed fields, in a country like ours, covered with innumerable and continued intersections of ditches and hedges, every one of which is an advantage to an irregular body, and may with advantage be disputed against an army as so many fortifications and intrenchments.

The people in the city would have an advantage by being armed with pikes or such weapons. The first attack, if possible, should be made by men whose pikes were nine or ten feet long; by that means they could act in ranks

deeper than the soldiery, whose arms are much shorter ; then the deep files of the pike men, by being weightier, must easily break the thin order of the army.

The charge of the pike men should be made in a smart trot. On the flank or extremity of every rank there should be intrepid men placed to keep the fronts even, that, at closing, every point should tell together. They should have at the same time two or three like bodies at convenient distances in the rear, who would be brought up, if wanting, to support the front, which would give confidence to their brothers in action, as it would tend to discourage the enemy. At the same time there should be in the rear of each division some men of spirit to keep the ranks as close as possible.

The apparent strength of the army should not intimidate, as closing on it makes its powder and ball useless : all its superiority is in fighting at a distance ; all its skill ceases, and all its action must be suspended, when it once is within reach of the pike.

C.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN ON THE EFFECTS
OF THE UNION

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PAMPHLET, ADDRESSED
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX, IN
THE YEAR 1814, BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN
PHILPOT CURRAN

From any distant retrospects as between these two countries I most willingly abstain, wishing as I do in the sincerity of my heart to press no claim, and to speak no language inconsistent with the kindest spirit of conciliation and amity. Whatever of harshness may have happened in distant times has passed away ; the actors and the sufferers are no more, and their resentments ought to lie buried with them. It might have been hoped that the great compact of 1782, by which Ireland pledged herself,

upon the express condition of 'equal liberty,' to abide and partake a common destiny, standing or falling, with Great Britain (vain and fond expectation!) would have been infrangible and immortal. Little did that illustrious man,¹ whose filial piety had raised the liberty of his native land from the tomb of ages—little did he foresee that, in eighteen short years, it would be his sad fortune to see the triumphal car exchanged for the hearse, and to see her once more consigned to the darkness of the grave. But so her fate was written; and such the destiny of the dearest of her children; and he has lived to read the inscription upon her monument in the Act of Union. But perhaps, sir, I ought to ask pardon; I ought not to repine at those inscrutable decrees which ordain that nations shall be mortal as the men that compose them.

To come down, therefore, calmly to this last epoch of Ireland: if that measure had our free assent, and was really a compact, if there be such a thing upon earth as moral obligation, the terms of that compact should have been exactly performed. If, by the remorseless subornation of a treacherous and perfidious venality, to which the records of human turpitude can produce no parallel, it was forced upon us, how soft ought to be the sympathy of England, and how ardent her wish to indemnify us for our sufferings, and to reconcile us to our fortune. Sir, I feel I am warranted in asserting that the assent of the Catholics of Ireland, which was so laboriously solicited, was obtained upon the express promise of their perfect emancipation; and that promise was violated with that noble contempt of good faith with which almost every Minister preserves his power in defiance of his honour, and prosecutes the vulgar libeller who dares to say that he is a villain. But, sir, if that measure was in fact forced upon us, be pleased to look at the change which we have suffered. From the stature of an independent nation, legislating for herself, exercising that right, without which liberty is but a name, of deciding

¹ Mr. Grattan.

upon what occasions and to what extent she ought to tax herself, she has sunk to the dimensions of a province, degraded from the rank and even the name of a nation, and depending upon the mercy of a Power, with which she cannot parley, for adjusting in what contingency and to what amount she shall be a residuary claimant upon the fruits of her own labour ; for measuring how much of her blood, instead of feeding her growth, shall be wasted in ruinous and wanton wars, which her independence might have contributed to check, and in the result of which it cannot even be pretended that she can have any ultimate interest ; and, last of all (a state the most humiliating and agonising !), she is hanging upon the caprice, the ignorance, and the malice of her most rancorous enemies, for such representations as may lead those who are in authority over her, instead of yielding to the natural spirit of mildness and benevolence, to enact such laws of rigour as supersede every known and ordinary rule of distributive justice, and shut the gates of mercy upon her.

However, the Act of Union did pass—Ireland became extinct—and, we might have thought, forgotten, had it not been for the notices taken of her in the Imperial statutes of vengeance or taxation. Profligacy is in general a ready-money dealer, and Ireland had in the first instance to pay down the wages stipulated by the Minister of England to those honourable gentlemen who sold their country for money. Since that sale and delivery, her pecuniary burdens, the only items of national degradation that can be estimated by numbers, have been increased tenfold. Whatever ordinary comforts she possessed before have vanished in the same proportion ; the artificial rise of prices, and the depreciation of all solid medium of payment, sinking under the baleful contagion of a paper currency, has put everything beyond the reach of attainment, and the only expenditure in which we are able to be liberal is the augmentation of the princely revenues of clerks and viceroys ; who, feeling their advancement late, and their tenure precarious, are

forced, by the existing circumstances of the just and necessary warfare in which they are engaged, to adopt such expedients as may provide indemnity for the past and security for the future ; and after an interval of fourteen years, during which the makers of those promises have perhaps met in another world with those to whom they were so perfidiously given, our poor people, instead of being planted out in goodly rows in their own native soil, from which they might have drawn nutrition, and have given ornament and shelter in exchange, have been left to wither upon its surface, dry and sapless and inflammable, and ready to receive the spark which every fool and every incendiary may fling upon them to excite a conflagration, in which they themselves at least are sure to be consumed.

I well remember, sir, at the moment of that sad catastrophe we were desirous of making the best of our prospect, and placing it in the least intolerable point of view ; we were desirous of indignantly remembering the depravity of a traitorous Parliament, the wages of whose sin was death, instead of recollecting that during the last thirty years of its life it had wrought a more substantial change in the condition of Ireland by the salutary and wise extension of Catholic privilege than had been effected for centuries before. It had given the power of acquiring property, and, grafted upon that acquisition, it had given the elective franchise—constitutional privileges of the most vital importance. It had removed the bars to intermarriage between Catholic and Protestant ; it had given an opportunity of assuaging the sharpness of fanatical antipathy by the precious anodyne of parental and conjugal attachment, of drawing into identity hearts theretofore dissociated, and giving to the conciliated parents a common ear through which they could receive, and melt while they received it, the sacred voice of God and nature from the lips of their babes and sucklings. We were fondly consoling ourselves with the hope that the amalgamation of our country, by the extension of equal rights to all our fellow-subjects,

would have restored to us more than we had lost by the national suicide. We endeavoured to persuade ourselves that the substantial fruits of good institutions may survive in their spirit, even after the letter has been lost. In Scotland we had seen the diffusion of popular information, and even the refinements of her metaphysics, aided by the inflexible austerity of a religious independence, purged from all the ferocity of the days of Knox, but retaining an untameable hostility to oppression, a substitute for almost the utter absence of national representation. It produced the effect so finely described by Saint Paul—‘The heathen knows not the law, yet he doth the things that are therein, the same being written on his heart, and his conscience also bearing unto him testimony.’

In England, too, the force of constitutional instinct so impressed upon the popular mind has compensated for the purity of representation, which, perhaps, it has survived. In Ireland we hoped it might have been so ; but the perfidy we met with has hitherto precluded the experiment.



THE END

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